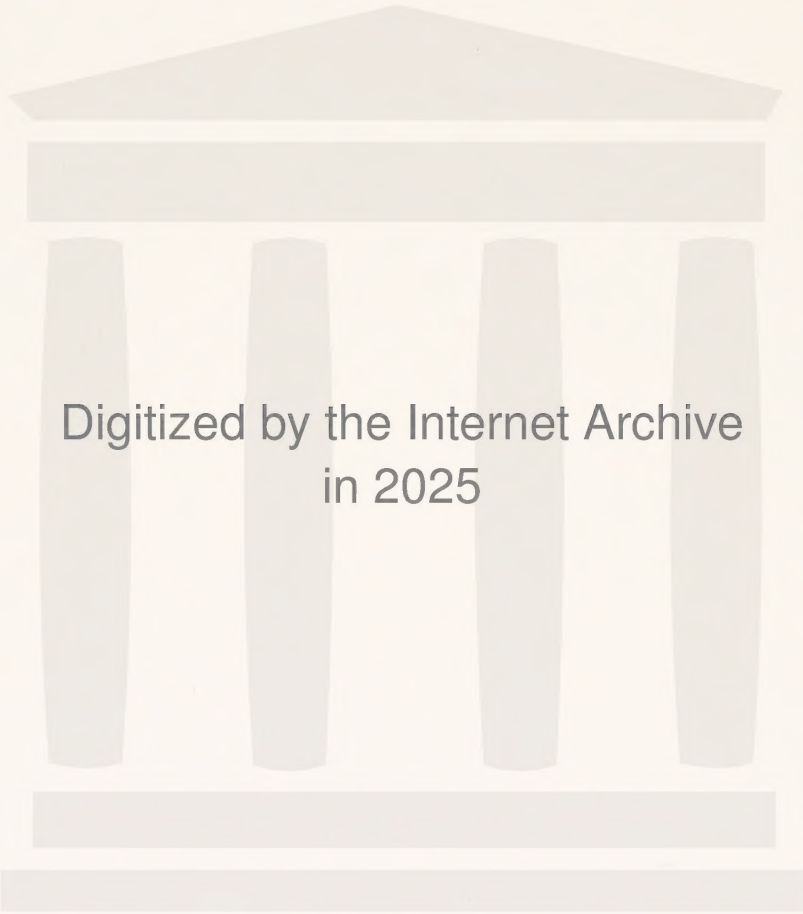


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THE TOILERS OF THE SEA



VOL. I.

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THE
TOILERS OF THE SEA

BY

VICTOR HUGO

*WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY
CHIFFLART, D. VIERGE, AND VICTOR HUGO*

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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*By the Same Author,
In Uniform Style.*

LES MISÉRABLES, ... 5 VOLS.
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NÔTRE-DAME, ... 2 VOLS.
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THE DOUVRES ROCK.

PREFACE

RELIGION, Society, and Nature! these are the three struggles of man. These three struggles are his three needs. He has need of a faith, hence the temple; he must create, hence the city; he must live, hence the plough and the ship. But these three solutions comprise three conflicts. The mysterious difficulty of life results from all three. Man strives with obstacles under the form of superstition, under the form of prejudice, and under the form of the elements. A triple ananke weighs upon us; the ananke of dogmas, the ananke of laws, the ananke of things. In "*Notre-Dame de Paris*" the author denounced the first; in the "*Misérables*" he exemplified the second; in this book he indicates the third. With these three fatalities which environ man mingles that inward fatality, the supreme ananke, the human heart.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, *March*, 1866.

I dedicate this book to the rock of hospitality and liberty, to that portion of old Norman ground inhabited by the noble little nation of the sea: to the island of Guernsey, severe yet kind, my present asylum, perhaps my tomb.

V. H.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME I

PART I

SIEUR CLUBIN

BOOK I—THE HISTORY OF A BAD REPUTATION

	PAGE
CHAP. I. A WORD WRITTEN ON SAND	1
II. THE BÛ DE LA RUE	5
III. FOR YOUR WIFE: WHEN YOU MARRY	10
IV. UNPOPULARITY	14
V. MORE SUSPICIOUS FACTS ABOUT GILLIATT	26
VI. THE DUTCH SLOOP	29
VII. A FIT TENANT FOR A HAUNTED HOUSE	38
VIII. THE GILD-HOLM-’UR SEAT	41

BOOK II—MESS LETHIERRY

CHAP. I. A TROUBLED LIFE, BUT A QUIET CONSCIENCE	47
II. A TASTE HE HAD	50
III. THE OLD SEA TONGUE	52
IV. THE VULNERABLE PART IS WHERE WE LOVE	55

BOOK III—DURANDE AND DÉRUCHETTE

CHAP. I. PRATTLE AND SMOKE	59
II. THE OLD STORY OF UTOPIA	65
III. RANTAINÉ	67
IV. CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF UTOPIA	72

	PAGE
CHAP. V. THE DEVIL BOAT	74
VI. LETHIERRY IN HIS GLORY	78
VII. THE SAME GODFATHER AND THE SAME PATRON SAINT	82
VIII. BONNIE DUNDEE	84
IX. THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED RANTAIN'S CHARACTER	88
X. LONG YARNS	90
XI. A GLANCE AT FUTURE HUSBANDS	94
XII. AN ANOMALY IN THE CHARACTER OF LETHIERRY	96
XIII. THOUGHTLESSNESS ADDS A GRACE TO BEAUTY	101

BOOK IV—THE BAGPIPE

CHAP. I. GLEAMS OF DAWN OR OF A CONFLAGRATION	105
II. THE UNKNOWN UNFOLDS ITSELF BY DEGREES	108
III. THE AIR "BONNIE DUNDEE" FINDS AN ECHO ON THE HILL	111
IV. "TO UNCLES AND GUARDIANS, QUIET OLD BOYS, SERENADES ARE BUT SLEEP-BREAKING NONSENSE AND NOISE"	113
V. A DESERVED SUCCESS HAS ALWAYS ITS DETRACTORS	115
VI. THE SLOOP CASHMERE SAVES A SHIPWRECKED CREW	117
VII. HOW AN IDLER HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO BE SEEN BY A FISHERMAN	120

BOOK V—THE REVOLVER

CHAP. I. CONVERSATIONS AT THE JEAN TAVERN	127
II. CLUBIN OBSERVES SOME ONE	136
III. CLUBIN CARRIES AWAY SOMETHING AND BRINGS BACK NOTHING	140
IV. PLEINMONT	143
V. THE BIRDS'-NESTERS	152
VI. THE JACRESSARDE	167
VII. NOCTURNAL BUYERS AND MYSTERIOUS SELLERS	175
VIII. A "CAROM" OFF THE RED BALL AND THE BLACK	179
IX. USEFUL INFORMATION FOR PERSONS WHO EXPECT OR FEAR THE ARRIVAL OF LETTERS FROM BEYOND SEA	189

BOOK VI—THE DRUNKEN STEERSMAN AND THE SOBER CAPTAIN

	PAGE
CHAP. I. THE DOUVRES	199
II. AN UNEXPECTED FLASK OF BRANDY	204
III. CONVERSATIONS INTERRUPTED	209
IV. CAPTAIN CLUBIN DISPLAYS ALL HIS GREAT QUALITIES . .	217
V. CLUBIN REACHES THE CROWNING-POINT OF GLORY . . .	223
VI. THE INTERIOR OF AN ABYSS SUDDENLY REVEALED . . .	228
VII. THE UNEXPECTED INTERVENES	236

BOOK VII—THE DANGER OF OPENING A BOOK AT RANDOM

CHAP. I. THE PEARL AT THE FOOT OF A PRECIPICE	243
II. MUCH ASTONISHMENT ON THE WESTERN COAST	253
III. A QUOTATION FROM THE BIBLE	262

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I

TITLE	ARTIST	PAGE
TITLE	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	i
THE DOUVRES ROCK	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	iii
THE TWO CLERGYMEN	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	xv
THE NAME IN THE SNOW	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	2
GILLIATT LOOKING AT THE SNOW	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	3
THE ORTACH ROCK	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	7
HERETICS AT THE STAKE	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	9
THE MOTHER'S DEATH	" . . .	11
THE DWARF OF THE NIGHT	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	15
SEEING A SARREGOUCSET	" . . .	17
THE KING OF THE AUXCRINIERS	" . . .	19
SUMMARY JUSTICE	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	23
THE DEMON OF THE SEA	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	25
IN THE NIGHT	" . . .	29
FISHING AT NIGHT	" . . .	31
SETTING OUT	" . . .	33
RETURN OF THE SLOOP	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	35
IN THE FOG	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	36
CALM AT SEA	" . . .	39
THE GILD-HOLM-UR SEAT	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	43
MESS LETHIERRY	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	45
ON THE STRAND	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	49
SAILORS OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	53

	ARTIST	PAGE
DURANDE AND DÉRUCHETTE	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	57
DÉRUCHETTE	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	61
THE DEVIL BOAT	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	63
THE RANTAINÉ FAMILY	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	67
RANTAINÉ AND CLUBIN	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	69
SIGNALED	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	75
OLD SAINT SAMPSON	“ . . .	79
DOUCE AND GRACE	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	85
THE CATEL	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	89
FOREIGN TALES	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	91
SHIP'S PROW	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	93
AFTER CHURCH	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	97
RECOLLECTIONS OF SARK	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	102
THE BAGPIPE	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	103
THE BATHERS	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	107
DÉRUCHETTE LISTENING	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	112
BONNE-NUIT BAY	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	116
SHIPWRECK	“ . . .	118
IN DISTRESS	“ . . .	119
DANGEROUS SLEEP	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	121
SIEUR LANDOYS	“ . . .	123
AT ST. SAMPSON	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	124
OLD ST. MALO	“ . . .	125
THE OLD PIER, ST. MALO	“ . . .	129
A STRANGE MEETING	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	137
THE HAUNTED HOUSE	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	145
PLEINMONT	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	149
THE BIRD-NESTERS	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	153
GHOSTS	“ . . .	157
THE OLD TOWNS OF NORMANDY	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	165
THE CONTARCHES ALLEY	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	169
THE JACRESSARDE	“ . . .	171
THE WOODEN-LEGGED WOMAN	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	173
THE PARISIAN NAMED “REDSKIN”	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	177
HE FELL	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	181
THE SQUALL	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	191
POST-OFFICE	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	193
THE HELMSMAN DRUNK AND THE CAPTAIN SOBER	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	197
THE WAVE	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . . .	201
IMBRANCAM	<i>Chiffart</i> . . .	205
TANGROUILLE	“ . . .	207

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

xiii

	ARTIST	PAGE
ON THE DECK	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	213
A RAY IN THE DARKNESS	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . .	221
BEFORE THE TILLER WENT OVER	" . . .	222
"WATER COMING IN"	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	225
THE HOLD	" . . .	229
"CLUBIN FELT HIMSELF SEIZED BY THE FOOT"	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . .	241
THE CROWD FOR BAD NEWS	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	245
RUINED!	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	247
OWNER OF A CUTTER	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . .	249
A VOW TO GOD	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	251
A TEMPEST SEEN FROM SHORE	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . .	253
SCUDDING BEFORE THE WIND	" . . .	255
THE SPECTRE BOAT	" . . .	257
THE PORT IN THE FOURTH STORY	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	259
THE SMUGGLERS	" . . .	260
DR. JACQUEMIN HÉRODE	<i>D. Vierge</i> . . .	265
CAUDRAY AND DÉRUCHETTE	<i>Chifflart</i> . . .	269
BELFRY UPRIGHT, MAST SLOPING	<i>Victor Hugo</i> . .	270



THE TWO CLERGYMEN.

TOILERS OF THE SEA

PART I

SIEUR CLUBIN

BOOK I

THE HISTORY OF A BAD REPUTATION

CHAPTER I

A WORD WRITTEN ON THE SAND



CHRISTMAS DAY in the year 182— was somewhat remarkable in the island of Guernsey. Snow fell on that day. In the Channel Islands a winter when ice forms is uncommon, and a fall of snow is an event.

On that Christmas morning, the road which skirts the sea-shore from St. Peter's Port to the Vale was clothed in white. From midnight till the break of day the snow had been falling. Towards nine o'clock, a little after the rising of

the wintry sun, as it was too early yet for the Church of England folks to go to St. Sampson's, or for the Wesleyans to repair to Eldad Chapel, the road was almost deserted. Throughout that portion of the highway which separates the first from the second tower, only

three foot-passengers could be seen. These were a child, a man, and a woman. Walking at a distance from each other, these wayfarers had no visible connection. The child, a boy of about eight years old, had stopped, and was looking curiously at the wintry scene. The man walked behind the woman, at a distance of about a hundred paces.



Like her he was coming from the direction of St. Sampson. The appearance of the man, who was still young, was something like that of a workman or a sailor. He wore his working-day clothes,—a kind of Guernsey shirt of coarse brown stuff, and trousers partly concealed by tarpaulin leggings,—a costume which seemed to indicate that, notwithstanding the holy day, he was going to no place of worship. His heavy

shoes of rough leather, with their soles covered with large nails, left upon the snow, as he walked, a print more like that of a prison lock than the foot of a man. The woman, on the contrary, was evidently dressed for church. She wore a large wadded mantle of black silk, under which she had coquettishly adjusted a dress of Irish poplin, trimmed alternately with white and pink; but for her red stockings she



might have been taken for a Parisian. She walked on with a light and free step, so little suggestive of the burden of life that it might easily be seen that she was young. Her movements possessed that subtle grace which indicates the most delicate of all transitions, that soft intermingling, as it were, of two twilights, the passage from the con-

dition of a child to that of womanhood. The man seemed to take no heed of her.

Suddenly, near a group of oaks at the corner of a field, and at the spot called the Basses Maisons, she turned, and the movement seemed to attract the attention of the man. She stopped, seemed to reflect a moment, then stooped, and the man fancied that he could discern that she was tracing with her finger some letters in the snow. Then she rose again, went on her way at a quicker pace, turned once more, this time smiling, and disappeared to the left of the roadway, by the foot-path under the edges which leads to the Ivy Castle. When she had turned for the second time, the man had recognized her as Déruchette, a charming girl of that neighborhood.

The man felt no need of quickening his pace; and some minutes later he found himself near the group of oaks at the corner of the enclosure. Already he had ceased to think of the vanished Déruchette; and if, at that moment, a porpoise had appeared above the water, or a robin had caught his eye in the hedges, it is probable that he would have passed on his way, his look fixed on the redbreast or the porpoise. But it happened that his eyes were fixed upon the ground; his gaze fell mechanically upon the spot where the girl had stopped. Two little footprints were there plainly visible; and beside them he read this word, evidently written by her in the snow—

“GILLIAT.”

It was his own name.

He lingered for awhile motionless, looking at the letters, the little footprints, and the snow; and then walked on, in a thoughtful mood.

CHAPTER II

THE BÙ DE LA RUE



ILLIATT lived in the parish of St. Sampson. He was not liked by his neighbors; and there were reasons for that fact.

To begin with, he lived in a queer kind of "haunted" dwelling. In the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, in the country, or even in the town as you pass some deserted spot or go along some street with many inhabitants, you will come upon a house the entrance to which is completely barricaded. Holly bushes obstruct the doorway, hideous boards, with nails, conceal the windows below; while the casements of the upper stories are neither closed nor open: for all the window-frames are barred, but the glass is broken. If there is a little yard, grass grows between its stones; and the parapet of its wall is crumbling away. If there is a garden, it is choked with nettles, brambles, and hemlock, and strange insects abound in it. The chimneys are cracked, the roof is falling in; so much as can be seen from without of the rooms presents a dismantled appearance. The woodwork is rotten; the stone mildewed. The paper of the walls has dropped away and hangs loose, until it presents a history of the bygone fashions of paper-hangings—the scrawling patterns of the time of the Empire, the crescent-shaped draperies of the Directory, the balustrades and pillars of the days of Louis XVI. The thick draperies of cobwebs, filled with flies, indicate the quiet reign long enjoyed by innumerable spiders. Sometimes a broken jug may be noticed on a shelf. Such houses are considered to be haunted. The devil visits them by night.

Houses are like the human beings who inhabit them. They become to their former selves what the corpse is to the living body. Superstition kills them. Then their aspect is terrible. These dead houses are common in the Channel Islands.

Rural and maritime populations are much troubled concerning the devil. Among the Channel Isles, and on the neighboring coast of France, the ideas of the people on this subject are very precise. In their view, the devil has his ministers in all parts of the earth. It is certain that Belphegor is the ambassador from the infernal regions in France, Hntgin in Italy, Belial in Turkey, Thamuz in Spain, Martinet in Switzerland, and Mammon in England. Satan is an Emperor just like any other: a sort of Satan Cæsar. His establishment is well organized. Dagon is grand almoner, Succor Benoth chief of the Eunuchs; Asmodeus, banker at the gaming-table; Kobal, manager of the theatre, and Verdelet grand-master of the ceremonies. Nybbas is the court-fool. Wierus, a savant, a good strylogogue, and a man of much learning in demonology, calls Nybbas the great parodist.

The Norman fishermen, who frequent the Channel, have many precautions to take at sea, by reason of the illusions with which Satan environs them. It has long been an article of popular faith, that Saint Maclou inhabited the great square rock called Ortach, in the sea between Aurigny and the Casquets; and many old sailors used to declare that they had often seen him there, seated, and reading in a book. Accordingly the sailors, as they passed, were in the habit of kneeling many times before the Ortach rock, until the day when the fable was destroyed, and the truth took its place. For it has been discovered, and is now well established, that the lonely inhabitant of the rock is not a saint, but a devil. This evil spirit, whose name is Jochmus, had the impudence to pass himself off, for many centuries, as Saint Maclou. Even the Church herself is not proof against snares of this kind. The demons Raguhel, Oribel, and Tobiel, were regarded as saints until the year 745; when Pope Zachary, having at length detected them, turned them out. To accomplish feats like this, which are doubtless very useful, you must be a regular connoisseur in devils.

The old inhabitants of these parts relate—though all this refers to bygone times—that the Catholic population of the Norman Archipelago was once, though quite involuntarily, even in more intimate correspondence with the powers of darkness than the Huguenots themselves. How this happened, however, we do not pretend to say; but it is certain that this minority suffered considerable annoyance from this cause. It appears that Satan had taken a fancy to the Catholics, and sought their company a good deal; a circumstance which might give rise to the belief that the devil is more Catholic than Protestant. One of his most insufferable familiarities consisted in paying nocturnal visits to married Catholics in bed, just at the moment when the husband

had fallen fast asleep, and the wife had begun to doze; a fruitful source of domestic trouble. Patouillet was of opinion that such was Voltaire's paternity. The truth of all this is perfectly well known, and described in the forms of excommunication in the rubric *de erroribus nocturnis et de semine diabolorum*. The practice was raging particularly at St. Helier's towards the end of the last century, probably as a punishment for the Revolution; for the evil consequences of revolutionary excesses are incalculable. However this may have been, it is certain that this possibility of a visit from the demon at night, when it is impossible to see distinctly, or even in slumber, caused much embarrassment among orthodox dames. The idea of giving to the world a Voltaire was by no means a pleasant one. One of these, in some anxiety, consulted



her confessor on this extremely difficult subject, and the best mode for timely discovery of the cheat. The confessor replied, "In order to be sure that it is your husband by your side, and not a demon, place your hand upon his head. If you find horns, you may be sure . . ." "Of what?" said the lady.

Gilliatt's house had been haunted, but it was no longer in that condition; it was for that reason, however, only regarded with more suspicion. No one learned in demonology can be unaware of the fact, that when a sorcerer has installed himself in a haunted dwelling, the devil considers the house sufficiently occupied, and is polite enough to abstain from visiting there, unless called in, like the doctor.

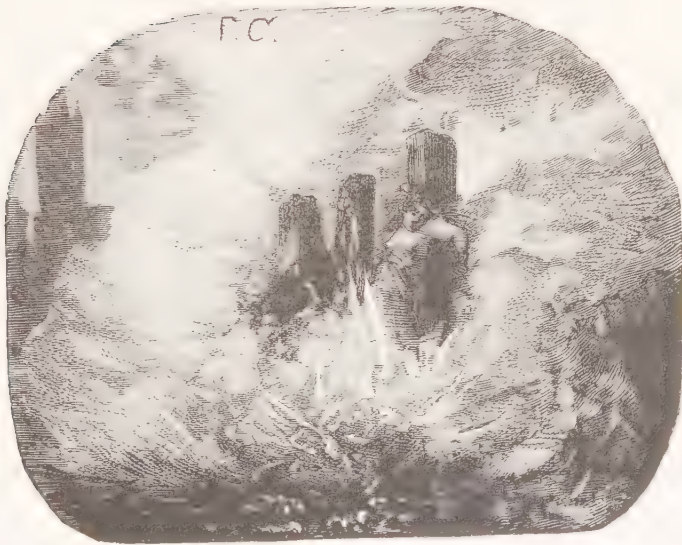
This house was known by the name of the Bû de la Rue. It was situated at the extremity of a little promontory, rather of rock than of

land, forming a small harborage apart in the creek of Houmet Paradis. The water at this spot is deep. The house stood quite alone upon the point, almost separated from the island, and with just sufficient ground about it for a small garden, which was sometimes inundated by the high tides. Between the port of St. Sampson and the creek of Houmet Paradis, rises a steep hill, surmounted by the block of towers covered with ivy, and known as Vale Castle, or the Château de l'Archange; so that, at St. Sampson, the Bû de la Rue was shut out from sight.

Nothing is commoner than sorcerers in Guernsey. They exercise their profession in certain parishes, in profound indifference to the nineteenth century. Some of their practices are downright criminal. They set gold boiling, they gather herbs at midnight, they cast sinister looks upon the people's cattle. When the people consult them they send for bottles containing "water of the sick," and they are heard to mutter mysteriously, "the water has a sad look." In March, 1857, one of them discovered, in water of this kind, seven demons. They are fearful and feared. Another only lately bewitched a baker "as well as his oven." Another had the diabolical wickedness to wafer and seal up envelopes "containing nothing inside." Another went so far as to have on a shelf three bottles labelled "B." These monstrous facts are well authenticated. Some of these sorcerers are obliging, and for two or three guineas will take on themselves the complaint from which you are suffering. Then they are seen to roll upon their beds, and to groan with pain; and while they are in these agonies the believer exclaims, "There! I am well again." Others cure all kinds of diseases, by merely tying a handkerchief round their patients' loins, a remedy so simple that it is astonishing that no one had yet thought of it. In the last century, the Cour Royale of Guernsey bound such folks upon a heap of fagots and burnt them alive. In these days it condemns them to eight weeks' imprisonment; four weeks on bread and water, and the remainder of the term in solitary confinement. *Amant alterna catenæ.*

The last instance of burning sorcerers in Guernsey took place in 1747. The city authorities devoted one of its squares, the Carrefour du Bordage, to that ceremony. Between 1565 and 1700, eleven sorcerers thus suffered at this spot. As a rule the criminals made confession of their guilt. They are aided in confessing by the application of torture. The Carrefour du Bordage has indeed rendered many other services to society and religion. It was here that heretics were brought to the stake. Under Queen Mary, among other Huguenots burnt here, were a mother and two daughters. The name of this mother was Per-

rotine Massy. One of the daughters was pregnant, and was delivered of a child even in the midst of the flames. As the old chronicle expresses it, "Her belly burst." From this belly came a living child. The new-born infant rolled out of the fiery furnace. A man named House took it in his arms; but Helier Gosselin the bailli, like a good Catholic, commanded the child to be cast again into the fire.



CHAPTER III

FOR YOUR WIFE: WHEN YOU MARRY



E must return to Gilliatt.

The country people told how, towards the close of the great Revolution, a woman, bringing with her a little child, came to live in Guernsey. She was an Englishwoman; unless she was a Frenchwoman. She had a name which the Guernsey pronunciation and the country folks' bad spelling had finally converted into "Gilliatt." She lived alone with the child, which, according to some, was a nephew; according to others, a son; according to others, again, a strange child whom she was protecting. She had some means; enough to struggle on in a poor way. She had purchased a small plot of ground at La Sergentée, and another at La Roque Crespel, near Rocquaine. The house of the Bû de la Rue was haunted at this period. For more than thirty years no one had inhabited it. It was falling into ruins. The garden, so often invaded by the sea, could produce nothing. Besides noises and lights seen there at night-time, the house had this alarming peculiarity: any one who should leave there in the evening, upon the mantel-piece, a ball of worsted, a few needles, and a plate filled with soup, would assuredly find, in the morning, the soup consumed, the plate empty, and a pair of mittens ready knitted. The house, demon included, was offered for sale for a few pounds sterling.

The stranger woman became the purchaser, evidently tempted by the devil, or by the advantageous bargain.

She did more than purchase the house; she took up her abode there with the child; and from that moment peace reigned within its walls. The Bû de la Rue has found a fit tenant, said the country people. The haunting ceased. There was no longer any light seen there, save that of the tallow candle of the new-comer. "Witch's candle is as good as devil's torch." The proverb satisfied the public.

The woman cultivated some perches of land which belonged to her. She had a good cow, of the sort which produces yellow butter. She gathered her white beans, cauliflowers, and "Golden drop" potatoes. She sold, like other people, "her parsnips by the tonneau, her onions by the hundred, and her beans by the denere!" She did



not go herself to market, but disposed of her crops through the agency of Guilbert Falliot, at the sign of the Abreveurs of Saint Sampson. The account-book of Falliot bears evidence that Falliot sold for her, on one occasion, as much as twelve bushels of rare early "three months" potatoes.

The house had been meanly repaired; but sufficiently to make it

habitable. It was only in very bad weather that the rain came in. The interior consisted of a ground-floor suite of rooms, and a garret overhead. The ground-floor was divided into three rooms; two for sleeping, and one for meals. A ladder connected it with the garret above. The woman attended to the kitchen and taught the child to read. She did not go to church or chapel, which, all things considered, led to the conclusion that she must be French. Not to go to a place of worship is a serious affair.

In short, the new-comers were a puzzle to the neighborhood.

That the woman was French seemed probable. Volcanoes cast forth stones, and revolutions men, so families are removed to distant places; human beings come to pass their lives far from their native homes; groups of relatives and friends disperse and decay; strange people fall, as it were, from the clouds—some in Germany, some in England, some in America. The people of the country view them with surprise and curiosity. Whence come these strange faces? Yonder mountain, smoking with revolutionary fires, casts them out. These *aërolites*, these famished and ruined people, these foot-balls of destiny, are known as refugees, *émigrés*, adventurers. If they sojourn among strangers, they are tolerated; if they depart, there is a feeling of relief. Sometimes these wanderers are harmless, inoffensive people, strangers, at least, as regards the women, to the events which have led to their exile, objects of persecution, helpless projectiles astonished at their fate. They take root again somewhere as they can. They have done no harm to any one, and do not comprehend what has befallen them. So I have seen a poor tuft of grass thrown into the air by the explosion of a mine. No great explosion was ever followed by more of such strays than the first French Revolution.

The strange woman whom the Guernsey folks called "Gilliatt" was, possibly, such a tuft of grass.

The woman grew older; the child became a youth. They lived alone and avoided by all; but they were sufficient for each other. "Wolf and wolf-cub lick each other." This was another of the generous proverbs which the neighborhood applied to them. Meanwhile, the child grew to youth, the youth grew to manhood; and then, as the old and withered bark falls from the tree, the mother died. She left to her son the little field of *Sergentée*, the small property called *La Roque Crespel*, and the house known as the *Bû de la Rue*; with the addition, as the official inventory said, of "one hundred guineas in gold in the *pid d'une cauche*, that is to say, in the foot of a stocking." The house was already sufficiently furnished with two oaken chests, two beds, six chairs and a table, besides necessary household utensils. Upon a shelf

were some books, and in the corner a trunk, by no means of a mysterious character, which had to be opened for the inventory. This trunk was of drab leather, ornamented with brass nails and little stars of white metal, and it contained a bride's outfit, new and complete, of beautiful Dunkirk linen—chemises and petticoats, and some silk dresses—with a paper on which was written, in the handwriting of the deceased—

“For your wife: when you marry.”

This death was a terrible blow for the young man. He had always been unsociable; he now became sullen. The solitude around him was complete. Hitherto it had been mere isolation; now it was a blank. While we have only one companion, life is endurable; left alone, it seems as if it is impossible to drag on, and we refuse to pull, which is the first sign of despair. As time rolls on, however, we discover that duty is a series of compromises; we contemplate life, we contemplate death, and submit; but it is a submission which makes the heart bleed.

Gilliatt was young; and his wound healed. At that age the tissues of the heart reunite. His sadness, disappearing by slow degrees, seemed to mingle itself with nature, and to become a sort of charm, drawing him towards things and away from man, and amalgamating his soul more and more to solitude.

CHAPTER IV

UNPOPULARITY

ILLIATT, as we have said, was not popular in the parish. Nothing could be more natural than this antipathy. The reasons for it were abundant. To begin with, as we have already explained, there was the house he lived in; then there was his origin. Who could that woman have been? and why this child? Country people do not like mysteries about strangers. Then his clothes were the clothes of a workman, while he had, although certainly not rich, sufficient to live without labor. Then there was his garden, which he succeeded in cultivating, and from which he produced potatoes, in spite of the equinox; and then there were the big books which he kept upon a shelf, and used to read.

More reasons: why did he live that solitary life? The Bû de la Rue was a kind of lazaretto, in which Gilliatt was kept in quarantine. This is why it was quite simple that people should be astonished at his isolation, and should hold him responsible for the solitude which society had made around him.

He never went to chapel. He often went out at night-time. He held converse with sorcerers. He had been seen, on one occasion, sitting on the grass with an astonished air. He haunted the druidical stones of the Ancresse, and the fairy caverns which are scattered about in the country here and there. It was believed that he had been seen politely saluting the Roque qui Chante, or Crowing Rock. He bought all birds which people brought to him, and set them at liberty. He was civil to the worthy folks in the streets of St. Sampson, but willingly turned out of his way to avoid them if he could. He often went out on fishing expeditions, and always returned with fish. He trimmed his garden on Sundays. He had a bagpipe which he had bought from one of the Highland soldiers who are sometimes in

Guernsey, and on which he played occasionally at twilight, on the rocks by the seashore. He had been seen to make gestures, like a sower. What could a country become with a man like that?

As regards the books left by the deceased woman, which he was in the habit of reading, they were alarming. The Reverend Jaquemin



Hérode, rector of St. Sampson, when he visited the house at the time of the woman's funeral, had read on the backs of these books the titles "*Rosier's Dictionary*," "*Candide*," by Voltaire, "*Advice to the People on Health*," by Tissot. A French noble, an émigré, who had retired to St. Sampson, remarked that this Tissot "must have been the Tissot who carried the head of the Princess de Lamballe upon a pike."

The Reverend gentleman had also remarked upon one of these books, the highly fantastic and threatening title, "*De Rhubarbaro.*"

In justice to Gilliatt, however, it must be added that this volume being in Latin—a language which it is doubtful if he understood—the young man had possibly never read it.

But it is just those books which a man does not read, which constitute the strongest evidence against him. The Spanish Inquisition have deliberated on that point, and have placed it beyond doubt.

The book in question, however, was no other than the Treatise of Doctor Tilingius "on Rhubarb," published in Germany in 1679.

It was by no means certain that Gilliatt did not prepare philters and unholy decoctions. He undoubtedly had some phials.

Why did he walk abroad at evening, and sometimes even at midnight, on the cliffs? Evidently to hold converse with the evil spirits who, by night, frequent the seashores, enveloped in smoke.

On one occasion he had aided the witch of Torteval to clean her chaise: this was an old woman named Moutonne Gahy.

When a census was taken in the island, in answer to a question about his calling, he replied, "Fisherman; when there are fish to catch." Imagine yourself in the place of Gilliatt's neighbors, and admit that there is something unpleasant in answers like this.

Poverty and wealth are comparative terms. Gilliatt had some fields and a house, his own property; compared with those who had nothing, he was not poor. One day, to test this, and perhaps also as a step towards acquaintance—for there are women who would marry the devil if he were rich—a young girl of the neighborhood said to Gilliatt, "When are you going to take a wife, neighbor?" He answered, "I will take a wife when the Roque qui Chante takes a husband."

This Roque qui Chante is a great stone, standing in a field near the house of Mons. Lemézurier de Fry. It is a suspicious stone. No one knows what it is doing there. At times you may hear there an invisible cock crowing—an extremely disagreeable circumstance. Then it is commonly asserted that this stone was originally placed in the field by the *Sarregousets*, who are the same as the *Sins*.

At night, when it thunders, if you should happen to see men flying in the lurid light of the clouds, or on the rolling waves of the air, these are no other than the *Sarregousets*. A woman who lives at the Grand Mielles knows them well. One evening, when some *Sarregousets* happened to be at a cross-road, this woman cried out to a carter, who did not know which route to take, "Ask them your way. They are civil

folks, and always ready to direct a stranger." You can bet that this woman was a sorceress.

The learned and judicious King James I. had women of this kind boiled alive, and then tasting the water of the cauldron, was able to say from its flavor, "That was a sorceress;" or "That was not one."

It is to be regretted that the kings of these latter days no longer possess a talent which makes one understand the utility of monarchical institutions.

It was not without serious grounds that Gilliatt lived in this odor of sorcery. One midnight, during a storm, Gilliatt being at sea alone in a bark, on the coast by La Sommeilleuse, he was heard to ask:

"Is there room to pass?"



And a voice cried from the heights above:

"Aye! Go on!"

To whom could he have been speaking, if not to those who replied to him? This seems something like evidence.

Another time, one stormy evening, when it was so dark that nothing could be distinguished, Gilliatt was near the Catian Roque—a double row of rocks where witches, goats, and spectres dance on Fridays—and here, it is firmly believed, that the voice of Gilliatt was heard mingling in the following terrible conversation:

"How is Vesin Brovard?" (This was a mason who had fallen from a roof.)

"He is getting better."

"Ver dia! he fell from a greater height than that of yonder peak. It is delightful to think that he did not break a limb."

"Our folks had a fine time for the seaweed gathering last week."

"Ay, finer than to-day."

"I believe you. There will not be lots of fish at the market to-day."

"It blows too hard."

"They can't lower their nets."

"How is Catherine?"

"She is charming."

Catherine was evidently the name of a Sarregouset.

According to all appearance, Gilliatt had work at night: at least none doubted it.

Sometimes he was seen with a pitcher in his hand, pouring water on the ground. Now water, cast upon the ground, is known to make a shape like that of devils.

On the road to Saint Sampson, opposite the Martello tower, number 1, stand three stones, arranged in the form of steps. Upon the platform of those stones, now empty, stood anciently a cross, or perhaps a gallows. These stones are full of evil influences.

Staid and worthy people, and perfectly credible witnesses, testified to having seen Gilliatt at this spot conversing with a toad. Now there are no toads at Guernsey. Guernsey has all the snakes, and Jersey has all the toads. This toad, then, must have swum from the neighboring island, in order to hold converse with Gilliatt. The converse was of a friendly kind.

These facts were clearly established; and the proof is that the three stones are there to this day. Those who doubt it, may go and see them; and at a little distance, there is also a house on which the passer-by may read this inscription:

"Dealer in cattle, alive and dead, old cordage, iron, bones, and rags, prompt payment and every attention."

A man must be skeptical indeed to contest the existence of those stones, and of the house in question. Now both these circumstances were injurious to Gilliatt.

Only the most ignorant are unaware of the fact that the greatest danger of the coasts of the Channel Islands is the King of the Auxeriers. No inhabitant of the seas is more redoubtable. Whoever has seen him is certain to be wrecked between one St. Michel and the other. He is little, being a dwarf; and is deaf, being a king. He knows the names of all those who have been drowned in the seas, and the spots where they lie. He knows from end to end the ocean cemetery. A head, massive below and narrow above; a squat figure; a protruding stomach like a mass of jelly; a skull, covered with warty excrescences;



THE KING OF THE AUXCRINIERS.

short legs, long arms, fins for feet, claws for hands, and a green flat face; such is this king. His claws have palms; his fins nails. Imagine a spectral fish with the face of a human being. To get rid of him he must be exorcised, or fished up. Meanwhile he brings bad luck. Nothing is more unpleasant than to see him: amid the rolling waves and breakers, or in the thick of the mist, the sailor perceives, sometimes, an outline which is not a creature; a beetle brow, wide nostrils, flattened ears, an enormous mouth, gap-toothed jaws, a slimy smile, peaked eyebrows, and great grinning eyes. When the lightning is livid, he appears red; when it is purple, he looks wan. He has a stiff, square-cut dripping beard, overlapping a sort of pelerine, ornamented with fourteen shells, seven before and seven behind. These shells are curious to those who are learned in conchology. The King of the Auxcriniers is only seen in stormy seas. He is the terrible harbinger of the tempest. His hideous form traces itself in the fog, in the squall, in the tempest of rain. His breast is hideous. A coat of scales covers his sides like a vest. He rises erect above the waves which fly before the wind, twisting and curling like shavings of wood beneath the carpenter's plane. Then his entire form issues out of the foam, and if there should happen to be in the horizon any vessels in distress, then pale in the twilight, or his face lighted up with a sinister smile, terrible and uncouth to behold, he dances. It is an evil omen indeed to meet him. At the period when the people of Saint Sampson were particularly excited on the subject of Gilliatt, the last persons who had seen the King of the Auxcriniers declared that his pelerine had now only thirteen shells. Thirteen! He was only the more dangerous. But what had become of the fourteenth? Had he given it to some one? And to whom? No one would say positively; and folks confined themselves to conjecture. But it was an undoubted fact that a certain Mons. Lupin Mabier, of Godaines, a man of property, paying a good sum to the land tax, was ready to depose on oath, that he had once seen in the hands of Gilliatt a very remarkable shell.

It was not uncommon to hear dialogues like the following among the country people:

"I have a fine bull here, neighbor, what do you say?"

"Too puffy! neighbor."

"It is a fact, tho' 'tis I who say it."

"He is better for tallow than for meat."

"Ver dia!"

"Are you sure that Gilliatt hasn't cast his eye upon it?"

Gilliatt would stop sometimes beside a field where some laborers

were assembled, or near gardens in which gardeners were engaged, and would perhaps hear these mysterious words:

"When the *mors du diable* flourishes, reap the winter rye."

(The *mors du diable* is the scabwort plant.)

"The ash tree is coming out in leaf, there will be no more frost."

"Summer solstice, thistle in flower."

"If it rain not in June, the wheat will mildew. Look out for smut."

"When the wild cherry fruits, beware of the full moon."

"If the weather on the sixth day of the new moon is like that of the fourth, or like that of the fifth day, it will be the same nine times out of twelve in the first case, and eleven times out of twelve in the second, during the whole month."

"Keep your eye on neighbors who go to law with you. Beware of malicious influences. A pig which has had warm milk given to it will die. A cow which has had its teeth rubbed with leeks will eat no more."

"Spawning time with the smelts; beware of fevers."

"When frogs appear, sow your melons."

"When the liverwort flowers, sow your barley."

"When the limes flower, mow the meadows."

"When the elm-tree flowers, open the hot-bed frames."

"When tobacco flowers, close your greenhouses."

And, fearful to relate, following these counsels led to success.

One night, in the month of June, when Gilliatt was playing upon his bagpipe, upon the sand-hills on the shore of the Demie de Fontenelle, the mackerel fishing failed.

One evening, at low water, it came to pass that a cart filled with wreck overturned on the beach, in front of Gilliatt's house. It is most probable that he was afraid of being brought before the magistrates, for he took considerable trouble in helping to raise the cart, and he filled it again himself.

A little girl of the neighborhood being troubled with vermin, he had gone to St. Peter's Port, and had returned with an ointment, with which he rubbed the child's head. As Gilliatt had removed the lice, it was clear that Gilliatt had caused them.

For everybody knows that there is a charm for giving vermin to people.

Gilliatt was suspected of looking into wells—a dangerous practice with those who have an evil eye; and, in fact, at Arculons, near St. Peter's Port, the water of a well became unwholesome. The good woman to whom this well belonged said to Gilliatt:

"Look here, at this water;" and she showed him a glassful. Gilliatt complied.

"The water is thick," he said; "that is true."

The good woman, who had her doubts of him, said, "Then make it sweet again for me."



Gilliatt asked her some questions: whether she had a stable? whether the stable had a drain? whether the gutter of the drain did not pass near the well? The good woman replied "Yes." Gilliatt went into the stable; worked at the drain; turned the gutter in another direction; and the water became good again. People in the country round might think what they pleased. A well does not become foul

one moment and sweet the next without good cause; it is not natural; and, in short, it was difficult to escape the conclusion that Gilliatt himself had bewitched the water.

On one occasion, when he went to Jersey, it was remarked that he had taken a lodging at Saint Clement, in the street called the Rue des Alleurs. Now the word *alleurs* signifies spirits from the other world.

In villages it is the custom to gather hints of a man's career; and when they are put together, the total constitutes his reputation.

It happened that Gilliatt was once caught with his nose bleeding. The circumstance appeared grave. The master of a barque who had sailed almost entirely round the world, affirmed that among the Tongusians all sorcerers were subject to bleeding at the nose. When you see a man bleeding at the nose, you know at once what is in the wind. Moderate reasoners, however, remarked that the characteristics of sorcerers among the Tongusians may possibly not apply in the same degree to the sorcerers of Guernsey.

One Michaelmas day, he had been seen to stop in a close belonging to the Huriaux, skirting the highway from the Videclins. He whistled in the field, and a moment afterwards a crow alighted there; a moment later, a magpie. The fact was attested by a worthy man who has since been appointed a Douzenier of the Douzaine, authorized to make a new survey and register of the fief of the king.

At Hamel, in the Vingtaine of L'Epine, there lived some old women who were positive of having heard one morning some swallows calling "Gilliatt."

Add to all this that he was of a bad temper.

One day, a poor man was beating an ass. The ass was obstinate. The poor man gave him a few kicks in the belly with his wooden shoe, and the ass fell. Gilliatt ran to raise the ass, but he was dead. Upon this Gilliatt thrashed the poor man.

Another day, Gilliatt seeing a boy come down from a tree with a brood of woodpeckers, newly hatched and unfledged, he took the brood away from the boy, and carried his malevolence so far as to replace them in the tree.

Some passers-by took up the boy's complaint; but Gilliatt made no reply, except to point to the old birds, who were hovering and crying plaintively over the tree, as they looked for their nest. He had a weakness for birds—another sign by which the people recognize a magician.

Children take a pleasure in robbing the nests of gulls and mews along the cliffs. They bring home quantities of yellow, blue, and green eggs, with which they make chains for mantel-piece ornaments. As the

cliffs are perpendicular, they sometimes slip, fall, and are killed. Nothing is prettier than shutters decorated with sea-birds' eggs. Gilliatt's mischievous ingenuity had no end. He would climb, at the peril of his own life, into the steep places of the sea rocks, and hang up bundles of hay, old hats, and all kinds of scarecrows, to deter the birds from building there, and, as a consequence, to prevent the children from going there.

These are some of the reasons why Gilliatt was disliked throughout the country. Perhaps nothing less could have been expected.



CHAPTER V

MORE SUSPICIOUS FACTS ABOUT GILLIATT

PUBLIC opinion was not yet quite settled with regard to Gilliatt.

In general he was regarded as a *Marcou*: some went so far as to believe him to be a *Cambion*. A cambion is the child of a woman begotten by a devil.

When a woman bears to her husband seven male children consecutively, the seventh is a marcou. But the series must not be broken by the birth of a girl.

The marcou has a natural fleur-de-lys imprinted upon some part of his body; for which reason he has the power of curing scrofula, exactly the same as the King of France. Marcous are found in all parts of France, but particularly in the Orléanais. Every village of the Gâtinais has its marcou. It is sufficient for the cure of the sick, that the marcou should breathe upon their wounds, or let them touch his fleur-de-lys. The night of Good Friday is particularly favorable to these ceremonies. Ten years ago, the marcou of Ormes in Gâtinais, nicknamed the Beau Marcou, and consulted by all the country of Beauce, was a cooper, named Foulon, who kept a horse and vehicle. To put a stop to his miracles, it was found necessary to call in the gendarmes. His fleur-de-lys was on the left breast; other marcous have it in different parts.

There are marcous at Jersey, Aurigny, and at Guernsey. This fact is doubtless in some way connected with the rights possessed by France over the duchy of Normandy: or why the fleur-de-lys?

There are also, in the Channel Islands, people afflicted with scrofula; which of course makes marcous necessary.

Some people, who happened to be present one day when Gilliatt was bathing in the sea, had fancied that they could perceive upon him a fleur-de-lys. Interrogated on that subject he made no reply, but

merely burst into laughter, for he laughed like other men sometimes. From that time, however, no one ever saw him bathe: he bathed thenceforth only in perilous and solitary places; probably by moonlight: a thing in itself somewhat suspicious.

Those who obstinately regarded him as a cambion, or son of the devil, were evidently in error. They ought to have known that cambions scarcely exist out of Germany. But The Vale and St. Sampson were, fifty years ago, places remarkable for ignorance.

To fancy any one in Guernsey could be the son of the devil was evidently absurd.

Gilliatt, for the very reason that he caused disquietude, was consulted. The peasants came in fear, to talk to him of their diseases. That fear itself showed faith; for in the country, the more the doctor is suspected, the more certain is the cure. Gilliatt had certain remedies of his own, which he had inherited from the deceased woman. He communicated them to all who had need of them, and would never receive money for them. He cured whitlows with applications of herbs. A liquor in one of his phials allayed fever. The chemist of St. Sampson, or *pharmacien*, as they would call him in France, thought that this was probably a decoction of chinecona. The more generous among his censors admitted that Gilliatt was a good enough devil in his dealings with the sick, so far as regarded his ordinary remedies. But as a *marcou*, he would do nothing. If persons afflicted with scrofula came to him to ask to touch the fleur-de-lys on his skin, he made no other answer than that of shutting the door in their faces. He persistently refused to perform any miracles—a ridiculous position for a sorcerer. No one is bound to be a sorcerer; but when a man is one, he ought to do his task.

One or two exceptions might be found to this almost universal antipathy. *Sieur Landoys*, of the Clos-Landès, was clerk and registrar of St. Peter's Port, custodian of the documents, and keeper of the register of births, marriages, and deaths. This Landoy was vain of his descent from Peter Landoy, treasurer of the province of Brittany, who was hanged in 1485. One day, when *Sieur Landoys* was bathing in the sea, he ventured to swim out too far, and was on the point of drowning: Gilliatt plunged into the water, narrowly escaping drowning himself, and succeeded in saving him. From that day Landoy never spoke an evil word of Gilliatt. To those who expressed surprise at this change, he replied, "Why should I detest a man who never did me any harm, and who has rendered me a service?" The parish clerk and registrar even came at last to feel a sort of friendship for Gilliatt. This public functionary was a man without prejudices. He had no faith in

sorcerers. He laughed at people who went in fear of ghosts. For himself, he had a boat in which he amused himself by fishing in his leisure hours; but he had never seen anything extraordinary, unless it was on one occasion—a woman clothed in white, who rose about the waters in the light of the moon—and even of this circumstance he was not quite sure. Moutonne Gahy, the old witch of Torteval, had given him a little bag to be worn under the cravat, as a protection against evil spirits: he ridiculed the bag, and knew not what it contained, though, to be sure, he carried it about him, feeling more security with this thing about his neck.

Some courageous persons, emboldened by the example of Landøys, ventured to cite, in Gilliatt's favor, certain extenuating circumstances; a few signs of good qualities, as his sobriety, his abstinence from gin and tobacco; and sometimes they went so far as to pass this elegant eulogium upon him: "He neither smokes, drinks, chews, nor snuffs."

Sobriety, however, can only count as a virtue when there are other virtues to support it.

Public opinion was against Gilliatt.

In any case, as a *marcou*, Gilliatt had it in his power to render great services. On a certain Good Friday, at midnight, a day and an hour propitious to this kind of cure, all the scrofulous people of the island, either by inspiration or by concerted action, presented themselves in a crowd at the *Bû de la Rue*, and with pitiable sores and imploring gestures, called on Gilliatt to make them clean. But he refused; and herein the people recognized his malevolence.

CHAPTER VI

THE DUTCH SLOOP



UCH was the character of Gilliatt.

The young women considered him ugly.

Ugly he was not. He was, perhaps, handsome. There was something in his profile of an ancient barbarian. In repose it had some resemblance to that of a sculptured Dacian on the column of Trajan. His ears were small, delicate, without lobes, and of an admi-



nable form for hearing. Between his eyes he had that proud vertical line, which indicates in a man boldness and perseverance. The corners of his mouth were depressed, giving a slight expression of bitterness. His forehead had a calm and noble roundness. The clear pupils of his eyes possessed a steadfast look, although troubled a little with that winking which fishermen contract from the glitter of the waves. His laugh was boyish and pleasing. No ivory could be of a finer white than his teeth; but exposure to the sun had made him swarthy as a Moor. The ocean, the tempest, and the darkness cannot be braved with impunity. At thirty he looked already like a man of forty-five. He wore the sombre mask of the wind and sea.

The people had nicknamed him "Malicious Gilliatt."

There is an Indian fable to the effect that one day Brahma inquired of Strength, "Who is stronger than thee?" and the spirit replied, 'Address!' A Chinese proverb says, "What could not the lion do, if he was the monkey also?" Gilliatt was neither the lion nor the monkey; but his actions gave some evidence of the truth of the Chinese proverb, and of the Hindoo fable. Although only of ordinary height and strength, he was enabled, so inventive and powerful was his dexterity, to lift the burdens of a giant, and to accomplish the feats of an athlete.

He had in him something of the power of the gymnast. He used, indifferently, his left hand and his right.

He never carried a gun; but was often seen with his net. He spared the birds, but not the fish. Woe to the dumb! He was an excellent swimmer.

Solitude makes either men of talent, or idiots. Gilliatt presented himself under both these aspects. At times, when his features wore that air of strange surprise already mentioned, he might have been taken for a blockhead. At other moments he had a strange profound look. Ancient Chaldaea possessed some men of this stamp. At certain times the dullness of the shepherd became transparent, and revealed the magian.

After all, he was but a poor man; who knew reading and writing. It is probable that he was at that limit which separates the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer submits. Solitude sinks deeply into pure natures, and modifies them in a certain degree. They become, unconsciously, penetrated with a kind of sacred awe. The shadow in which the mind of Gilliatt constantly dwelt was composed in almost equal degrees of two elements, both obscure, but very different. Within himself all was ignorance and weakness; without, infinity and mystery.

By dint of frequent climbing on the rocks, of escalading the rugged cliffs, of going to and fro among the islands in all weathers, of navigating any sort of craft which came to hand, of venturing night and day in difficult channels, he had become, without taking count of his other advantages, and merely in following his fancy and pleasure, a seaman of extraordinary skill.

He was a born pilot. The true pilot is the man who navigates the bed of the ocean even more than its surface. The waves of the sea are an external problem, continually modified by the submarine configuration of the spots in which the vessel is making her way. To see Gilliatt guiding his craft among the reefs and shallows of the Norman Archi-

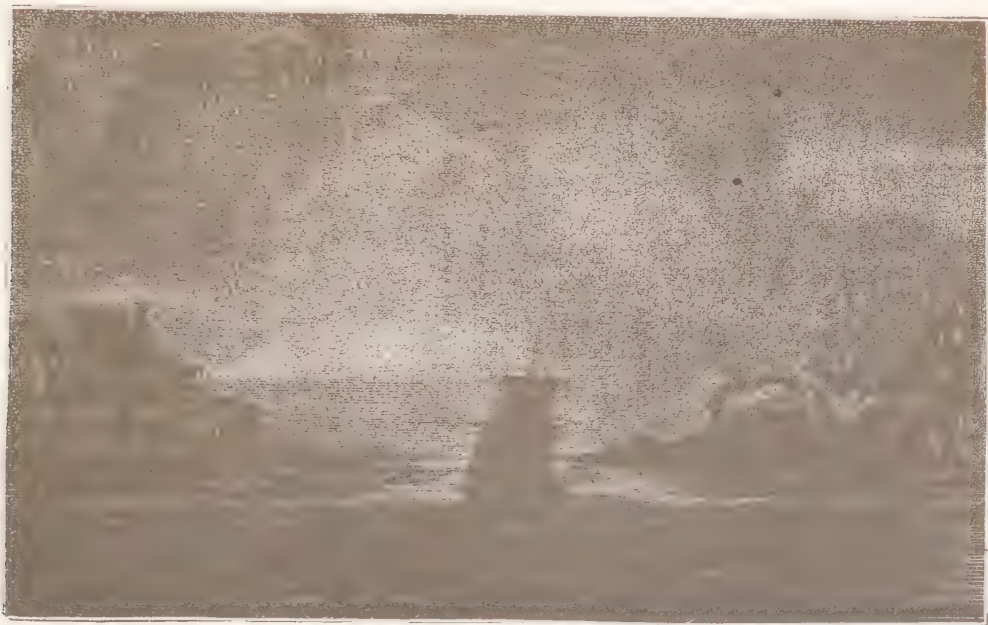


THE PANSE—AN EVENING FOR FISHING.

St. John's, N.S.
Jan 29, 1856

pelago, one might have fancied that he carried in his head a plan of the bottom of the sea. He knew all, and braved all.

He was better acquainted with the buoys in the channels than the cormorants who make them their resting-places. The almost imperceptible differences which distinguish the four upright buoys of the Creux, Alligande, the Trémies, and the Sardrette, were perfectly visible and clear to him, even in fog. He hesitated neither at the oval, apple-headed buoy of Anfré, nor at the triple iron point of the Rousse, nor at the white ball of the Corbette, nor at the black ball of Longue Pierre; and there was no fear of his confounding the cross of Goubeau with the



sword planted in earth at La Platte, nor the hammer-shaped buoy of the Barbées with the curled-tail buoy of the Moulinet.

His rare skill in seamanship showed itself in a striking manner one day at Guernsey, on the occasion of one of those sea tournaments which are called regattas. The feat to be performed was to navigate alone a boat with four sails from St. Sampson to the Isle of Herm, at one league distance, and to bring the boat back from Herm to St. Sampson. To manage, without assistance, a boat with four sails, is a feat which every fisherman is equal to, and the difficulty seemed little; but there was a condition which rendered it far from simple. The boat, to begin with, was one of those large and heavy sloops of bygone times which the sailors of the last century knew by the name of "Dutch Snacks."

This ancient style of flat, pot-bellied craft, carrying on the larboard and starboard sides, in compensation for the want of a keel, two wings, which lowered themselves, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, according to the wind, may occasionally be met with still at sea. In the second place, there was the return from Herm, a journey which was rendered more difficult by a heavy ballasting of stones. The conditions were to go empty, but to return loaded. The sloop was the prize of the contest. It was dedicated beforehand to the winner. This "Dutch Smack" had been employed as a pilot-boat. The pilot who had rigged and worked it for twenty years was the most robust of all the sailors of the channel. When he died no one had been found capable of managing the sloop; and it was, in consequence, determined to make it the prize of the regatta. The sloop, though not decked, had some sea qualities, and was a tempting prize for a skillful sailor. Her mast was somewhat forward, which increased the motive-power of her sails; besides having the advantage of not being in the way of her pilot. It was a strong-built vessel, heavy, but roomy, and taking the open sea well; in fact, a good, serviceable craft. There was eager anxiety for the prize; the task was a rough one, but the reward of success was worth having. Seven or eight fishermen, among the most vigorous of the island, presented themselves. One by one they essayed, but not one could succeed in reaching Herm. The last one who tried his skill was known for having crossed, in a rowing-boat, the terrible narrow sea between Sark and Breeq-Hou. Sweating with his exertions, he brought back the sloop, and said, "It is impossible." Gilliatt then entered the bark, seized first of all the oar, then the mainsheet, and pushed out to sea. Then, without either making fast the sheet to the cleats, which would have been imprudent, or letting it go, which kept the sail under his direction, and leaving the sheet to move with the wind without drifting, he held the tiller with his left hand. In three quarters of an hour he was at Herm.

Three hours later, although a strong breeze had sprung up and was blowing across the roadstead, the sloop, guided by Gilliatt, returned to St. Sampson with its load of stones. He had, with an extravagant display of his resources, even added to the cargo the little bronze cannon at Herm, which the people were in the habit of firing off on the 5th of November, by way of rejoicing over the death of Guy Fawkes.

Guy Fawkes, by the way, has been dead one hundred and sixty years; a remarkably long period of rejoicing.

Gilliatt, thus burdened and encumbered, although he had the Guy Fawkes-day cannon in the boat and the south wind in his sails, steered, or rather brought back, the heavy craft to St. Sampson.

Seeing which, Mess Lethierry exclaimed, "There's a good sailor for you!"

And he held out his hand to Gilliatt.

We shall have occasion to speak again of Mess Lethierry.

The sloop was awarded to Gilliatt.



This adventure detracted nothing from his evil reputation.

Several persons declared that the feat was not at all astonishing, for that Gilliatt had concealed in the boat a branch of wild medlar. But this could not be proved.

From that day forward, Gilliatt navigated no boat except the old sloop. In this heavy craft he went fishing. He kept it moored in the

excellent little anchorage which he had all to himself, under the very wall of his house of the Bû de la Rue. At nightfall, he cast his nets over his shoulder, traversed his little garden, climbed over the parapet of dry stones, stepped lightly from rock to rock, and jumping into the sloop, pushed out to sea.

He brought home heavy takes of fish; but people said that his medlar branch was always hanging up in the boat. No one had ever seen this branch, but every one believed in its existence.



When he had more fish than he wanted, he did not sell it, but gave it away.

The poor people took his gift, but were little grateful, on account of his medlar branch. Such devices cannot be permitted. No tricks with the sea.

He was a fisherman; but he was something more. He had, by instinct, or for amusement, acquired a knowledge of three or four trades. He was a carpenter, worker in iron, wheelwright, caulker, and, to some extent, an engineer. No one could mend a broken wheel better than he could. He manufactured, in a fashion of his own, all the things

which fishermen use. In a corner of the *Bû de la Rue* he had a small forge and an anvil; and the sloop having but one anchor, he had succeeded, without help, in making another. The anchor was excellent. The ring had the necessary strength; and Gilliatt, though entirely un instructed in this branch of the smith's art, had found the exact dimensions of the stock for preventing the over-balancing of the fluke ends.

He had patiently replaced all the nails in the planks by treenails; which rendered rust in the holes impossible.

In this way he had much improved the sea-going qualities of the sloop. He employed it sometimes to go and spend a month or two in some solitary islet, like *Chousey* or the *Casquets*. People said, "Ay! ay! Gilliatt is away;" but this was a circumstance which nobody regretted.

CHAPTER VII

A FIT TENANT FOR A HAUNTED HOUSE

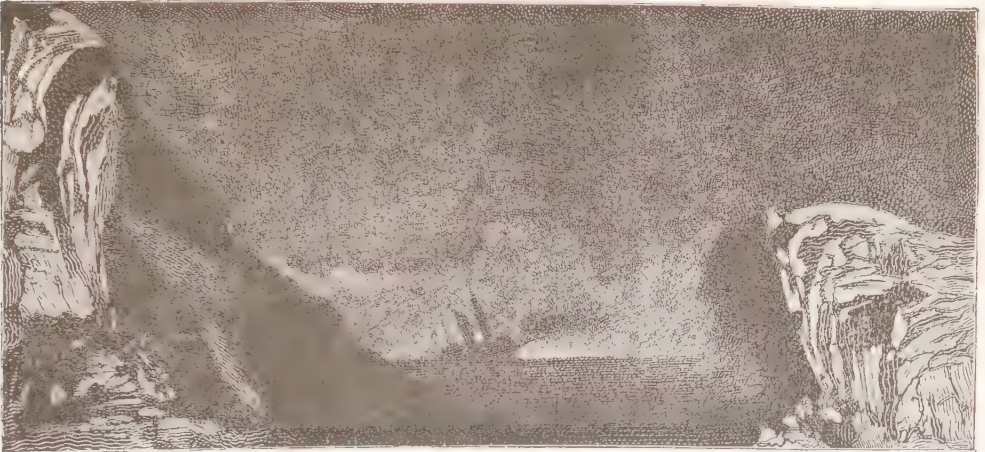
ILLIATT was a man of dreams, hence his daring, hence also his timidity. He had ideas of his own.

There was in his character, perhaps, something of the visionary and the transcendentalist. Hallucinations may haunt the poor peasant like Martin, no less than the king like Henry IV. There are times when the Unknown surprises the spirit of man. A sudden rent in the darkness makes manifest the unseen, and then closes again. Such visions occasionally effect a transfiguration. They convert a camel-driver into a Mahomet; a peasant girl tending her goats into a Joan of Arc. Solitude generates a certain amount of sublime exaltation. It is like the smoke arising from the burning bush. A mysterious quivering of ideas results, which converts the student into a seer, and the poet into a prophet: hence result Horeb, Kedron, Ombos; the intoxication of Castalian laurels, the revelations of the month Busion. Hence, result Peleia at Dodona, Phemonoe at Delphi, Trophonius in Lebadea, Ezekiel on the Chebar, and Jerome in the Thebais. More frequently this visionary state overwhelms and stupefies the man. There is such a thing as a divine besottedness. The Hindoo fakir has the burden of his vision, as the Cretin his goître. Luther holding converse with devils in his garret at Wittenburg; Pascal shutting out the view of the infernal regions with the screen of his cabinet; the African Obi conversing with the white-faced god Bossum; are each and all the same phenomenon, diversely interpreted by the minds in which they manifest themselves, according to their capacity and power. Luther and Pascal were grand, and are grand still; the Obi is simply half-witted.

Gilliatt was neither so exalted nor so low. He was a dreamer: nothing more.

Nature presented itself to him under a somewhat strange aspect.

Just as he had often found in the perfectly limpid water of the sea strange creatures of considerable size and of various shapes, of the *Medusa* genus, which out of the water bore a resemblance to soft crystal, and which, cast again into the sea, became lost to sight in that medium by reason of their identity in transparency and color, so he imagined that other transparencies, similar to these living transparencies of the ocean, might probably inhabit the air. The birds are not inhabitants of the air, but amphibious. Gilliatt could not believe the air a mere desert. He used to say, "Since the water is filled with life, why not the atmosphere?" Creatures of the same color as the air would escape from our observation. What proof have we that there



are no such creatures? Analogy indicates that the air must have its swimming habitants, even as the waters have theirs. These aerial fish would be diaphanous; a provision of their wise Creator for our sakes as well as their own. Allowing the light to pass through their forms, casting no shadow, having no defined outline, they would necessarily remain unknown to us, and beyond our grasp. Gilliatt indulged the wild fancy that if it were possible to exhaust the earth of its atmosphere, or if we could fish the air as we fish a pond, we should discover the existence of a multitude of strange animals. And then, he would add in his reverie, many things would be made clear.

Reverie, which is thought in its nebulous state, borders closely upon sleep, by which it is bounded as by a natural frontier. An atmosphere filled with transparent creatures, would be the beginning of a knowledge of the unknown. But beyond opens up the illimitable domain of the possible, teeming with yet other beings, and other facts.

All this would be nothing supernatural, but merely the occult continuation of infinite nature. In the midst of that laborious idleness, which was the chief feature in his existence, Gilliatt was oddly observant. He even carried his observations into the domain of sleep. Sleep has a close relation with the possible, which we call also the improbable. The nocturnal world has an existence of its own. Night, regarded as night, is a universe in itself. The material nature of man, upon which philosophers tell us that a column of air forty-five miles in height continually presses, is wearied out at night, sinks into lassitude, lies down, and finds repose. The eyes of the flesh are closed; but in that drooping head, less inactive than is supposed, other eyes are opened. The unknown appears. The shadowy existences of the invisible world become nearer to man; whether it be that there is a real communication, or whether things far off in the abyss have a visionary enlargement, it seems as if the impalpable creatures inhabiting space come then to contemplate our natures, curious to comprehend the denizens of the earth. Some phantom creation ascends or descends to walk beside us in the dim twilight: some existence altogether different from our own, composed partly of ourselves, partly of something else, quits his fellows and returns again, after presenting himself for a moment to our inward sight; and the sleeper, not wholly slumbering, nor yet entirely conscious, beholds around him strange manifestations of life, strange vegetations—pale spectres, terrible or smiling, dismal phantoms, uncouth masks, unknown faces, hydra-headed monsters, undefined shapes, reflections of moonlight where there is no moon, vague fragments of monstrous forms, things which come and go in the troubled atmosphere of sleep, floating forms of the darkness, all those mysteries to which men give the name of dreams, and which are, in truth, only the approach of invisible realities. Dreams are the aquarium of the night.

So, at least, thought Gilliatt.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GILD-HOLM-'UR SEAT

THE curious visitor, in these days, would seek in vain in the little bay of Houmet for the house in which Gilliatt lived, or for his garden, or the creek in which he sheltered the Dutch sloop. The Bû de la Rue no longer exists. Even the little peninsula on which his house stood has vanished, leveled by the pickaxe of the quarryman, and carried away cart-load by cart-load, by dealers in rock and granite. It must be sought now in the churches, the palaces, and the quays of the capital. All that ridge of rocks has been long ago conveyed to London.

These long lines of broken cliffs in the sea, with their frequent gaps and crevices, are real miniature chains of mountains. They give the impression which a giant may be supposed to have in contemplating the Cordilleras. In the language of the country they are called "Banques." These banques vary considerably in form. Some resemble a long spine, of which each rock forms one of the vertebæ; others are like the back-bone of a fish; while some bear an odd resemblance to a crocodile in the act of drinking.

At the extremity of the ridge on which the Bû de la Rue was situate, was a large rock, which the fishing people of Houmet called the "Beast's Horn." This rock, a sort of pyramid, resembled, though less in height, the "Pinnacle" of Jersey. At high water the sea divided it from the ridge, and the Horn stood alone; at low water it was approached by an isthmus of rocks. The remarkable feature of this "Beast's Horn" was, on the side next the sea, a sort of natural seat hollowed out by the water, and polished by the rains. The seat, however, was a treacherous one. The stranger was insensibly attracted to it by "the beauty of the prospect," as the Guernsey folks said. Something detained him there in spite of himself, for there is a charm in a

wide view. The seat seemed to offer itself for his convenience; it formed a sort of niche in the sheer wall of the rock. To climb up to it was easy, for the sea, which had fashioned it out of its rocky base, had also cast beneath it, at convenient distances, a kind of natural stairs composed of flat stones. The abyss is full of these little attentions; beware of its courtesies. The seat was tempting: the stranger mounted and sat down. There he found himself at his ease; for his seat he had the granite rounded and hollowed out by the foam; for arms, two rocky elbows which seemed made expressly for him; against his back the high vertical wall of rock which he looked up to and admired, without thinking of the impossibility of scaling it. Nothing could be more simple than to fall into reverie in that arm-chair. All around spread the wide sea; far off the ships were seen passing to and fro. It was possible to follow a sail with the eye, till it sank in the horizon beyond the Casquets. The stranger was entranced: he looked around, enjoying the beauty of the scene, and the light touch of wind and wave. There is a vampire found at Cayenne, which has the power of fanning people to sleep in the shade with a gentle beating of its dusky wings. The wind is this invisible bat, alternately ravaging or lulling into security. So the stranger contemplates the sea, listens to the wind, and yields himself up to dreamy indolence. When the eyes are satiated with light and beauty, it is a luxury to close them for a while. Suddenly the loiterer awakes; but it is too late. The sea had crept up step by step; the waters surrounded the rock.

The stranger was lost.

A terrible rock was this in a rising tide.

The tide gathers at first insensibly, then with violence; when it touches the rock a sudden wrath seems to possess it, and it foams. Swimming is difficult in the breakers: excellent swimmers have been lost at the Horn of the Bû de la Rue.

In certain places, and at certain periods, to look at the sea is poison; as at times it is to look at a woman.

Very old inhabitants of Guernsey used to call this niche, fashioned in the rock by the waves, "Gild-Holm-'Ur" seat, or Kidormur; a Celtic word, say some authorities, which those who understand Celtic cannot interpret, and which all who understand French can—"Qui-dort-meurt":* such is the country folks' translation.

The reader may choose between the translation, *Qui-dort-meurt*, and that given in 1819, I believe in *The Armoricain*, by M. Athenas. According to this learned Celtic scholar, Gild-Holm-'Ur signifies "The resting-place of birds."

* Who sleeps dies.

There is, at Aurigny, another seat of this kind, called the Monk's Chair, so well sculptured by the waves, and with steps of rock so conveniently placed, that it might be said that the sea politely sets a footstool for those who rest there.

In the open sea, at high water, the Gild-Holm-'Ur was no longer visible; the water covered it entirely.

The chair of the Gild-Holm-'Ur was a neighbor of the Bû de la Rue. Gilliatt knew it well, and often seated himself there. Was it his meditating place? No. We have already said he dreamed. The sea, however, never surprised him.







BOOK II

MESS LETHIERRY

CHAPTER I

A TROUBLED LIFE, BUT A QUIET CONSCIENCE



MESS LETHIERRY, a conspicuous man in Saint Sampson, was a redoubtable sailor. He had voyaged a great deal. He had been a cabin-boy, seaman, topmast-man, quarter-master, second mate, mate, pilot, and captain. He was at this period a ship-owner. There was not a man to compare with him for knowledge of the sea. He was brave in putting off to ships in distress. In foul weather he would take his way along the beach, scanning the horizon. "What have we yonder?" he would say; "some craft in trouble?" Whether it were a Weymouth lugger, a cutter from Aurigny, a bisquine from Courseulle, the yacht of some nobleman, English, French—poor or rich, the very devil, it mattered little. He jumped into a boat, called together two or three strong fellows, or did without them, as the case might be, cast off, took the oars, pushed out to sea, rose and sank, and rose again on rolling waves, plunged into the storm, and encountered the danger face to face. Then afar off, amid the rain and lightning, and drenched with water, he was sometimes seen upright in his boat like a lion with a mane of foam. Often he would pass whole days in danger amidst the

waves, the hail, and the wind, coming alongside foundering vessels, rescuing men and merchandise, and disputing its prey with the storm. At night, after feats like these, he would return home, and knit stockings.

For fifty years he led this kind of life—from ten years of age to sixty—so long did he feel himself still young. At sixty he began to discover that he could no longer lift with one hand the great anvil at the forge at Varelin. This anvil weighed three hundredweight. Then, all at once, rheumatic pains made him a prisoner; he was forced to give up the sea, to pass from the heroic into the patriarchal stage, to become merely a harmless, worthy old fellow.

Happily his rheumatism happened at the period when he had secured a competency. These two consequences of labor are natural companions. At the moment when men become rich, comes paralysis—the crown of life!

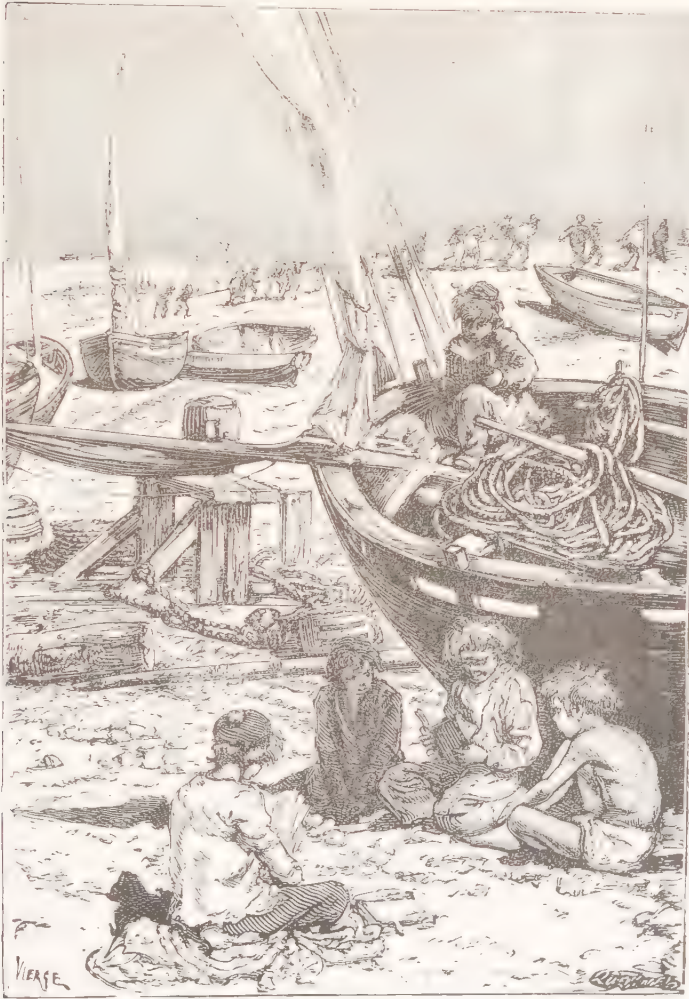
Old men say, “Now let us enjoy life.”

The population of islands like Guernsey is composed of men who have passed their lives in going about their fields or in sailing round the world. These are the two classes of the laboring people; the laborers on the land, and the toilers of the sea. Mess Lethierry was of the latter class; still he knew the land: he had had a life of hard work. He had been upon the continent; was for some time a ship carpenter at Rochefort, and afterwards at Cete. We have just spoken of sailing round the world; he had made the circuit of all France, getting work as a journeyman carpenter; and had been employed at the great salt works of Franche-Comte. Though an honest man, he had led a life of adventure. In France he had learned to read, to think, to have a will of his own. He had done everything, and in all he had done had kept a character for probity. At bottom, however, he was simply a sailor. The water was his element; he used to say, “My home is with the fish.” In short, his whole existence, except two or three years, had been devoted to the ocean, *flung into the water*, as he said. He had navigated the great oceans both of the Atlantic and the Pacific, but he preferred the Channel. He used to exclaim enthusiastically, “*There's a rough sea for you!*” He was born at sea, and at sea would have preferred to end his days. After sailing several times round the world, and seeing most countries, he had returned to Guernsey, and never permanently left the island again. Henceforth his voyages were to Granville and St. Malo.

Mess Lethierry was a Guernsey man—that is to say, Norman; that is to say, English; that is to say, French. He had within himself this quadruple extraction, merged and almost lost in that far wider country,

the ocean. Throughout his life and wheresoever he went, he had preserved the habits of a Norman fisherman.

All this, however, did not prevent his looking now and then into some old book; of taking pleasure in reading, in knowing the names of philosophers and poets, and in jabbering a little in all languages.



CHAPTER II

A TASTE HE HAD



ILLIATT was a savage, Mess Lethierry another.

Lethierry, however, was not without refinement.

He was fastidious upon the subject of women's hands.

In his early years, while still a lad, passing from the stage of cabin-boy to that of sailor, he had heard the Bailli de Suffren say. "There goes a pretty girl; but what devilish big red hands." An observation from an admiral on any subject is a command, a password, an authority far above an oracle. The exclamation of the Bailli de Suffren had rendered Lethierry fastidious and exacting in the matter of small and white hands. His own hand, a large club fist of the color of mahogany, was like a sledge-hammer for lightness, or a pair of pincers for softness, and, tightly closed, would break a paving-stone.

He had never married; he had either no inclination for matrimony, or had never found a suitable match. That, perhaps, was due to his being a stickler for hands like those of a duchess. Such hands are, indeed, somewhat rare among the fishermen's daughters at Portbail.

It was whispered, however, that at Rochefort, on the Charente, he had, once upon a time, found a certain grisette, realizing his ideal. She was a pretty girl with graceful hands; but she cursed and scratched. Woe betide any one who attacked her! yet her nails, capable at a pinch of being turned into claws, and exquisitely kept, were without fear and without reproach. It was these bewitching nails which had first enchanted and then disturbed the peace of Lethierry, who, fearing that he might one day become no longer master of his mistress, had decided not to conduct that young lady to the nuptial altar.

Another time he met at Aurigny a country girl who pleased him. He thought of marriage, when one of the inhabitants of the place said to him, "I congratulate you; you will have for your wife a good fuel

maker." Lethierry asked the meaning of this. It appeared that the country people at Aurigny have a certain custom of collecting manure from their cow-houses, which they throw against a wall. There is an art in throwing it, and when it is dry it falls to the ground. Cakes of dried manure of this kind are used for fuel, and are called *coipiaux*. A country girl of Aurigny has no chance of getting a husband if she is not a good fuel maker; but this talent made Lethierry cut and run.

Besides, he had in his love-matters a kind of rough country folks' philosophy, a sailor-like sort of prudence. Always smitten but never enslaved, he boasted of having been in his youth easily conquered by a *cotillon*; for what is now-a-days called a crinoline, was in his time called a *cotillon*; a term which signifies both something more and something less than a woman.

These rude seafaring men of the Norman Archipelago, have a certain amount of shrewdness. Almost all can read and write. On Sundays, little cabin-boys may be seen in those parts, seated upon a coil of ropes, reading, with book in hand. From all time these Norman sailors have had a peculiar satirical vein, and have been famous for clever sayings. It was one of these men, the bold pilot Quéripel, who said to Montgomery, when he sought refuge in Jersey after giving to Henry II. the unfortunate blow of his lance, "Dull head has cracked empty head." Another one, Touzeau, a sea-captain at Saint Brelade, was the author of that philosophical pun, erroneously attributed to Bishop Camus, "*Après la mort, les papes deviennent papillons, et les sires deviennent cirons.*"

CHAPTER III

THE OLD SEA TONGUE

THE mariners of the Channel are the true ancient Gauls. The islands, which in these days become rapidly more and more English, preserved for many ages their autochthonous character. The peasant in Sark speaks the language of Louis XIV. Forty years ago, the old classical nautical language was to be found in the mouths of the sailors of Jersey and Aurigny. It was possible to imagine one's self carried back to the sea life of the seventeenth century. A philologist might have learned the ancient technicalities of manœuvring and giving orders at sea, in the very words which were roared out to his sailors by Jean Bart from that speaking trumpet which terrified Admiral Hidde. The old French maritime vocabulary is now almost entirely changed, but was still in use in Jersey in 1820.

A ship which "held her wind" was called *bon boulinier*, one that "came up into the wind" in spite of her foresails and rudder, was *un vaisseau ardent*. To "go ahead" was *prendre l'aire*, to "lay to" was *capeyer*, to "make fast running rigging" was *faire dormant*, to have the wind aft was *faire chapelle*, to "ride easy to her cable" was *faire teste*, to be "all a-wash" was *être en partenne*, to have the sails filled, was *porter plain*. No such terms are heard to-day. To-day it is *louvoyer* (to beat to windward), then it was *leauvoyer*; we say, *naviguer*, they said *naviger*; we say *virer rent devant* (to make boards to windward), they said *donner rent devant*; we say *aller de l'avant*, they said *tailler de l'avant*; we say *tirer d'accord* (pull together), they said *halez d'accord*; we say *derapez* (drag your anchor), they said *deplantez*; we say *embraquez* (hoist away), they said *abraquez*; we say *taquets* (cleats), they said *bittons*; we say *burins* (rollers), they said *tappes*; we say *balancines* (lifts), they said *valancines*; we say *tribord* (starboard), they said *stribord*; we say *les*

hommes de quart a bâbord (the port watch), they said *les basbourdis*. Tourville wrote to Hocquincourt *nous avons singlé*. In place of *la rafale* (the squall), *le raffal*; for *bossoir* (cathead), *boussoir*; for *drosse* (truss), *drousse*; for *loffer* (to luff), *faire une aloffe*; for *clonger* (to lay alongside), *alonger*; for a "good breeze," *survent*; for *jonail* (stock of an anchor),



jas; for *soute* (hold), *fosse*. Such at the beginning of this century was the language on the coast of the Channel Islands. Ango would have been deeply moved by hearing a Jersey pilot talk. Everywhere else sails *fascyaient* (shivered), in the Channel Islands they *barbequaient*. A puff of wind was a *folle vente*. They had only the two old Gothic modes of setting up rigging, *la valture* and *la portugaise*; they only heard the

old orders, *Tour-et-choque* and *Bosse et bitte*. A sailor of Granville then used to say *le clan*, and a sailor of Saint Aubon or Saint Sampson called it *le canal de pouliot*. What was a *bout d'alonge* at Saint Malo was *oreille d'arc* at Saint Helier. Mess Lethierry, exactly like the Duke of Vivonne, called the concave curvature of the deck (the sheer) *la tonture*, and a caulker's chisel *la patarasse*.

It was with this uncouth sea dialect in his mouth that Duquesne beat De Ruyter, that Duguay-Trouin defeated Wasnaer, and that Tourville, in 1681, poured a broadside into the first galley which bombarded Algiers. It is now a dead language. The slang, or *argot*, of the sea is altogether different. Duperré would not be able to understand Suffren.

The language of signals is not less transformed; there is a long distance between the four pennants, red, white, yellow, and blue, of Labourdonnais, and the eighteen flags of these days, which, hoisted two and two, three and three, or four and four, furnish, for distant communication, sixty-six thousand combinations, are never deficient, and, so to speak, foresee the unforeseen.

CHAPTER IV

THE VULNERABLE PART IS WHERE WE LOVE

MESS LETHIERRY had his heart in his hand—a large heart and a large hand. His failing was that admirable one, confidence. He had a certain fashion of his own of undertaking to do a thing. It was a solemn fashion. He said, “I give my word of honor to God above.” That said, he went through with his duty. He put his faith in God—nothing more. The little that he went to church was merely politeness. At sea, he was superstitious.

Nevertheless, the storm had never yet arisen which could daunt him. One reason of this was his impatience of opposition. He could tolerate it neither from the ocean nor anything else. He meant to have his way; so much the worse for the sea if it thwarted him. It might try, if it would, but Mess Lethierry would not give in. A wave that broke could no more stop him than an angry neighbor. What he said was said; what he planned out was done. He bent neither before an objection nor before the tempest. The word “no” had no existence for him, whether it was in the mouth of a man or in the angry muttering of a thunder-cloud. In the teeth of all he went on in his way. He would take no refusals. Hence his obstinacy in life, and his intrepidity on the ocean.

He seasoned his simple meal of fish soup for himself, knowing the quantities of pepper, salt, and herbs which it required, and was as well pleased with so doing as with the meal. A being whom a surtout transfigured; whom a great-coat degraded; who, with his hair in the wind, represented Jean Bart, but who, in a round hat, looked like Jocrisse; awkward in cities, wild and redoubtable at sea; shoulders fit for a porter; no oaths, rarely in anger, a soft accent, which became thunder in a speaking-trumpet; a peasant who had read the Encyclopedia; a Guernsey man who had seen the Revolution; a learned ignoramus, free from

bigotry, but indulging in visions, with more faith in the White Lady than in the Holy Virgin; possessing the figure of Polyphemus, the logic of a weathercock, the perseverance of Columbus, with a little of the bull in his nature, and a little of the child; flat nose, strong cheeks, a set of teeth still perfect, a face filled with wrinkles, and which seemed to have been buffeted by the waves and reddened by the winds of forty years, a brow in which the tempest was plainly written—an incarnation of a rock in the open sea; add to this, a good-tempered smile, and you have before you Mess Lethierry.

Mess Lethierry had two objects of affection; Durande and Déruchette.



DURANDE AND DÉRUCHETTE



BOOK III

DURANDE AND DÉRUCHETTE

CHAPTER I

PRATTLE AND SMOKE



THE human body might well be regarded as a mere show; it hides our reality, it darkens our light and our shadow. The soul is the reality. Strictly speaking, the human face is a mask. The true man is that which is below the man. If that being, which thus exists sheltered and secreted behind that illusion which we call the flesh, could be approached, more than a strange revelation would be made. The vulgar error is to mistake the outward for the real being. Yonder maiden, for example, if we could see her as she really is, might figure as a bird.

A bird with the form of a young maiden, what could be more exquisite? Picture it in your own home, and call it Déruchette. Delicious creature! One might be tempted to say "Good morning, Mademoiselle Goldfinch." The wings are invisible, but the chirping may still be heard. Sometimes, too, she sings. In her prattle, she is inferior; but in her song, superior to man! There is mystery in her song; a virgin is the envelope of an angel. When womanhood dawns, this angel flies away; but returns later, bringing back a little one to a mother. Meanwhile, she who is one day to be a mother is for a long while a child; the

girl remains in a maiden, and is a lark. Noting her movements, we feel as if it were good of her not to fly away. The dear familiar companion moves at her own sweet will about the house; flits from branch to branch, or rather from room to room; goes to and fro; approaches and retires; plumes her wings, or combs her hair, and makes all kinds of gentle noises—murmurings of unspeakable delight to your ears. She asks a question, and is answered; is asked something in return, and chirps a reply. We chat with her. To chat with her is a relief after talking; for this creature carries with her something of the sky. She is blue pansy (*pensée*) joined to your black pansy; you feel grateful to her for being so light, so volatile, so fugitive, so hard to catch, and for her kindness in not making herself invisible, when it would be so easy for her to be even impalpable. In this world the beautiful is necessary. There is, in this world, no function more important than that of being charming. The forest-glade would be incomplete without the humming-bird. To shed joy around, to radiate happiness, to cast light upon dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny, and the very spirit of grace and harmony, is not this to render a service? Beauty confers a benefit upon us, by being beautiful. Here and there we meet with one who possesses that fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of this magical influence, which is, however, for that reason, only the more sovereign. Her presence brightens; her approach warms; she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy. To behold her is to live: she is the Aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; Paradise breathes from her; and she communicates this delight to all, without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. To have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living, in common, drag behind them, is it not,—what shall I call it?—divine? Déruchette possessed this smile: we may even say that Déruchette was this smile. There is one thing which has more resemblance to ourselves than our face, and that is our physiognomy: but there is yet another thing which more resembles us than this, and that is our smile. Déruchette smiling was Déruchette.

There is something peculiarly attractive in the Jersey and Guernsey race. The women, particularly the young, are remarkable for a flower-like and exquisite beauty. It is the Saxon fairness, with the Norman freshness—rosy cheeks and blue eyes; but the eyes want brilliancy. The English training dulls them. Their liquid glances will be irresistible whenever the secret is found of giving them that depth which is the glory of the Parisienne. Happily Englishwomen are not yet

quite transformed into the Parisian type. Déruchette was not a Parisian; yet she was certainly not a Guernesiaise. Lethierry had brought her up to be neat and delicate and pretty; and so she was.

Déruchette had, at times, an air of languor, and of mischief in the eye, which were altogether involuntary. She scarcely knew, perhaps,



the meaning of the word love, and yet not unwillingly ensnared those about her in the toils. But all this in her was innocent. She never thought of marrying. The old *émigré* noble who had taken root at Saint Sampson said, "The little one flirts like."

Déruchette had the prettiest little hands in the world, and little feet to match them, *quatre pattes de mouche*, said Mess Lethierry.

Sweetness and goodness reigned throughout her person; her family and fortune were her uncle Mess Lethierry; her occupation was only to live her daily life; her accomplishments were a few songs; her intellectual gifts her beauty; her wit was her simple innocence, and her heart, ignorance; she had the graceful repose of the creole, mingled at times with giddiness and vivacity, with the teasing playfulness of a child, yet with a dash of melancholy. Her dress was somewhat insular, and like that peculiar to her country—elegant, but incorrect; for she wore flowers in her bonnet all the year round. Add to all this an open brow, a neck supple and graceful, chestnut hair, a fair skin slightly freckled with exposure to the sun, a mouth somewhat large, but healthy, and visited from time to time by an adorable and dangerous smile. This was Déruchette.

Sometimes, in the evening, a little after sunset, at the moment when the dusk of the sky mingles with the dusk of the sea, and twilight invests the waves with a mysterious awe, the people beheld, entering the harbor of St. Sampson, upon the dark rolling waters, a strange, undefined thing, a monstrous form which puffed and blew; a horrid machine which roared like a wild beast, and smoked like a volcano; a species of Hydra foaming among the breakers, and leaving behind it a dense cloud, as it rushed on towards the town with a frightful beating of its fins, and a throat belching forth flame. This was Duraude.



THE DEVIL BOAT.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD STORY OF UTOPIA



STEAMBOAT was a prodigious novelty in the waters of the Channel in 182—. The whole coast of Normandy was long strangely excited by it. Now-a-days, ten or a dozen steam vessels, crossing and re-crossing within the bounds of the horizon, scarcely attract a glance from loiterers on the shore. At the most, some persons, whose interest or business it is to note such things, will observe the indications in their smoke of whether they burn Welsh or Newcastle coal. They pass, and that is all. "Welcome," if coming home; "a pleasant passage," if outward bound.

Folks were less calm on the subject of these wonderful inventions in the first quarter of the present century; and the new and strange machines, and their long lines of smoke, were regarded with special ill-will by the Channel Islanders. In that Puritanical Archipelago, where the Queen of England has been censured for violating the Scriptures* by using chloroform during her accouchements, the first steam-vessel which made its appearance received the name of the "Devil Boat." In the eyes of these worthy fishermen, once Catholics, now Calvinists, but always bigots, it seemed to be a portion of the infernal regions which had been somehow set afloat. A local preacher selected for his discourse the question of "Whether man has the right to make fire and water work together when God had divided them."† This beast, composed of iron and fire, did it not resemble Leviathan? Was is not an attempt to bring chaos again into the universe? This is not the only occasion on which the progress of civilization has been stigmatized as a return to chaos.

"A mad notion—a gross delusion—an absurdity!" Such was the verdict of the Academy of Sciences when consulted by Napoleon on the

* Genesis, chap. iii. v. 16.

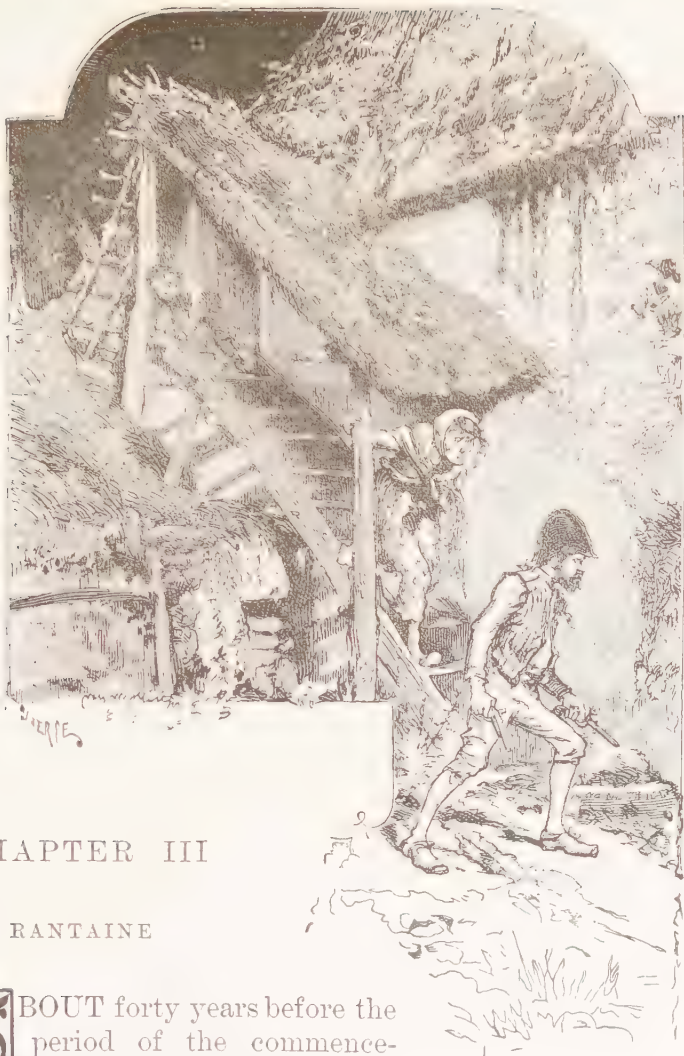
† Genesis, chap. i. v. 4.

subject of steamboats, early in the present century. The poor fishermen of St. Sampson may be excused for not being, in scientific matters, any wiser than the mathematicians of Paris; and in religious matters, a little island like Guernsey is not bound to be more enlightened than a great continent like America. In the year 1807, when the first steamboat of Fulton, built at the expense of Livingston, furnished with one of Watt's engines, sent from England, and manœuvred, besides her ordinary crew, by two Frenchmen only, André Michaux and another, made her first voyage from New York to Albany, it happened that she set sail on the 17th of August. The Methodists took up this important fact, and in numberless chapels, preachers were heard calling down a malediction on the machine, and declaring that this number 17 was no other than the total of the ten horns and seven heads of the beast of the Apocalypse. In America, they invoked against the steamboats the beast from the book of Revelation; in Europe, the reptile of the book of Genesis. This was the simple difference.

The savants had rejected steamboats as impossible; the priests had anathematized them as impious. Science had condemned, and religion consigned them to perdition. Fulton was a new incarnation of Lucifer. The simple people on the coasts and in the villages were confirmed in their prejudice by the uneasiness which they felt at the outlandish sight. The religious view of steamboats may be summed up as follows: Water and fire were divorced at the creation. This divorce was enjoined by God himself. Man has no right to put asunder what God has joined, or to join what he has put asunder. The peasant's view was simply, "I don't like the look of this thing."

No one but Mess Lethierry, perhaps, could have been found at that early period daring enough to dream of such an enterprise as the establishment of a steam-vessel between Guernsey and St. Malo. He, alone, as an independent thinker, was capable of conceiving such an idea, or, as a hardy mariner, of carrying it out. The French part of his nature, probably, conceived the idea; the English part supplied the energy to put it in execution.

How and when this was, we are about to inform the reader.



CHAPTER III

RANTAINE



ABOUT forty years before the period of the commencement of our narrative, there stood in the suburbs of

Paris, near the city wall, between the Fosse-aux-Loups and the Tombe-Issoire, a house of doubtful reputation. It was a lonely, ruinous building, evidently a place for dark deeds on an occasion. Here lived, with his wife and child, a species of town bandit; a man who had been clerk to an attorney practicing at the Châtelet, and had turned thief; he figured somewhat later at the Assize Court; the name of this family was Rantaine. On a mahogany chest of drawers in the old house were two china cups, ornamented with flowers, on one of which appeared, in gilt letters, the words, "A souvenir of friendship;" on the other, "A token of esteem." The child lived in an atmosphere of vice in this miserable home. The father and mother having

belonged to the lower middle class, the boy had learned to read, and they brought him up in a fashion. The mother, pale and almost in rags, gave "instruction" as she called it, mechanically, to the little one, heard it spell a few words to her, and interrupted the lesson to accompany her husband on some criminal expedition, or to earn the wages of prostitution. Meanwhile the book, *The Cross of Jesus*, remained open on the table as she had left it, and the boy sat beside it, dreaming.

The father and mother, taken *flagrante delicto* in one of their criminal enterprises, disappeared into the night of penal servitude. The child, too, disappeared.

Lethierry, in his wanderings about the world, stumbled, one day, on an adventurer like himself; helped him out of some scrape; rendered him a kindly service, was grateful to him for it, took a fancy to him, picked him up, and brought him to Guernsey, where, finding him intelligent in learning the duties of a sailor aboard a coasting vessel, he made him a companion. This stranger was the little Rantaine, now grown up to manhood.

Rantaine, like Lethierry, had a bull neck, a large and powerful breadth of shoulders for carrying burdens, and loins like those of the Farnese Hercules. Lethierry and he had the same gait and the same build: Rantaine was the taller. People who saw their forms behind as they were walking side by side along the port, exclaimed, "There are two brothers." On looking them in the face the effect was different: all that was open in the countenance of Lethierry was close in that of Rantaine. Rantaine was cautious. Rantaine was an expert swordsman, played on the harmonica, could snuff a candle at twenty paces with a pistol-ball, could strike a tremendous blow with the fist, recite verses from Voltaire's "*Henriade*," and interpret dreams; he knew by heart "*Les Tombeaux de Saint Denis*," by Treneuil. He talked sometimes of having had relations with the Sultan of Calicut, "whom the Portuguese call the Zamorin." If any one had seen the little memorandum-book which he carried about with him, he would have found notes and jottings of this kind:—"At Lyons in a fissure of the wall of one of the cells in the prison of St. Joseph, a file hidden." He spoke always with a grave deliberation; he called himself the son of a Chevalier de Saint Louis. His linen was miscellaneous, and marked with different initials. Nobody was ever more tender than he was on the point of honor; he fought and killed his man. He had in his looks something of an actress's mother.

Strength serving to drape cunning; such was Rantaine.

It was the power of his fist, applied one day at a fair, upon a "Turk's head," which had originally taken the fancy of Lethierry.

No one in Guernsey knew anything of his adventures. They were of a checkered kind. If the great theatre of destiny had a special wardrobe, Rantaine ought to have taken the dress of harlequin. He had seen the world, and knew life; he had sailed round the world. He had run through the gamut of possible trades and qualities; had been



a cook at Madagascar, trainer of birds at Sumatra, a religious journalist at the Galapagos Islands, general at Honolulu, a poet at Oomrawuttee, a freemason at Haiti. In this latter character he had delivered at Grand Goave a funeral oration, of which the local journals have preserved this fragment:—"Farewell, then, noble spirit. In the azure vault of the heavens, where thou wingest now thy flight, thou wilt,

"no doubt, rejoin the good Abbé Leander Crameau, of Little Goave. "Tell him that, thanks to ten years of glorious efforts, thou hast completed the church of the *Ansa-à-Veau*. Adieu! transcendent genius, "model mas.!:!" His freemason's mask did not prevent him, as we see, wearing a little of the Roman Catholic. The former won to his side the men of progress, and the latter the men of order. He declared himself a white of pure caste, and hated the negroes; though, for all that, he would certainly have been an admirer of the Emperor Soulouque. In 1815, at Bordeaux, he was a Bourbonist; the glow of his royalist enthusiasm broke forth in the shape of a huge white feather in his cap. His life had been a series of eclipses; of appearances, disappearances, and reappearances. He was a sort of revolving light upon the coasts of scampdom. He knew a little Turkish: instead of "guillotined" would say "*néboïssé*." He had been a slave in Tripoli, in the house of a Thaleb, and had learned Turkish by dint of blows with a stick. His employment had been to stand at evenings at the doors of the mosque, there to read aloud to the faithful the Koran inscribed upon slips of wood, or the shoulder-blades of a camel. It is probable that he was a renegade.

He was capable of everything, and something worse.

He had a trick of laughing loud and knitting his brows at the same time. He used to say, "In politics, I esteem only men inaccessible to influences;" or, "I am for decency and good morals." His manner was rather cheerful and cordial than otherwise. The expression of his mouth contradicted the sense of his words. His nostrils had an odd way of distending themselves. In the corners of his eyes he had a little net-work of wrinkles, in which all sorts of dark thoughts seemed to meet together. It was here alone that the secret of his physiognomy could be thoroughly studied. His flat foot was a vulture's claw. His skull was low at the top and large about the temples. His ill-shapen ear, bristled with hair, seemed to say, "Beware of speaking to the animal in this cave."

One fine day, in Guernsey, Rantaine was suddenly missing.

Lethierry's partner had "sloped," leaving the treasury of their partnership empty.

In this treasury there was some money of Rantaine's, no doubt, but there were also fifty thousand francs belonging to Lethierry.

By forty years of industry and probity as a coaster and ship carpenter, Lethierry had saved one hundred thousand francs. Rantaine robbed him of half the sum.

Half ruined, Lethierry did not lose heart, but began at once to think how to repair his misfortune. A stout heart may be ruined in

fortune, but not in spirit. It was just about that time that people began to talk of steamboats. Lethierry conceived the idea of trying Fulton's invention, so much disputed about; and by one of these fire-boats to connect the Channel Islands with the French coast. He staked his all upon this idea; he devoted to it the wreck of his savings. Accordingly, six months after Rantaine's flight, the astonished people of St. Sampson beheld, issuing from the port, a vessel discharging huge volumes of smoke, and looking like a ship a-fire at sea. This was the first steam-vessel to navigate the Channel.

This vessel, to which the people in their dislike and contempt for novelty immediately gave the nickname of "Lethierry's Galley," was announced as intended to maintain a constant communication between Guernsey and St. Malo.

CHAPTER IV

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF UTOPIA

IT may be well imagined that the new enterprise did not prosper much at first. The owners of cutters passing between the Island of Guernsey and the French coast were loud in their outeries. They denounced this attack upon the Holy Scriptures and their monopoly. The chapels began to fulminate against it. One reverend gentleman, named Elihu, stigmatized the new steam-vessel as an "atheistical construction," and the sailing-boat was declared the only orthodox craft. The people saw the horns of the devil among the cattle which the fire-ship carried to and fro. This storm of protest continued a considerable time. At last, however, it began to be perceived that these animals arrived less tired and sold better, their meat being superior; that the sea risk was less also for passengers; that this mode of traveling was less expensive, shorter, and more sure; that they started at a fixed time, and arrived at a fixed time; that consignments of fish traveling faster arrived fresher, and that it was now possible to find a sale in the French markets for the surplus of great takes of fish so common in Guernsey. The butter, too, from the far-famed Guernsey cows, made the passage quicker in the "Devil Boat" than in the old sailing vessels, and lost nothing of its good quality, insomuch that Dinan, in Brittany, began to become a customer for it, as well as St. Brieuc and Rennes. In short, thanks to what they called "Lethierry's Galley," the people enjoyed safe traveling, regular communication, prompt and easy passages to and fro, an increase of circulation, an extension of markets and of commerce, and, finally, it was felt that it was necessary to patronize this "Devil Boat," which flew in the face of the Holy Scriptures, and brought wealth to the island. Some daring spirits even went so far as to express a positive satisfaction at it. Sieur Landoy's, the registrar, bestowed his

approval upon the vessel, an undoubted piece of impartiality on his part, as he did not like Lethierry. For, first of all, Lethierry was entitled to the dignity of "Mess," while Landoys was merely "Sieur Landoys." Then, although registrar of St. Peter's Port, Landoys was a parishioner of St. Sampson. Now, there was nobody in the entire parish, besides these two, devoid of prejudices. The least they could do, therefore, was to detest each other. Two of a trade, says the proverb, rarely agree.

Sieur Landoys, however, had the honesty to support the steamboat. Others followed Landoys. By little and little, these facts multiplied. The growth of opinion is like the rising tide. Time and the continued and increasing success of the venture, with the evidence of real service rendered and the improvement in the general welfare, gradually converted the people; and the day at length arrived when, with the exception of a few wiseacres, every one admired "Lethierry's Galley."

It would probably win less admiration now-a-days. This steamboat of forty years since would doubtless provoke a smile among our modern boat-builders; for this marvel was ill-shaped; this prodigy was clumsy and infirm.

The distance between our grand Atlantic steam-vessels of the present day and the boats with wheel-paddles which Denis Papin floated on the Fulda in 1707, is not greater than that between a three-decker, like the Montebello, 200 feet long, 50 broad, having a mainyard of 115 feet, carrying a weight of 3000 tons, 1100 men, 120 guns, 10,000 cannon-balls, and 160 packages of canister, belching forth at every broadside, when in action, 3300 pounds of iron, and spreading to the wind, when it moves, 5600 square mètres of canvas, and the old Danish dromond of the second century, discovered, full of stone hatchets, and bows and clubs, in the mud of the seashore, at Wester-Satrup, and preserved at the Town Hall at Flensburg.

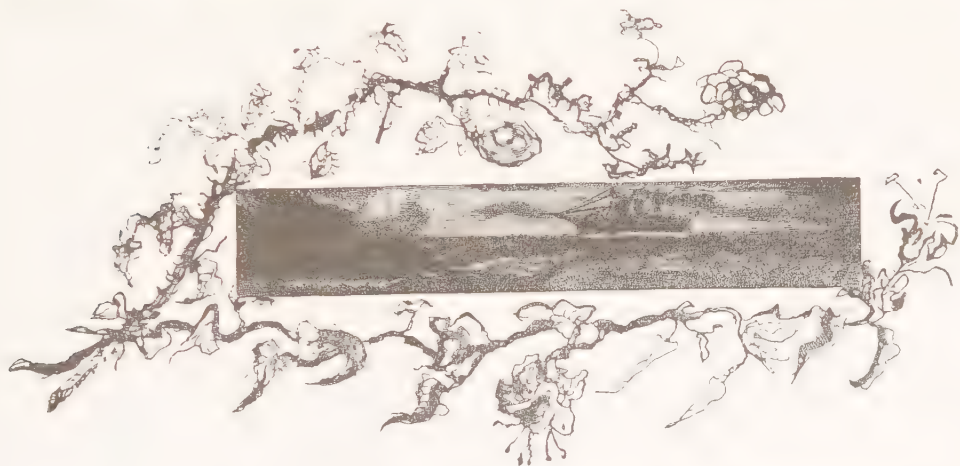
Exactly one hundred years—from 1707 to 1807—separate the first paddle-boat of Papin from the first steamboat of Fulton. "Lethierry's Galley" was assuredly a great improvement upon those two rough sketches; but it was itself only a sketch. For all that, it was a masterpiece in its way. Every scientific discovery in embryo presents that double aspect, a monster as a foetus, a marvel as a germ.

CHAPTER V

THE DEVIL BOAT

LETHIERRY'S GALLEY was not masted with a view to sailing well; a fact which was not a defect; it is, indeed, one of the laws of naval construction. Besides, her motive power being steam, her sails were only accessory. A paddle steam-boat, moreover, is almost insensible to sails. The new steam-vessel was too short, round, and thick-set. She had too much bow, and too much quarter. The daring of inventors had not yet reached the point of making a steam-vessel light; Lethierry's Galley had some of the defects of Gilliatt's Dutch sloop. She pitched very little, but she rolled a good deal. Her paddle-boxes were too high. She had too much beam for her length. The massive machinery encumbered her, and to make her capable of carrying a heavy cargo, her constructors had raised her bulwarks to an unusual height, giving to the vessel the defects of old seventy-fours, a bastard model which would have to be cut down to render them really seaworthy, or fit to go into action. Being short, she ought to have been able to go about quickly, the time employed in a manœuvre of that kind being in proportion to the length of the vessel, but her weight deprived her of the advantage of her shortness. Her midship-frame was too broad, a fact which retarded her; the resistance of the sea being proportioned to the largest section below the water-line, and to the square of the speed. Her stern was vertical, which would not be regarded as a fault at the present day, but at that period it was invariably sloped at an angle of forty-five degrees. All the curves of the hull were well designed, but not long enough to give a good entrance, or to be parallel to the prism of the water displaced, which ought always to be thrown off laterally. In heavy weather she drew too much water, either fore or aft, which indicated a mistake as to the centre of gravity. The cargo not being where it ought to be,

owing to the weight of the engine, the centre of gravity was sometimes aft of the mainmast, and then she had to rely on steam and furl her mainsail, for in this case the sail made her fall off instead of holding her wind. When she was lying close to the wind, they had to let go the spanker, leaving the jib and forestaysail, while the mainsail was useless. This manœuvre was difficult. The rudder was the old-fashioned rudder, not the wheeled one of the present time, but with a tiller, hung on eyes in the sternpost, and moved by a horizontal spar beneath the tiller. Two skiffs, a species of canoes, were suspended to the davits. The vessel had four anchors; the sheet anchor, the second or working anchor, and two bower anchors. These four anchors, slung by chains, were moved, according to the occasion, by the great capstan of the poop, or by the small capstan at the prow. At that period the pump windlass had not superseded the intermitting efforts of the old handspike. Having only two bower anchors, one on the starboard and



the other on the larboard side, the vessel could not move head and stern, a disadvantage in certain cases, though she could aid herself at such times with the second anchor. The buoys were normal, and constructed to carry the buoy ropes of the anchors without dipping. The long boat was of serviceable size, able to raise the main anchor. A novelty in her rigging was the use of chains which left unaltered the mobility of the running rigging, and the firmness of the standing rigging. The masting, though secondary, was good, and the tops well proportioned. The ribs were solid but coarse, steam not requiring the same delicacy as sail-propulsion. Her speed was six knots an hour. When lying-to she rode well. Take her as she was, "Lethierry's Galley" was a good sea boat; but people felt that, in moments of

danger from reefs or water-spouts, she would be hardly manageable; she creaked like an ill-made thing, and as she rolled in the waves made a noise like a new shoe.

She was, above all, a merchandise boat, and, like all ships built more for commerce than for fighting, was constructed exclusively with a view to stowage. She carried few passengers. The transport of cattle rendered stowage difficult and very peculiar. Vessels carried bullocks at that time in the hold, which was a complication of the difficulty. At the present day they are stowed on the fore-deck. The paddle-boxes of Lethierry's "Devil Boat" were painted white, the hull, down to the water-line, red, and all the rest of the vessel black, according to the somewhat ugly fashion of this century. When empty she drew seven feet of water, and when laden, fourteen.

With regard to the engine, it was a powerful one—that is, one-horse power to every three tons burden, which is almost equal to that of a tugboat. The paddles were well placed, a little in advance of the centre of gravity of the vessel. The maximum pressure of the engine was equal to two atmospheres. It consumed a great deal of coal, although it was constructed on the condensation and expansion principles. It had no governor on account of the instability of the point of support, but this was to some extent remedied by two cranks at the extremity of the revolving shaft, so fixed that the one was at right angles when the other was at the dead point. The whole machine reposed on a single cast-iron plate, so that even in a case of severe damage it would not lose its equilibrium, and an injury to the hull would not be an injury to the machinery. The boiler was in sections, and provided with a pump. The wheels were very large, which diminished the loss of power, and the chimney very high, which increased the draught of the fire. But the size of the wheels exposed them to the force of the waves, and the height of the chimney exposed it to the wind. Wooden floats, iron clamps, copper journals; such were the wheels, which, astonishing fact, could be dismantled. Three floats were always in the water at once. The speed of the centre of the floats was only one sixth more than the speed of the vessel; one great defect. Besides, the cranks of the valves were too long, and the sliding valve did not admit the steam equably. The main connecting rod was near the cylinder, thus transferring from the middle the centre of oscillation of the walking beam. Since that time the discovery of oscillating cylinders has superseded connecting rods. For that period the engine seemed, and indeed was, admirable. It had been constructed in France, at the works at Bercy. Mess Lethierry had roughly sketched it; the engineer who had constructed it in accordance with his diagram was dead, so that the engine

was unique, and probably could not have been replaced. The designer still lived, but the constructor was no more.

The engine had cost forty thousand francs.

Lethierry had himself constructed the "Devil Boat" upon the great covered stocks by the side of the first tower between St. Peter's Port and St. Sampson. He had been to Bremen to buy the wood. All his skill as a shipwright was exhausted in its construction; his ingenuity might be seen in the planks, the seams of which were straight and even, and covered with sarangousti, an Indian mastic, better than resin. The sheathing was well beaten. To remedy the roundness of the hull, Lethierry had fitted out a boom at the bowsprit, which allowed him to add another staysail to the regular one. On the day of the launch, he cried aloud, "At last I am afloat!" The vessel was successful, in fact, as the reader has already learned.

Either by chance or design she had been launched on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. On that day, mounted upon the bridge between the two paddle-boxes, looked Lethierry upon the sea, and exclaimed, "It is your turn now! The Parisians took the Bastile, now science takes the sea."

Lethierry's boat made the voyage from Guernsey to St. Malo once a week. She started on the Tuesday morning and returned on the Friday evening, in time for the Saturday market. She was a stronger craft than any of the largest coasting sloops in all the Archipelago, and her capacity being in proportion to her dimensions, one of her voyages was equal to four voyages of an ordinary boat in the same trade; hence they were very profitable. The reputation of a vessel depends on its stowage, and Lethierry was an admirable stower of cargo. When he was no longer able to work himself, he trained up a sailor to undertake this duty. At the end of two years, the steamboat brought in a clear seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year, or eighteen thousand francs. The pound sterling of Guernsey is worth twenty-four francs only; that of England twenty-five, and that of Jersey twenty-six. These differences are less unimportant than they seem: the banks, at all events, know how to turn them to advantage.

CHAPTER VI

LETHIERRY IN HIS GLORY

THE "Devil Boat" prospered. Mess Lethierry began to look forward to the time when he should be called "Monsieur." At Guernsey, people do not become "monsieurs" at one bound. Between the plain man and the gentleman, there is quite a scale to climb. To begin with, we have the simple name, plain "Peter;" let us suppose; the second step is "Neighbor Peter;" the third, "Father Peter;" the fourth, "Sieur Peter;" the fifth, "Mess Peter;" and then we reach the summit in "Monsieur Peter."

This scale ascending thus from the ground is carried to still greater heights. All the upper classes of England join on and continue it. Here are the various steps, becoming more and more glorious. Above the Monsieur, or "Mr.," there is the "Esquire;" above the squire, the knight; above the knight, still rising, we have the baronet, the Scotch laird, the baron, the viscount, the earl (called count in France, and jarl in Norway); the marquis, the duke, the prince of the blood royal, and the king: so, by degrees, we ascend from the people to the middle class, from the middle class to the baronetage, from the baronetage to the peerage, from the peerage to royalty.

Thanks to his successful ingenuity, thanks to steam, and his engines, and the "Devil Boat," Mess Lethierry was fast becoming an important personage. When building his vessel he had been compelled to borrow money. He had become indebted at Bremen, he had become indebted at St. Malo; but every year he diminished his obligations.

He had, moreover, purchased on credit, at the very entrance to the port of St. Sampson, a pretty stone-built house, entirely new, situate between the sea and a garden. On the corner of this house was inscribed the name of "*Les Bravées*." Its front formed a part of the wall of the port itself, and it was remarkable for a double row of win-

OLD SAINT SAMPSON.



dows: on the north, alongside a little enclosure filled with flowers, and on the south commanding a view of the ocean. It had thus two *façades*, one open to the tempest and the sea, the other looking into a garden filled with roses.

These two frontages seemed made for the two inmates of the house—Mess Lethierry and Déruchette.

The “Bravées” was popular at St. Sampson, for Mess Lethierry had at length become a popular man. This popularity was due partly to his good nature, his devotedness, and his courage; partly to the number of lives he had saved; and a great deal to his success, and to the fact that he had awarded to St. Sampson the honor of being the port of the departure and arrival of the new steamboat. Having made the discovery that the “Devil Boat” was decidedly a success, St. Peter’s, the capital, desired to obtain it for that port, but Lethierry held fast to St. Sampson. It was his native town. “It was there that I was first pitched into the water,” he used to say; hence his great local popularity. His position as a small landed proprietor paying land-tax, made him, what they call in Guernsey, an *unhabitant*. He was chosen douzenier. The poor sailor had mounted five out of six steps of the Guernsey social scale; he had attained the dignity of “Mess;” he was rapidly approaching the Monsieur; and who could predict whether he might not even rise higher than that? who could say that they might not one day find in the almanac of Guernsey, under the heading of “Nobility and Gentry,” the astonishing and superb inscription,—*Lethierry, Esq.?*

But Mess Lethierry had nothing of vanity in his nature, or he had no sense of it; or if he had, disdained it: to know that he was useful was his greatest pleasure; to be popular touched him less than being necessary; he had, as we have already said, only two objects of delight, and consequently only two ambitions: the Durande and Déruchette.

However this may have been, he had embarked in the lottery of the sea, and had gained the chief prize.

This chief prize was the Durande steaming away in all her pride.

CHAPTER VII

THE SAME GODFATHER AND THE SAME PATRON SAINT

AVING created his steamboat, Lethierry had christened it: he had called it *Durande*—"La Durande." We will speak of her henceforth by no other name; we will claim the liberty, also, in spite of typographical usage, of not italicizing this name *Durande*; conforming in this to the notion of Mess Lethierry, in whose eyes La Durande was almost a living person.

Durande and Déruchette are the same name. Déruchette is the diminutive.

This diminutive is very common in the west of France.

In the country the names of saints are endowed with all their diminutives as well as all their augmentatives. One might suppose there were several persons when there is, in fact, only one. This system of patrons and patronesses under different names is by no means rare. Lise, Lisette, Lisa, Elisa, Isabelle, Lisbeth, Betsy, all these are simply Elizabeth. It is probable that Mahout, Maclou, Malo, and Magloire are the same saint: this, however, we do not vouch for.

Saint Durande is a saint of l'Angoumois, and of the Charente; whether she is an orthodox member of the calendar is a question for the Bollandists: orthodox or not, she has been made the patron saint of numerous chapels.

It was while Lethierry was a young sailor at Rochefort that he had made the acquaintance of this saint, probably in the person of some pretty Charantaise, perhaps in that of the girl with the white nails. The saint had remained sufficiently in his memory for him to give the name to the two things which he loved most—Durande to the steamboat, Déruchette to the girl.

Of one he was the father, of the other the uncle.

Déruchette was the daughter of a brother who had died; she

was an orphan child: he had adopted her, and had taken the place both of father and mother.

Déruchette was not only his niece, she was his godchild; he had held her in his arms at the baptismal font; it was he who had chosen her patron saint, Durande, and her Christian name, Déruchette.

Déruchette, as we have said, was born at St. Peter's Port. Her name was inscribed at its date on the register of the parish.

As long as the niece was a child, and the uncle poor, nobody took heed of her appellation of *Déruchette*; but when the little girl became a miss, and the sailor a gentleman, the name of Déruchette shocked the feelings of Guernsey society. The uncouthness of the sound astonished every one. Folks asked Mess Lethierry, "why Déruchette?" He answered, "It is a very good name in its way." Several attempts were made to get him to obtain a change in the baptismal name, but he would be no party to them. One day, a fine lady of the upper circle of society in St. Sampson, the wife of a rich retired iron-founder, said to Mess Lethierry, "In future, I shall call your daughter *Nancy*."

"Why," said he, "not *Lous le Saulnier*?" The fine lady did not yield her point, and on the morrow said, "We are determined not to have it Déruchette; I have found for your daughter a pretty name—*Marianne*." "A very pretty name indeed," replied Mess Lethierry, "composed of two stupid brutes—a husband and an ass."* He held fast to Déruchette.

It would be a mistake to infer from Lethierry's pun that he had no wish to see his niece married. He desired to see her married, certainly; but in his own way: he intended her to have a husband after his own heart, one who would work hard, and whose wife would have little to do. He liked rough hands in a man, and delicate ones in a woman. To prevent Déruchette spoiling her pretty hands he had always brought her up like a young lady; he had provided her with a music-master, a piano, a little library, and a few needles and threads in a pretty work-basket. She was, indeed, more often reading than stitching; more often playing than reading. This was as Mess Lethierry wished it. To be charming was all that he expected of her. He had reared the young girl like a flower. Whoever has studied the character of sailors will understand this: rude and hard in their nature, they have an odd partiality for grace and delicacy. To realize the idea of the uncle, the niece ought to have been rich; so indeed felt Mess Lethierry. His steam-boat voyaged for this end. The mission of Durande was to provide a marriage portion for Déruchette.

*A play upon the French words, *maré* and *âne*.

CHAPTER VIII

BONNIE DUNDEE

DÉRUCHETTE occupied the prettiest room at the Bravées. It had two windows, was furnished with various articles made of fine-grained mahogany, had a bed with four curtains, green and white, and looked out upon the garden, and beyond it towards the high hill, on which stands Vale Castle. Gilliatt's house, the Bû de la Rue, was on the other side of this hill.

Déruchette had her music and piano in this chamber; she accompanied herself on the instrument when singing the melody which she preferred—the melancholy Scottish air of “Bonnie Dundee.” The very spirit of night breathes in this melody; but her voice was full of the freshness of dawn. The contrast was quaint and pleasing; people said, “Miss Déruchette is at her piano.”

The passers-by at the foot of the hill stopped sometimes before the wall of the garden of the Bravées to listen to that sweet voice and plaintive song.

Déruchette was the very embodiment of joy as she went to and fro in the house. She brought with her a perpetual spring. She was beautiful, but more pretty than beautiful; and still more graceful than pretty. She reminded the good old pilots, friends of Mess Lethierry, of that princess in the song which the soldiers and sailors sing, who was so beautiful:

“Qu'elle passait pour telle dans le régiment.”

Mess Lethierry used to say, “She has a head of hair like a ship's cable.”

From her infancy she had been remarkable for beauty. The learned in such matters had grave doubts about her nose, but the little one having probably determined to be pretty, had finally satisfied their

requirements. She grew to girlhood without any serious loss of beauty; her nose became neither too long nor too short; and when grown up, her critics admitted her to be charming.

She never addressed her uncle otherwise than as father.

Lethierry allowed her to soil her fingers a little in gardening, and



even in some kind of household duties; she watered her beds of pink hollyhocks, purple foxgloves, perennial phloxes, and scarlet herb ben-nets. She took good advantage of the climate of Guernsey, so favorable to flowers. She had, like everybody there, aloes in the open ground, and, what is more difficult, she succeeded in cultivating the Nepaulese cinquefoil. Her little kitchen-garden was scientifically arranged; she

was able to produce from it several kinds of rare vegetables. She sowed Dutch cauliflower and Brussels cabbages, which she thinned out in July, turnips for August, endive for September, short parsnip for the autumn, and rampions for winter. Mess Lethierry did not interfere with her in this, so long as she did not handle the spade and rake too much, or meddle with the coarser kinds of garden labor.

He had provided her with two servants, one named Grace, and the other Douce, which are favorite names in Guernsey. Grace and Douce did the hard work of the house and garden, and they had the right to have red hands.

With regard to Mess Lethierry, his room was a little retreat with a view over the harbor, and communicating with the great lower room of the ground floor, on which was situated the door of the house, near which the various staircases met.

His room was furnished with his hammock, his chronometer, and his pipe: there were also a table and a chair. The ceiling had been whitewashed, as well as the four walls. A fine marine map, bearing the inscription *W. Faden, 5 Charing Cross, Geographer to His Majesty*, and representing the Channel Islands, was nailed up at the side of the door, and on the left, stretched out and fastened with other nails, appeared one of those large cotton handkerchiefs on which are printed, in colors, the signals of all countries in the world, having at the four corners the standards of France, Russia, Spain, and the United States, and in the centre the union jack of England.

Douce and Grace were two faithful creatures within certain limits. Douce was good-natured enough, and Grace was good-looking. Douce was unmarried, and had secretly "a gallant." In the Channel Islands the word is common, as indeed is the fact itself. The two girls regarded as servants had something of the Creole in their character, a sort of slowness in their movements, not out of keeping with the Norman spirit pervading the relations of servant and master in the Channel Islands. Grace, coquettish and good-looking, was always scanning the future with a nervous anxiety. This arose from the fact of her not only having, like Douce, "a gallant," but also, as the scandal-loving averred, a sailor husband, whose return one day was a thing she dreaded. This, however, does not concern us. In a household less austere and less innocent, Douce would have continued to be the servant, but Grace would have become the *soubrette*. The dangerous talents of Grace were lost upon a young mistress so pure and good as Déruchette. For the rest, the intrigues of Douce and Grace were cautiously concealed. Mess Lethierry knew nothing of such matters, and no token of them had ever reached Déruchette.

The lower room of the ground floor, a hall with a large fire-place and surrounded with benches and tables, had served in the last century as a meeting-place for a conventicle of French Protestant refugees. The sole ornament of the bare stone wall was a sheet of parchment, set in a frame of black wood, on which were represented some of the charitable deeds of Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. Some poor diocessans of this "Eagle," persecuted by him at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and driven to take shelter at Guernsey, had hung this picture on the wall to preserve the remembrance of those facts. The spectator who had the patience to decipher a rude handwriting in faded ink might have learned the following facts, which are but little known:—"29th October, 1685, Monsieur the Bishop of Meaux appeals "to the king to destroy the temples of Morcef and Nanteuil."—"2nd "April, 1686, Arrest of Cochard, father and son, for their religious "opinions, at the request of Monsieur the Bishop of Meaux. Released: "the Cochards having recanted."—"28th October, 1699, Monsieur the "Bishop of Meaux sent to Mde. Pontchartrain a petition of remon- "strance, pointing out that it will be necessary to place the young "ladies named Chalandes and de Neuville, who are of the reformed "religion, in the House of the 'New Catholics' at Paris."—"7th July, "1703, the king's order executed as requested by Monsieur the Bishop "of Meaux, for shutting up in an asylum Bandouin and his wife, two "*bad Catholics* of Fublaines."

At the end of the hall, near the door of Mess Lethierry's room, was a little corner with a wooden partition, which had been the Huguenot's sanctum, and had become, thanks to its row of rails and a small hole to pass paper or money through, the steamboat office; that is to say, the office of the Durande, kept by Mess Lethierry in person. Upon the old oaken reading desk, where once rested the Holy Bible, lay a great ledger with its alternate pages headed *Dr.* and *Cr.*

CHAPTER IX

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED RANTAINÉ'S CHARACTER

S long as Mess Lethierry had been able to do duty, he had commanded the *Durande*, and had had no other pilot or captain but himself; but a time had come, as we have said, when he had been compelled to find a successor. He had chosen for that purpose *Sieur Clubin*, of *Torteval*, a taciturn man. *Sieur Clubin* had a character upon the coast for strict probity. He became the *alter ego*, the double of Mess Lethierry.

Sieur Clubin, although he had rather the look of a notary than of a sailor, was a mariner of rare skill. He had all the talents which are required to meet dangers of every kind. He was a skillful stower, a safe man aloft, an able and careful boatswain, a powerful steersman, an experienced pilot, and a bold captain. He was prudent, and he carried his prudence sometimes to the point of daring, which is a great quality at sea. His natural apprehensiveness of danger was tempered by a strong instinct of what was possible in an emergency. He was one of those mariners who will face risks to a point perfectly well known to themselves, and who generally manage to come successfully out of every peril. Every certainty which a man can command, dealing with so fickle an element as the sea, he possessed. *Sieur Clubin*, moreover, was a renowned swimmer; he was one of that race of men broken into the buffeting of the waves, who can remain as long as they please in the water—who can start from the *Havre-des-Pas* at *Jersey*, double the *Colettes*, swim round the *Hermitage* and *Castle Elizabeth*, and return in two hours to the point from which they started. He came from *Torteval*, where he had the reputation of often having swum across the passage so much dreaded, from the *Hanway* rocks to the point of *Pleinmont*.

One circumstance which had recommended *Sieur Clubin* to Mess

Lethierry more than any other, was his having judged correctly the character of Rantaine. He had pointed out to Lethierry the dishonesty of the man, and had said, "Rantaine will rob you." His prediction was verified. More than once—in matters, it is true, not very important—Mess Lethierry had put his ever-scrupulous honesty to the proof; and he freely communicated with him on the subject of his affairs. Mess Lethierry used to say, "A good conscience expects to be treated with perfect confidence."



CHAPTER X

LONG YARNS



MESS LETHIERRY, for the sake of his own ease, always wore his seafaring clothes, and preferred his sailor jacket to his pilot jacket. Déruchette felt vexed, occasionally, about this peculiarity. Nothing is prettier than a pouting beauty. She laughed and scolded. "*My dear father,*" she would say, "*what a smell of pitch!*" and she would give him a gentle tap upon his broad shoulders.

This good old seaman had gathered from his voyages many wonderful stories. He had seen at Madagascar birds' feathers, three of which sufficed to make a roof of a house. He had seen in India, field sorrel, the stalks of which were nine inches high. In New Holland he had seen troops of turkeys and geese led about and guarded by a bird, like a flock by a shepherd's dog; this bird was called the Agami. He had visited elephants' cemeteries. In Africa, he had encountered gorillas, a terrible species of man-tigers, seven feet high. He knew the ways of all the ape tribe, from the wild dog-faced monkey, which he called the *Macaco-bravo*, to the howling monkey or *Macaco-barbado*. In Chili, he had seen a guenon move the compassion of the huntsman by showing its little one. He had seen in California a hollow trunk of a tree, fallen to the ground, so vast that a man on horseback could ride one hundred and fifty paces inside. In Morocco, he had seen the Mozabites and the Bisskris fighting with matraks and bars of iron—the Bisskris, because they had been called *kelbs*, which means dogs; and the Mozabites, because they had been treated as *khamsi*, which means people of the fifth sect. He had seen in China the pirate Chanh-thong-quan-larh-Quoi cut to pieces for having assassinated the Ap of a village. At Thu-dan-mot, he had seen a lion carry off an old woman in the open market-place. He was present at the arrival of the Great

Serpent brought from Canton to Saigon to celebrate in the pagoda of Cho-len the fête of Quan-nam, the goddess of navigators. He had beheld the great Quan-Sû among the Moi. At Rio de Janeiro, he had seen the Brazilian ladies in the evening put little balls of gauze into their hair, each containing a beautiful kind of firefly; and the whole



forming a head-dress of little twinkling lights. He had combated in Uruguay with swarms of enormous ants, and in Paraguay with spiders, big and downy as an infant's head, and compassing with their long legs a third of a yard, and attacking men by pricking them with their bristles, which enter the skin as sharp as arrows, and raise painful blisters. On the river Arinos, a tributary of the Tocantins, in the

virgin forests to the north of Diamantina, he had determined the existence of the horrible bat people, the Murcilagos, or men who are born with white hair and red eyes, who live in the shady solitudes of the woods, sleep by day, awake by night, and fish and hunt in the dark, seeing better than by the light of the moon. He told how, near Beyrout, once in an encampment of an expedition of which he formed part, a rain-gauge belonging to one of the party happened to be stolen from a tent. A wizard, wearing two or three strips of leather only, and looking like a man having nothing on but his braces, thereupon rang a bell at the end of a horn so violently, that a hyena finally answered the summons by bringing back the missing instrument. The hyena was, in fact, the thief.

These veritable histories bore a strong resemblance to fictions; but they amused Déruchette.

The *poupée* or "doll" of the Durande was the connecting link between the vessel and Lethierry's niece. *Poupée* is what the people of the Channel Islands call the figure-head of a ship. Hence, for "to be aboard," they say "to be between the poop and the *poupée*."

The *poupée* of the Durande was particularly dear to Mess Lethierry.

He had instructed the carver to make it resemble Déruchette. It looked like a rude attempt to cut out a face with a hatchet; or like a clumsy log trying hard to look like a girl.

This unshapely block produced a great effect upon Mess Lethierry's imagination. He looked upon it with an almost superstitious admiration. His faith in it was complete. He was able to trace in it an excellent resemblance to Déruchette. Thus the dogma resembles the truth, and the idol the deity.

Mess Lethierry had two grand fête days in every week; one was Tuesday, the other Friday. His first delight consisted in seeing the Durande sail; his second in seeing her come back. He leaned upon his elbows at the window contemplating his work, and was happy. To quote Genesis, *Et vidit quod esset bonum*.

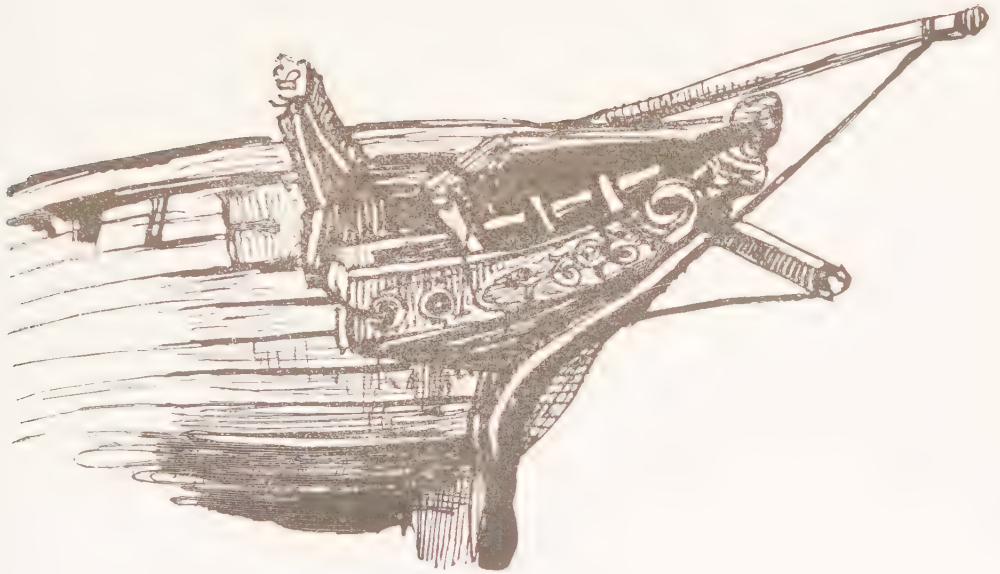
On Fridays, the presence of Mess Lethierry at his window was a signal. When people passing the Bravées saw him lighting his pipe, they said, "Ay! the steam-boat is in sight." One kind of smoke was the herald of the other.

The Durande, when she entered the port, made her cable fast to a huge iron ring under Mess Lethierry's window, and fixed in the basement of the house. On those nights Lethierry slept soundly in his hammock, with a soothing consciousness of the presence of Déruchette asleep in her room near him, and of the Durande moored opposite.

The moorings of the Durande were close to the great bell of the

port. A little strip of quay passed thence before the door of the Bravées.

The quay, the Bravées and its house, the garden, the alleys bordered with hedges, and the greater part even of the surrounding houses, no longer exist. The demand for Guernsey granite has invaded these too. The whole of this part of the town is now occupied by stone-cutters' yards.



CHAPTER XI

A GLANCE AT FUTURE HUSBANDS

DÉRUCHETTE was approaching womanhood, and was still unmarried.

Mess Lethierry in bringing her up to have white hands had also rendered her somewhat fastidious. A training of that kind has its disadvantages.

Besides Lethierry himself was still more fastidious. The husband he imagined for Déruchette was also somewhat of a husband for Durande. He would have liked to have provided at the same time for both his daughters; to have found in the guide and companion of the one a commander for the other. What is a husband but the pilot on the voyage of matrimony? Why not then the same captain for the vessel and for the girl? The affairs of a household have their tides, their ebbs and flows, and he who knows how to steer a bark, ought to know how to guide a woman's destiny, subject as both are to the influences of the moon and the wind. *Sieur Clubin* being only fifteen years younger than Lethierry, would necessarily be only a provisional master for the *Durande*. It would be necessary to find a young captain, a permanent master, a true successor of the founder, inventor, and creator. A permanent captain for the *Durande* would have been almost a son-in-law in Lethierry's eyes. Why not make him a son-in-law in a double sense? The idea pleased him. The husband of Déruchette haunted his dreams. His ideal was a powerful seaman, tanned and browned by weather, a sea athlete. This, however, was not exactly the ideal of Déruchette. Her dreams were rosier.

The uncle and the niece were at all events agreed in not being in haste. When Déruchette began to be regarded as a probable heiress, a crowd of suitors had presented themselves. Attentions under these circumstances are not generally worth much. Mess Lethierry felt this.

He would grumble out the old French proverb, "*A maiden of gold, a suitor of brass.*" He politely showed the fortune-seekers to the door. He was content to wait, and so was Déruchette.

It was, perhaps, a singular fact, that he had little inclination for the local aristocracy. In that respect Mess Lethierry showed himself not entirely English. It will hardly be believed that he even refused for Déruchette a Ganduel of Jersey, and a Bugnet-Nicolin of Sark. People were bold enough to affirm, although we doubt if this were possible, that he had even declined the proposals of a member of the family of Edou, which is evidently descended from "Edou-ard" the Confessor.

CHAPTER XII

AN ANOMALY IN THE CHARACTER OF LETHIERRY



MESS LETHIERRY had a failing, and a serious one. He detested a priest; though not as an individual, but as an institution. Reading one day—for he used to read—in a work of Voltaire—for he used to read Voltaire—the remark, that priests “have something cat-like in their nature,” he laid down the book and was heard to mutter, “Then, I suppose, I have something dog-like in mine.”

It must be remembered that the priests—Lutheran and Calvinist, as well as Catholic—had vigorously combated the new “Devil Boat,” and had persecuted its inventor. To be a sort of revolutionist in the art of navigation, to introduce a spirit of progress in the Norman Archipelago, to disturb the peace of the poor little island of Guernsey with a new invention, was in their eyes, as we have not concealed from the reader, an abominable and most condemnable rashness. Nor had they omitted to condemn it pretty loudly. It must not be forgotten that we are now speaking of the Guernsey clergy of a bygone generation, very different from that of the present time, who in almost all the local places of worship display a laudable sympathy with progress. They had embarrassed Lethierry in a hundred ways; every sort of resisting force which can be found in sermons and discourses had been employed against him. Detested by the churchmen, he naturally came to detest them in his turn. Their hatred was the extenuating circumstance to be taken into account in judging of his.

But it must be confessed that his dislike for priests was, in some degree, in his very nature. It was hardly necessary for them to hate him in order to inspire him with aversion. As he said, he moved among them like the dog among cats. He had an antipathy to them, not only in idea, but in what is more difficult to analyze, his instincts. He felt

their secret claws, and showed his teeth; sometimes, it must be confessed, a little at random and out of season. It is a mistake to make no distinctions: a dislike in the mass is a prejudice. The good Savoyard curé would have found no favor in his eyes. It is not certain that a worthy priest was even a possible thing in Lethierry's mind. His



philosophy was carried so far that his good sense sometimes abandoned him. There is such a thing as the intolerance of tolerants, as well as the violence of moderates. But Lethierry was at bottom too good-natured to be a thorough hater. He did not attack so much as avoid. He kept the church people at a distance. He suffered evil at their hands; but he confined himself to not wishing them any good. The

shade of difference, in fact, between his aversion and theirs, lay in the fact that they bore animosity, while he had only a strong antipathy. Small as is the island of Guernsey, it has, unfortunately, plenty of room for differences of religion; there, to take the broad distinction, is the Catholic faith and the Protestant faith. It does not place the two religions in the same church, and every form of worship has its temple or chapel. In Germany, at Heidelberg, for example, people are not so particular; they divide a church in two, one half for St. Peter, the other half for Calvin, and between the two is a partition to prevent religious variances terminating in fisticuffs. The shares are equal; the Catholics have three altars, the Huguenots three altars. As the services are at the same hours, one bell summons both denominations; it rings, both for God and for Satan. Nothing can be more simple.

The phlegmatic character of the Germans favors, I suppose, this peculiar arrangement, but in Guernsey every religion has its own domicile; there is the orthodox parish and the heretic parish; the individual may choose. "Neither one nor the other" was the choice of Mess Lethierry.

This sailor, workman, philosopher, and parvenu trader, though a simple man in appearance, was by no means simple at bottom. He had his opinions and his prejudices. On the subject of the priests he was immovable; he would have entered the lists with Montlosier.

Occasionally he indulged in very disrespectful jokes. He had certain odd expressions thereupon peculiar to himself, but significant enough. Going to confession he called "combing one's conscience." The little learning that he had—a certain amount of reading picked up here and there between the squalls at sea—did not prevent his making blunders in spelling. He made also mistakes in pronunciation, some of which, however, gave a double sense to his words, which might have been suspected of a sly intention.

Though he was a strong anti-papist, that circumstance was far from conciliating the Anglicans. He was no more liked by the Protestant rectors than by the Catholic curés. The enunciation of the greatest dogmas did not prevent his anti-theological temper bursting forth. Accident, for example, having once brought him to hear a sermon on eternal punishment, by the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode—a magnificent discourse, filled from one end to the other with sacred texts, proving the everlasting pains, the tortures, the torments, the perditions, the inexorable chastisements, the burnings without end, the inextinguishable maledictions, the wrath of the Almighty, the celestial fury, the divine vengeance, and other incontestable realities—he was heard to

say as he was going out in the midst of the faithful flock, "You see, I have an odd notion; I imagine God is good."

This leaven of atheism was doubtless due to his sojourn in France.

Although a Guernsey man of pure extraction, he was called in the island "the Frenchman;" but chiefly on account of his "improper" manner of speaking. He did not indeed conceal the truth from himself. He was impregnated with ideas subversive of established institutions. His obstinacy in constructing the "Devil Boat" had proved that. He used to say, "I have an '89 head"—a doubtful sort of avowal.

These were not his only indiscretions. In France "to preserve appearances," in England "to be respectable," is the chief condition of a quiet life. To be respectable implies a multitude of little observances, from the strict keeping of Sunday down to the careful tying of a cravat. "To act so that nobody may point at you;" this is the terrible social law. To be pointed at with the finger is almost the same thing as an anathematization. Little towns, always hotbeds of gossip, are remarkable for that isolating malignancy, which is like the tremendous malediction of the Church seen through the wrong end of the telescope. The bravest are afraid of this ordeal. They are ready to confront the storm, the fire of cannon, but they shrink at the glance of "Mrs. Grundy." Mess Lethierry was more obstinate than logical; but under pressure even his obstinacy would bend. He put—to use another of his phrases, eminently suggestive of latent compromises, not always pleasant to avow—"a little water in his wine." He kept aloof from the clergy, but he did not absolutely close his door against them. On official occasions, and at the customary epochs of pastoral visits, he received with sufficiently good grace both the Lutheran rector and the Papist chaplain. He had even, though at distant intervals, accompanied Déruchette to the Anglican parish church, to which Déruchette herself, as we have said, only went on the four great festivals of the year.

On the whole, these little concessions, which always cost him a pang, irritated him; and far from inclining him towards the Church people, only increased his inward disinclination to them. He compensated himself by more raillery. His nature, in general so devoid of bitterness, had no uncharitable side except this. To alter him, however, was impossible.

In fact, this was in his very temperament, and was beyond his own power to control.

Every sort of priest or clergymen was distasteful to him. He had a little of the old revolutionary want of reverence. He did not distinguish between one form of worship and another. He did not do justice to that great step in the progress of ideas, the denial of the real pres-

ence. His short-sightedness in these matters even prevented his perceiving any essential difference between a minister and an abbé. A reverend doctor and a reverend father were pretty nearly the same to him. He used to say, "Wesley is not more to my taste than Loyola." When he saw a reverend pastor walking with his wife, he would turn to look at them, and mutter, "a married priest," in a tone which brought out all the absurdity which those words had in the ears of Frenchmen at that time. He used to relate how, on his last voyage to England, he had seen the "Bishopess" of London. His dislike for marriages of that sort amounted almost to disgust. "Gown and gown do not mate well," he would say. The sacerdotal function was to him in the nature of a distinct sex. It would have been natural to him to have said, "Neither a man nor a woman, only a priest;" and he had the bad taste to apply to the Anglican and the Roman Catholic clergy the same disdainful epithets. He confounded the two cassocks in the same phraseology. He did not take the trouble to vary in favor of Catholics or Lutherans, or whatever they might be, the figures of speech common among military men of that period. He would say to Déruchette, "*Marry whom you please, provided you do not marry a parson.*"

CHAPTER XIII

THOUGHTLESSNESS ADDS A GRACE TO BEAUTY



WORD once said, Mess Lethierry remembered it: a word once said, Déruchette soon forgot it. Here was the difference between the uncle and the niece.

Brought up in the peculiar way already described, Déruchette was little accustomed to responsibility. There is a latent danger in an education not sufficiently serious, which cannot be too much insisted on. It is perhaps unwise to endeavor to make a child happy too soon.

So long as she was happy, Déruchette thought all was well. She knew, too, that it was always a pleasure to her uncle to see her pleased. The religious sentiment in her nature was satisfied with going to the parish church four times in the year. We have seen her in her Christmas-day toilet.

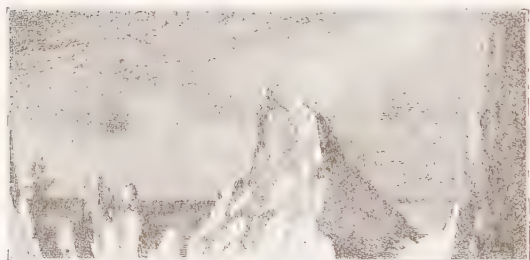
Of life, she was entirely ignorant. She had a disposition which one day might lead her to love passionately. Meanwhile she was contented.

She sang by fits and starts, chatted by fits and starts, enjoyed the hour as it passed, said a word and fled, fulfilled some little duty, and was gone again, and was delightful in all. Add to all this the English sort of liberty which she enjoyed. In England the very infants go alone, girls are their own mistresses, and adolescence is wholly unrestrained. Such are the differences of manners. Later, these free maidens become wives and slaves. I use the words in their best sense; I mean they are free in the development of their nature, but slaves to duty.

Déruchette awoke every morning with little thought of her actions of the day before. It would have troubled her a good deal to have had to give an account of how she had spent her time the previous week.

All this, however, did not prevent her having certain hours of strange disquietude; times when some dark cloud seemed to pass over the brightness of her joy. Those azure depths are subject to such shadows! But clouds like these soon passed away. She quickly shook off such moods with a cheerful laugh, knowing neither why she had been sad, nor why she had regained her serenity. She was always at play. She would take delight in teasing the passers-by. She played practical jokes upon the boys. If the fiend himself had passed that way, she would have had no pity, nor spared him some ingenious trick. She was pretty and innocent; and she abused the immunity accorded to such qualities. She was ready with a smile, as a cat with a stroke of her claws. So much the worse for the victim of her scratches. She thought no more of them. Yesterday had no existence for her. She lived in the fullness of to-day.

Such it is to have too much happiness fall to one's lot! With *Déruchette* impressions vanished like the melted snow.





THE BAG-PIPE.

BOOK IV

THE BAGPIPE

CHAPTER I

GLEAMS OF DAWN OR OF A CONFLAGRATION



GILLIATT had never spoken to Déruchette; he knew her from having seen her at a distance, as men know the morning star.

At the period when Déruchette had met Gilliatt on the road leading from St. Peter's Port to Vale, and had surprised him by tracing his name in the snow, she was just sixteen years of age. Only the evening before Mess Lethierry had said to her, "Come, no more childish tricks; you are a great girl."

That word "Gilliatt," written by the young maiden, had sunk into an unfathomed depth.

What were women to Gilliatt? He could not have answered that question himself. When he met one he generally inspired her with something of the timidity which he felt himself. He never spoke to a woman except from urgent necessity. He had never played the part of a "gallant" to any one of the country girls. When he found himself alone on the road, and perceived a woman coming towards him, he would climb over a fence, or bury himself in some copse; he even avoided old women. Once in his life he had seen a Parisian lady. A

Parisienne on the wing was a strange event in Guernsey at that distant epoch; and Gilliatt had heard this gentle lady relate her little troubles in these words: "I am very much annoyed; I have got some spots of rain upon my bonnet. Pale buff is a shocking color for rain." Having found, some time afterwards, between the leaves of a fashion-book, an old engraving, representing "a lady of the Chaussée d'Antin" in full dress, he had stuck it against the wall at home as a souvenir of this remarkable apparition.

In summer evenings he hid behind the rocks at Houmet Paradis to watch the country girls bathing in the sea in their shifts. One day, through a hedge, he saw the witch of Torteval fasten her garter. He was probably virgin.

On that Christmas morning when he had met Déruchette, and when she had written his name and disappeared laughing, he returned home, scarcely conscious of why he had gone out. That night he slept little; he was dreaming of a thousand things: that it would be well to cultivate black radishes in the garden; that he had not seen the boat from Sark pass by; had anything happened to it? Then he remembered that he had seen the white stonecrop in flower, a rare thing at that season. He had never known exactly who was the woman who had reared him, and he made up his mind that she must have been his mother, and thought of her with redoubled tenderness. He called to mind the lady's clothing in the old leathern trunk. He thought that the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode would probably one day or other be appointed dean of St. Peter's Port and surrogate of the bishop, and that the rectory of St. Sampson would become vacant. Next, he remembered that the morrow of Christmas would be the twenty-seventh day of the moon, and that consequently high water would be at twenty-one minutes past three, the half-ebb at a quarter past seven, low water at thirty-three minutes past nine, and half-flood at thirty-nine minutes past twelve. He recalled, in the most trifling details, the costume of the Highlander who had sold him the bagpipe; his bonnet with a thistle ornament, his claymore, his close-fitting short jacket, his philabeg with the sporran, and snuff-horn, his pin set with a Scottish stone, his two girdles, the sash and belt, his sword, dirk, and skene-dhu, a black-sheathed knife, with its black handle ornamented with two cairngorms, and the bare knees of the soldier; his socks, checked gaiters, and buckled shoes. This highly-equipped figure became a spectre in his imagination, which pursued him with a sense of feverishness as he sunk into oblivion. When he awoke it was full daylight, and his first thought was of Déruchette.

The next night he slept more soundly, but he was dreaming again

of the Scottish soldier. In the midst of his sleep he remembered that the after-Christmas sittings of the Chief Law Court would commence on the 21st of January. He dreamed also about the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode.

He thought of Déruchette, and seemed to be in violent anger with her. He wished he had been a child again to throw stones at her windows.

Then he thought that if he were a child again he should have his mother by his side, and he began to sob.

Gilliatt formed the project of going to pass three months at Chousey, or at the Minquiers; but he did not go.

He walked no more along the road to St. Peter's Port.

He had an odd fancy that his name of "*Gilliatt*" had remained there traced upon the ground, and that the passers-by stopped to read it.



CHAPTER II

THE UNKNOWN UNFOLDS ITSELF BY DEGREES



ON the other hand, Gilliatt had the satisfaction of seeing the Bravées every day. By some accident he was continually passing that way. His business seemed always to lead him by the path which passed under the wall of Déruchette's garden.

One morning, as he was walking along this path, he heard a market-woman who was returning from the Bravées, say to another: "Miss Lethierry is fond of sea-kale."

He dug in his garden of the Bû de la Rue a trench for sea-kale. The sea-kale is a vegetable which has a flavor like asparagus.

The wall of the garden of the Bravées was very low; it would have been easy to scale it. The idea of scaling it would have appeared, to him, terrible. But there was nothing to hinder his hearing, as any one else might, the voices of persons talking as he passed, in the rooms or in the garden. He did not listen, but he heard them. Once he could distinguish the voices of the two servants, Grace and Douce, disputing. It was a sound which belonged to the house, and their quarrel remained in his ears like a remembrance of music.

On another occasion, he distinguished a voice which was different, and which seemed to him to be the voice of Déruchette. He quickened his pace, and was soon out of hearing.

The words uttered by that voice, however, remained fixed in his memory. He repeated them at every instant. They were, "Will you please give me the little broom?"

By degrees he became bolder. He had the daring to stay awhile. One day it happened that Déruchette was singing at her piano, altogether invisible from without, although her window was open. The air

was that of "Bonnie Dundee." He grew pale, but he screwed his courage to the point of listening.

Springtide came. One day Gilliatt enjoyed a beatific vision. The heavens were opened, and there, before his eyes, appeared *Déruchette*, watering lettuces in her little garden.

Soon afterwards he took to doing more than merely listening there. He watched her habits, observed her hours, and waited to catch a glimpse of her.

In all this he was very careful not to be seen.

The year advanced; the time came when the trellises were heavy with roses, and haunted by the butterflies. By little and little, he had come to conceal himself for hours behind her wall, motionless and silent, seen by no one, and holding his breath as *Déruchette* passed in and out of her garden. Men grow accustomed to poison by degrees.

From his hiding-place he could often hear the sound of *Déruchette* conversing with *Mess Lethierry* under a thick arch of leaves, in a spot where there was a garden-seat. The words came distinctly to his ears.

What a change had come over him! He had even descended to watch and listen. Alas! there is something of the character of a spy in every human heart.

There was another garden-seat, visible to him, and nearer. *Déruchette* would sit there sometimes.

From the flowers that he had observed her gathering he had guessed her taste in the matter of perfumes. The scent of the bind-weed was her favorite; then the pink; then the honeysuckle; then the jasmine. The rose stood only fifth in the scale. She looked at the lilies, but did not smell them.

Gilliatt figured her in his imagination from this choice of odors. With each perfume he associated some perfection.

The very idea of speaking to *Déruchette* would have made his hair stand on end.

A poor old rag-picker, whose wandering brought her, from time to time, into the little road leading under the inclosure of the *Bravées*, had occasionally remarked Gilliatt's assiduous visits to the wall, and his devotion for this retired spot. Did she connect the presence of a man before this wall with the possibility of a woman behind it? Did she perceive that vague, invisible thread? Was she, in her decrepit mendicancy, still youthful enough to remember something of the old happier days? And could she, in this dark night and winter of her wretched life, still recognize the dawn? We know not: but it appears that, on one occasion, passing near Gilliatt at his post, she brought to

bear upon him something as like a smile as she was still capable of, and muttered between her teeth, "It is getting warmer."

Gilliatt heard the words, and was struck by them. "It warms one," he muttered, with an inward note of interrogation. "It is getting warmer." What did the old woman mean?

He repeated the phrase mechanically all day, but he could not guess its meaning.

One evening while he was at his window, five or six girls from Ancrese came to bathe in Houmet. They sported in the waves a hundred feet from him. He shut his window violently. He found he could not bear the sight of a woman undressed.

CHAPTER III

THE AIR "BONNIE DUNDEE" FINDS AN ECHO ON THE HILL

T was in a spot behind the inclosure of the garden of the Bravées, at an angle of the wall, half concealed with holly and ivy, and covered with nettles, wild mallow, and large white mullein growing between the blocks of stone, that he passed the greater part of that summer. He watched there, lost in deep thought. The lizards grew accustomed to his presence, and basked in the sun among the same stones. The summer was bright and full of dreamy indolence: overhead the light clouds came and went. Gilliatt sat upon the grass. The air was full of the songs of birds. He held his two hands up to his forehead, sometimes trying to recollect himself: "Why should she write my name in the snow?" From a distance the sea breeze came up gently breathing, at intervals the horn of the quarrymen sounded abruptly, warning the passers-by to take shelter, as a blast was going to explode. The Port of St. Sampson was not visible from this place, but he could see the tips of masts above the trees. The sea-gulls flew wide and afar. Gilliatt had heard his mother say that women could fall in love with men; that such things happened sometimes. He remembered it; and said within himself, "Déruchette is in love with me!" Then a feeling of sadness would come upon him; he would say, "She, too, thinks of me in her turn. It is well." He remembered that Déruchette was rich, and that he was poor: and then the new boat appeared to him an execrable invention. He could never remember what day of the month it was. He would stare listlessly at the great bees, with their yellow bodies and their short wings, as they entered with a buzzing noise into the holes in the wall.

One evening Déruchette went in-doors to retire to bed. She approached her window to close it. The night was dark. Suddenly,

something caught her ear, and she listened. Somewhere in the darkness there was a sound of music. It was some one, perhaps, on the hill-side, or at the foot of the towers of Vale Castle, or, perhaps, further still, playing an air upon some instrument. Déruchette recognized her



favorite melody, "Bonnie Dundee," played upon the bagpipe. She thought little of it.

From that night the music might be heard again from time to time at the same hours, particularly when the nights were very dark.

Déruchette was not much pleased with all this.

CHAPTER IV

"To uncles and guardians, quiet old boys,
Serenades are but sleep-breaking nonsense and noise."

Unpublished Comedy.



FOUR years passed away.

Déruchette was approaching her twenty-first year, and was still unmarried.

Some writer has said that a fixed idea is a sort of gimlet; every year gives it another turn. To pull it out the first year is like plucking out the hair by the roots; in the second year, like tearing the skin; in the third, like breaking the bones; and in the fourth, like removing the very brain itself.

Gilliatt had arrived at this fourth stage.

He had never yet spoken a word to Déruchette. He lived and dreamed near that delightful vision. This was all.

It happened one day that, finding himself by chance at St. Sampson, he had seen Déruchette talking with Mess Lethierry at the door of the Bravées, which opens upon the roadway of the port. Gilliatt ventured to approach very near. He fancied that at the very moment of his passing she had smiled. There was nothing impossible in that.

Déruchette still heard, from time to time, the sound of the bagpipe.

Mess Lethierry had also heard this bagpipe. By degrees he had come to remark this persevering musician under Déruchette's window. A tender strain, too; all the more suspicious. A nocturnal gallant was a thing not to his taste. His wish was to marry Déruchette in his own time, when she was willing and he was willing, purely and simply, without any romance or music. Irritated at it, he had at last kept a watch, and he fancied that he had detected Gilliatt. He passed his fingers through his whiskers—a sign of anger—and grumbled out,

"What has that fellow got to pipe about? He is in love with Déruchette, that is clear. You waste your time, young man. Any one who wants Déruchette must come to me, and not loiter about playing the flute."

An event of importance, long foreseen, occurred soon afterwards. It was announced that the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode was appointed surrogate of the Bishop of Winchester, dean of the island, and rector of St. Peter's Port, and that he would leave St. Sampson for St. Peter immediately after his successor should be installed.

It could not be long to the arrival of the new rector. He was a gentleman of Norman extraction, Monsieur Joë Ebenezer Caudray, Anglicized as Cawdry.

Some facts were known about the new rector, which the benevolent and malevolent interpreted in a contrary sense. He was known to be young and poor, but his youth was tempered with much learning, and his poverty by good expectations. In the dialect specially invented for the subject of riches and inheritances, death goes by the name of "expectations." He was the nephew and heir of the aged and opulent dean of St. Asaph. At the death of this old gentleman he would be a rich man. M. Caudray had distinguished relations. He was almost entitled to the quality of "Honorable." As regarded his doctrine, people judged differently. He was an Anglican, but, according to the expression of Bishop Tillotson, a "libertine"—that is, in reality, one who was very severe. He repudiated all pharisaism. He was a friend rather of the Presbytery than the Episcopacy. He dreamed of the Primitive Church of the days when Adam had the right to choose his Eve, and when Frumentanus, Bishop of Hierapolis, carried off a young maiden to make her his wife, and said to her parents, "Her will is such, and such is mine. You are no longer her mother, and you are no longer her father. I am the angel of Hierapolis, and this is my wife. Her father is God." If the common belief could be trusted, M. Caudray subordinated the text, "Honor thy father and thy mother," to that other text, in his eyes of higher significance, "The woman is the flesh of the man. She shall leave her father and mother to follow her husband." This tendency, however, to circumscribe the parental authority and to favor religiously every mode of forming the conjugal tie, is peculiar to all Protestantism, particularly in England, and singularly so in America.

CHAPTER V

A DESERVED SUCCESS HAS ALWAYS ITS DETRACTORS

T this period the affairs of Mess Lethierry were in this position:—The *Durande* had well fulfilled all his expectations. He had paid his debts, repaired his misfortunes, discharged his obligations at Bremen, met his acceptances at St. Malo. He had paid off the mortgage upon his house at the Bravées, and had bought up all the little local rent-charges upon the property. He was also the proprietor of a great productive capital. This was the *Durande* herself. The net revenue from the boat was about a thousand pounds sterling per annum, and the traffic was constantly increasing. Strictly speaking, the *Durande* constituted his entire fortune. She was also the fortune of the island. The carriage of cattle being one of the most profitable portions of her trade, he had been obliged, in order to facilitate the stowage, and the embarking and disembarking of animals, to do away with the luggage-boxes and the two boats. It was, perhaps, imprudent. The *Durande* had but one boat—namely, her long-boat; but this was an excellent one.

Ten years had elapsed since Rantaine's robbery.

This prosperity of the *Durande* had its weak point. It inspired no confidence. People regarded it as a risk. Lethierry's good fortune was looked upon as exceptional. He was considered to have gained by a lucky rashness. Some one, at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, who had imitated him had not succeeded. The enterprise had ruined the shareholders. The engines, said Lethierry, were badly constructed. But people shook their heads. Innovations have always to contend with the difficulty, that few wish them well. The least false step compromises them.

One of the commercial oracles of the Channel Islands, a certain banker from Paris, named Jauge, being consulted upon a steamboat

speculation, was reported to have turned his back, with the remark, "An investment is it you propose to me? Exactly; an investment in smoke."

On the other hand, the sailing-vessels had no difficulty in finding capitalists to take shares in a venture. Capital, in fact, was obstinately in favor of sails, and as obstinately against boilers and paddle-wheels. At Guernsey, the *Durande* was indeed a fact, but steam was not yet an established principle. Such is the fanatical spirit of conservatism in opposition to progress. They said of Lethierry, "It is all very well; but he could not do it a second time." Far from encouraging, his example inspired timidity. Nobody would have dared to risk another *Durande*.



BONNE ÉVIT-BAI

CHAPTER VI

THE SLOOP CASHMERE SAVES A SHIPWRECKED CREW

THE equinoctial gales begin early in the Channel. The sea there is narrow, and angers and vexes the winds. The westerly gales begin from the month of February, and the waves are beaten about from every quarter. Navigation becomes an anxious matter. The people on the coasts look to the signal-post, and begin to watch for vessels in distress. The sea is then like a cut-throat in ambush for his victim. An invisible trumpet sounds the alarm of war with the elements, furious blasts spring up from the horizon, and a terrible wind soon begins to blow. The dark night whistles and howls. In the depth of the clouds the black tempest distends its cheeks, and the storm arises.

The wind is one danger; the fogs are another.

Fogs have from all time been the terror of mariners. In certain fogs microscopic prisms of ice are found in suspension, to which Mariotte attributes halos, mock suns, and paraselenes. Storm-fogs are of a composite character; various gases of unequal specific gravity combine with the vapor of water, and arrange themselves, layer over layer, in an order which divides the dense mist into zones. Below ranges the iodine; above the iodine is the sulphur; above the sulphur the brome; above the brome the phosphorus. This, in a certain manner, and making allowance for electric and magnetic tension, explains several phenomena, as the St. Elmo's Fire of Columbus and Magellan, the flying stars moving about the ships, of which Seneca speaks; the two flames, Castor and Pollux, mentioned by Plutarch; the Roman legion, whose spears appeared to Caesar to take fire; the peak of the Chateau of Duino in Friuli, which the sentinel made to sparkle by touching it with his lance; and perhaps even those fulgurations from the earth which the ancients called Saturn's terrestrial lightnings.

At the equator, an immense mist seems permanently to encircle the globe. It is known as the Cloud-ring. The function of the Cloud-ring is to temper the heat of the tropics, as that of the Gulf-stream is to mitigate the coldness of the Pole. Under the Cloud-ring fogs are fatal. These are what are called *horse latitudes*. It was here that navigators of by-gone ages were accustomed to cast their horses into the sea to lighten the ship in stormy weather, and to economize the fresh water when becalmed. Columbus said, "*Nube abaco ex morte*," death lurks



in the low cloud. The Etruscans, who bear the same relation to meteorology which the Chaldeans did to astronomy, had two high priests—the high priest of the thunder, and the high priest of the clouds. The "*fulgurators*" observed the lightning, and the "*aquileges*" watched the mists. The college of Priest-Augurs was consulted by the Tyrians, the Phœnicians, the Pelasgi, and all the primitive navigators of the ancient *Mare Internum*. The origin of tempests was, from that time forward, partially understood. It is intimately connected with the

generation of fogs, and is, properly speaking, the same phenomenon. There exist upon the ocean three regions of fogs, one equatorial and two polar. The mariners give them but one name, the *pitch-pot*.

In all latitudes, and particularly in the Channel, the equinoctial fogs are dangerous. They shed a sudden darkness over the sea. One of the perils of fogs, even when not very dense, arises from their preventing the mariners perceiving the change of the bed of the sea by the variations of the color of the water. The result is a dangerous concealment of the approach of sands and breakers. The vessel steers towards the shoals without receiving any warning. Frequently the fogs leave a ship no resource except to lie-to, or to cast anchor. There are as many shipwrecks from the fogs as from the winds.

After a very violent squall succeeding one of these foggy days, the mail-boat *Cashmere* arrived safely from England. It entered at St. Peter's Port as the first gleam of day appeared upon the sea, and at the very moment when the cannon of Castle Cornet announced the sunrise. The sky had cleared: the sloop *Cashmere* was anxiously expected, as she was to bring the new rector of St. Sampson.

A little after the arrival of the sloop, a rumor ran through the town that she had been hailed during the night at sea by a long-boat containing a shipwrecked crew.



CHAPTER VII

HOW AN IDLER HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO BE SEEN BY
A FISHERMAN



ON that very night, at the moment when the wind abated, Gilliatt had gone out with his nets, without, however, taking his Dutch boat too far from the coast.

As he was returning with the rising tide, towards two o'clock in the afternoon, the sun was shining brightly, and he passed before the Beast's Horn to reach the little bay of the Bû de la Rue. At that moment he fancied that he saw, in the projection of the "Gild-Holm-'Ur" seat a shadow, which was not that of the rock.

He steered his vessel nearer, and was able to perceive a man sitting in the "Gild-Holm-'Ur." The sea was already very high, the rock encircled by the waves, and escape entirely cut off. Gilliatt made signs to the man. The stranger remained motionless. Gilliatt drew nearer.

The man was asleep.

He was attired in black. "He looks like a priest," thought Gilliatt.

He approached still nearer, and could distinguish the face of a young man.

The features were unknown to him.

The rock, happily, was abrupt; there was a good depth of water. Gilliatt wore off, and succeeded in skirting the rocky wall. The tide raised the bark so high that Gilliatt, by standing upon the gunwale of the sloop, could touch the man's feet. He raised himself upon the rail, and stretched out his hands.

If he had fallen at that moment, it is doubtful if he would have risen again on the water; the waves were rolling in between the boat and the rock, and destruction would have been inevitable.

He pulled the foot of the sleeping man.

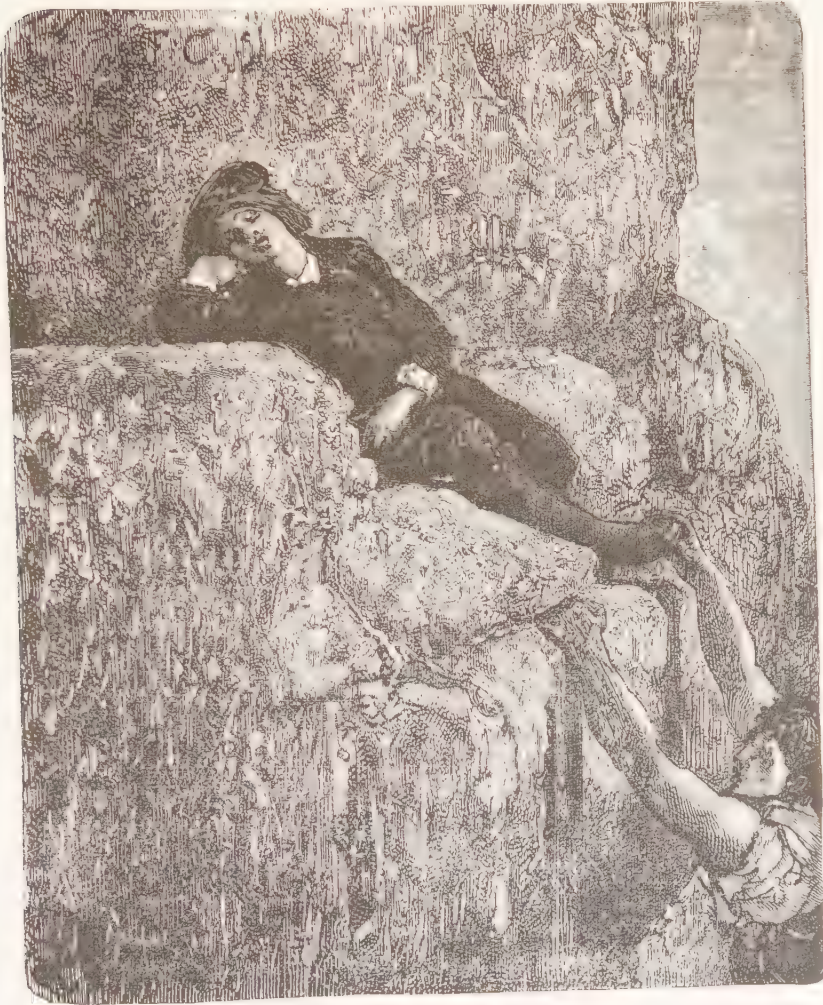
"Ho! there. What are you doing in this place?"

The man awoke, and muttered:

"I was looking about."

He was now completely awake, and continued:

"I have just arrived in this part. I came this way on a pleasure



trip. I have passed the night on the sea: the view from here seemed beautiful. I was weary, and fell asleep."

"Ten minutes later, and you would have been drowned."

"Ha!"

"Jump into my bark."

Gilliat kept the bark fast with his foot, clutched the rock with one

hand, and stretched out the other to the stranger in black, who sprang quickly into the boat. He was a fine young man.

Gilliatt seized the tiller, and in two minutes his boat entered the bay of the *Bû de la Rue*.

The young man wore a round hat and a white cravat; and his long black frock-coat was buttoned up to the neck. He had fair hair, which he wore *en couronne*. He had a somewhat feminine cast of features, a clear eye, a grave manner.

Meanwhile the boat had touched the ground. Gilliatt passed the cable through the mooring-ring, then turned and perceived the young man holding out a sovereign in a very white hand.

Gilliatt moved the hand gently away.

There was a pause.

The young man was the first to break the silence.

"You have saved me from death."

"Perhaps," replied Gilliatt.

The moorings were made fast, and they went ashore.

The stranger continued:

"I owe you my life, sir."

"No matter."

This reply from Gilliatt was again followed by a pause.

"Do you belong to this parish?"

"No," replied Gilliatt.

"To what parish, then?"

Gilliatt lifted up his right hand, pointed to the sky and said:

"To that yonder."

The young man bowed, and left him.

After walking a few paces, the stranger stopped, felt in his pocket, drew out a book, and returning towards Gilliatt, offered it to him.

"Permit me to make you a present of this."

Gilliatt took the volume.

It was a Bible.

An instant after, Gilliatt, leaning upon the parapet, was following the young man with his eyes as he turned the angle of the path which led to *St. Sampson*.

By little and little he lowered his gaze, forgot all about the stranger—knew no more whether the "*Gild-Holm-Ur*" existed. Everything disappeared before him in the bottomless depth of a reverie.

There was one abyss which swallowed up all his thoughts. This was *Déruchette*.

A voice calling him, aroused him from this dream.

"Ho there, Gilliatt!"

He recognized the voice and looked up.

"What is the matter, *Sieur Landoys*?"

It was, in fact, *Sieur Landoys*, who was passing along the road about one hundred paces from the *Bû de la Rue* in his *phaeton*, drawn



by one little horse. He had stopped to hail *Gilliatt*, but he seemed hurried.

"There is news, *Gilliatt*."

"Where is that?"

"At the *Bravées*."

"What is it?"

"I am too far off to tell you the story."

Gilliatt shuddered.

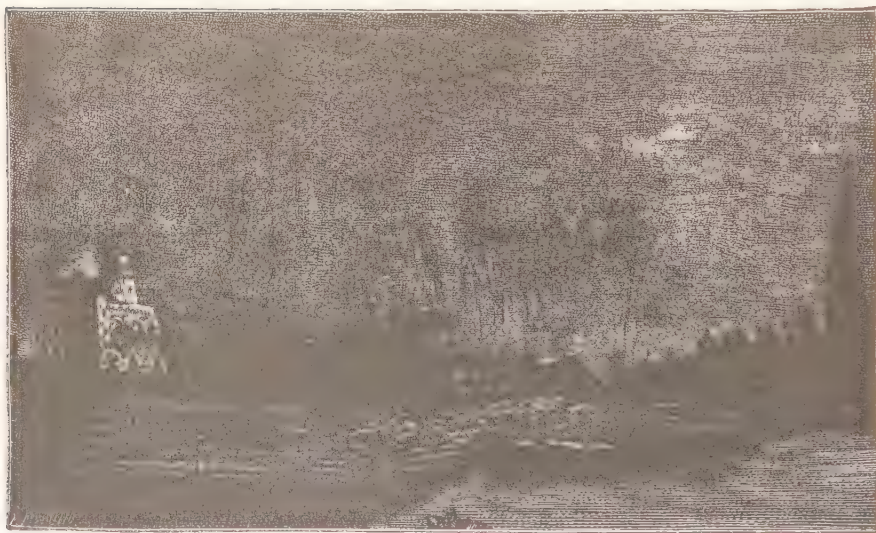
"Is Miss Déruchette going to be married?"

"No; but she had better look out for a husband."

"What do you mean?"

"Go up to the house and you will learn."

And Sieur Landoy's whipped on his horse.





OLD ST. MALO.

BOOK V

THE REVOLVER

CHAPTER I

CONVERSATIONS AT THE JEAN TAVERN



SEUR CLUBIN was a man who bided his time. He was short in stature, and his complexion was yellow. He had the strength of a bull. His sea life had not tanned his skin; his flesh had a sallow hue; it was the color of a wax candle, of which his eyes, too, had something of the steady light. His memory was peculiarly retentive. With him, to have seen a man once, was to have him like a note in a note-book. His quiet glance took possession of you. The pupil of his eye received the impression of a face, and kept it like a portrait. The face might grow old, but *Sieur Clubin* never lost it; it was impossible to cheat that tenacious memory. *Sieur Clubin* was curt in speech, grave in manner, bold in action. No gestures were ever indulged in by him. An air of candor won everybody to him at first; many people thought him artless. He had a wrinkle in the corner of his eye, astonishingly expressive of simplicity. As we have said, no abler mariner existed; no one like him for reefing a sail, for keeping a vessel's head to the wind, or the sails well set. Never did reputation for religion and integrity stand higher than his. To have suspected him would have been to bring yourself under suspicion. He

was on terms of intimacy with Monsieur Rébuchet, a money-changer at St. Malo, who lived in the Rue St. Vincent, next door to the gunsmith; and Monsieur Rébuchet would say, "I would leave my shop in Clubin's hands."

Sieur Clubin was a widower; his wife, like himself, had enjoyed a high reputation for probity. She had died with a fame for incorruptible virtue. If the bailli had whispered gallant things in her ear, she would have impeached him before the king. If a saint had made love to her, she would have told it to the priest. This couple, Sieur and Dame Clubin, had realized in Torteval the ideal of the English epithet "respectable." Dame Clubin's reputation was as the snowy whiteness of the swan; Sieur Clubin's like that of ermine itself—a spot would have been fatal to him. He could hardly have picked up a pin without making inquiries for the owner. He would send round the town-crier about a box of matches. One day he went into a wine-shop at St. Servan, and said to the man who kept it, "Three years ago I breakfasted here; you made a mistake in the bill;" and he returned the man thirteen sous. He was the very personification of probity, with a certain compression of the lips indicative of watchfulness.

He seemed, indeed, always on the watch—for what? For rogues, probably.

Every Tuesday he commanded the *Durande* on her passage from Guernsey to St. Malo. He arrived at St. Malo on the Tuesday evening, stayed two days there to discharge and take in a new cargo, and started again for Guernsey on Friday morning.

There was at that period, at St. Malo, a little tavern near the harbor, which was called the "Auberge Jean."

The construction of the modern quays swept away this house. At this period, the sea came up as far as the St. Vincent and Dinan gates. At low water St. Malo and St. Servan communicated with each other by covered carts and other vehicles, which passed to and fro among vessels lying high and dry, avoiding the buoys, the anchors, and cables, and running the risk now and then of smashing their leathern hoods against the lowered yards, or the end of a jibboom. Between the tides, the drivers drove their horses over those sands, where, six hours afterwards, the winds would be beating the rolling waves. The four-and-twenty carrying dogs of St. Malo, who tore to pieces a naval officer in 1770, were accustomed to prowl about this beach. This excess of zeal on their part led to the destruction of the pack. Nocturnal barkings are no longer heard between the little and the great Talard.

Sieur Clubin was accustomed to stay at the Auberge Jean. The French office of the *Durande* was held there.



THE OLD PIER-ST. MALO.

FIGURE 89.

The custom-house officers and coast-guardmen came to take their meals and to drink at the Auberge Jean. They had their separate tables. The custom-house officers of Binic found it convenient for the service to meet there with their brother officers of St. Malo.

Captains of vessels came there also; but they ate at another table.

Sieur Clubin sat sometimes at one, sometimes at the other table, but preferred the table of the custom-house men to that of the sea captains. He was always welcome at either.

The tables were well served. There were strange refinements on local drinks specially provided for foreign sailors. A dandy sailor from Bilboa could have been supplied there with a *helada*. People drank stout there, as at Greenwich; or brown *gueuse*, as at Antwerp.

Masters of vessels who came from long voyages and ship-owners sometimes appeared at the captains' table, where they exchanged news. "How are sugars? That commission is only for small lots—The brown kinds, however, are going off. Three thousand bags of East India, and five hundred hogsheads of Sagua.—Take my word, the opposition will end by defeating Villèle.—What about indigo? Only seven serons of Guatcmala changed hands.—The 'Nanine-Julia' is in the roads; a pretty three-master from Brittany.—The two cities of La Plata are at loggerheads again.—When Monte Video gets fat, Buenos Ayres grows lean.—It has been found necessary to transfer the cargo of the 'Regina-Cœli,' which has been condemned at Callao.—Cocoas go off briskly.—Caraque bags are quoted at one hundred and thirty-four, and Trinidad's at seventy-three.—It appears that at the review in the Champ de Mars, the people cried, 'Down with the ministers!'—The raw salt Saladeros hides are selling—ox-hides at sixty francs, and cows' at forty-eight.—Have they passed the Balkans?—What is Diebitsch about?—Aniseed is in demand at San Francisco. Plagniol olive-oil is quiet.—Gruyère cheese, in bulk, is thirty-two francs the quintal.—Well, is Leo XII. dead?" etc., etc.

All these things were talked about and commented on aloud. At the table of the custom-house and coast-guard officers they spoke in a lower key.

Matters of police and revenue on the coast and in the ports require, in fact, a little more privacy, and a little less clearness in the conversation.

The sea-captains' table was presided over by an old captain of a large vessel, M. Gertrais-Gaboureaux. M. Gertrais-Gaboureaux was not a man; he was a barometer. His long life at sea had given him a surprising power of prognosticating the state of the weather. He seemed to issue a decree for the weather to-morrow. He sounded the winds,

and felt the pulse, as it were, of the tides. He bade the clouds to show their tongue—that is to say, their forked lightnings. He was the physician of the wave, the breeze, and the squall. The ocean was his patient. He had traveled round the world like a doctor round a hospital-ward, examining every kind of climate in its good and bad condition. He was profoundly versed in the pathology of the seasons. Sometimes he would be heard delivering himself in this fashion: “The barometer descended in 1796 to three degrees below tempest point.” He was a sailor from real love of the sea. He hated England as much as he liked the ocean. He had carefully studied English ship-building, and considered himself to have discovered its weak point. He would explain how the “Sovereign” of 1637 differed from the “Royal William” of 1670, and from the “Victory” of 1775. He compared their build as to their forecastles and quarter-decks. He looked back with regret to the towers upon the deck, and the funnel-shaped tops of the “Great Harry” of 1514—probably regarding them from the point of view of convenient lodging-places for French cannon-balls. In his eyes, nations only existed for their naval institutions. He indulged in some odd figures of speech on this subject. He considered the term “The Trinity House,” as sufficiently indicating England. The “Northern Commissioners” were in like manner synonymous in his mind with Scotland; the “Ballast Board,” with Ireland. He was full of nautical information. He was, in himself, a marine alphabet and almanac, a tariff and low-water mark, all combined. He knew by heart all the light-house dues—particularly those of the English coast—one penny per ton for passing before this; one farthing before that. He would tell you that the Small Rock Light which once used to burn two hundred gallons of oil, now consumes fifteen hundred. Once, aboard ship, he was attacked by a dangerous disease, and was believed to be dying. The crew assembled round his hammock, and in the midst of his groans and agony, he addressed the chief carpenter with the words, “You had better make a mortise in each side of the main caps, and put in a bit of iron to help pass the top ropes through.” His habit of command had given to his countenance an expression of authority.

It was rare that the subjects of conversation at the captains’ table and at that of the custom-house men were the same. This, however, did happen to be the case in the first days of that month of February, to which the course of this history has now brought us. The three-master “*Tamaulipas*,” Captain Zuela, arrived from Chili, and bound thither again, was the theme of discussion at both tables.

At the captains’ table they were talking of her cargo; and at that

of the custom-house people, of certain circumstances connected with her recent proceedings.

Captain Zuela, of Copiapo, was partly a Chilean and partly a Colombian. He had taken a part in the war of Independence in a true independent fashion, adhering sometimes to Bolivar, sometimes to Morillo, according as he had found it to his interest. He had enriched himself by serving all causes. No man in the world could have been more Bourbonist, more Bonapartist, more absolutist, more liberal, more atheistical, or more devoutly Catholic. He belonged to that great and renowned party, which may be called the party of Lucre. From time to time he made his appearance in France on commercial voyages; and if report spoke truly, he willingly gave a passage to fugitives of any kind—bankrupts or political refugees, it was all the same to him, provided they could pay. His mode of taking them aboard was simple. The fugitive waited upon a lonely point of the coast, and at the moment of setting sail, Zuela would detach a small boat to fetch him. On his last voyage he had assisted in this way an outlaw and fugitive from justice, named Berton; and on this occasion he was suspected of being about to aid the flight of the men implicated in the affair of the Bidassoa. The police were informed, and had their eye upon him.

This period was an epoch of flights and escapes. The Restoration in France was a reactionary movement. Revolutions are fruitful of voluntary exile; and restorations of wholesale banishments. During the first seven or eight years which followed the return of the Bourbons, panic was universal—in finance, in industry, in commerce, men felt the ground tremble beneath them. Bankruptcies were numerous in the commercial world; in the political, there was a general rush to escape. Lavalette had taken flight, Lefebvre Desnouettes had taken flight, Delon had taken flight. Special tribunals were again in fashion—*plus* Trestaillon. People instinctively shunned the Pont de Saumur, the esplanade de la Réole, the wall of the Observatoire in Paris, the tower of Taurias at Avignon—dismal landmarks in history where the period of reaction has left its sign-spots, on which the marks of that blood-stained hand are still visible. In London the Thistlewood affair, with its ramifications in France; in Paris the Trogoff trial, with its ramifications in Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, had increased the motives for anxiety and flight, and given an impetus to that mysterious rout which left so many gaps in the social system of that day. To find a place of safety, this was the general care. To be implicated was to be ruined. The spirit of the military tribunals had survived their institution. Sentences were matters of favor. People fled to Texas, to the Rocky Mountains, to Peru, to Mexico. The men of the Loire, traitors

then, but now regarded as patriots, had founded the *Champ d'Asile*. Béranger in one of his songs says—

“ Barbarians ! we are Frenchmen born ;
Pity us, glorious, yet forlorn.”

Self-banishment was the only resource left. Nothing, perhaps, seems simpler than flight, but that monosyllable has a terrible significance. Every obstacle is in the way of the man who slips away. Taking to flight necessitates disguise. Persons of importance, even illustrious characters, were reduced to these expedients, only fit for malefactors. Their independent habits rendered it difficult for them to escape through the meshes of authority. A rogue who violates the conditions of his ticket-of-leave comports himself before the police as innocently as a saint ; but imagine innocence constrained to act a part ; virtue disguising its voice ; a glorious reputation hiding under a mask. Yonder passer-by is a man of well-earned celebrity ; he is in quest of a false passport. The equivocal proceedings of one absconding from the reach of the law is no proof that he is not a hero. Ephemeral but characteristic features of the time of which our so-called regular history takes no note, but which the true painter of the age will bring out into relief. Under cover of these flights and concealments of honest men, genuine rogues, less watched and suspected, manage often to get clear off. A scoundrel, who found it convenient to disappear, would take advantage of the general pell-mell, tack himself on to the political refugees, and, thanks to his greater skill in the art, would contrive to appear in that dim twilight more honest even than his honest neighbors. Nothing looks more awkward and confused sometimes than honesty unjustly condemned. It is out of its element, and is almost sure to commit itself.

It is a curious fact, that this voluntary expatriation, particularly with dishonest folks, appeared to lead to every strange turn of fortune. The modicum of civilization which a scamp brought with him from London or Paris became, perhaps, a valuable stock in trade in some primitive country, ingratiated him with the people, and enabled him to strike into new paths. There is nothing impossible in a man's escaping thus from the laws, to reappear elsewhere as a dignitary among the priesthood. There was something phantasmagorial in these sudden disappearances ; and more than one such flight has led to events like the marvels of a dream. An escapade of this kind, indeed, seemed to end naturally in the wild and wonderful ; as when some broken bankrupt suddenly decamps to turn up again twenty years later as Grand Vizier to the Mogul, or as a king in Tasmania.

Rendering assistance to these fugitives was an established trade, and, looking to the abundance of business of that kind, was a highly profitable one. It was generally carried on as a supplementary branch of certain recognized kinds of commerce.

A person, for instance, desiring to escape to England, applied to the smugglers; one who desired to get to America, had recourse to sea-captains like Zuela.

CHAPTER II

CLUBIN OBSERVES SOME ONE



UELA came sometimes to take refreshment at the Jean Auberge. Clubin knew him by sight.

For that matter Clubin was not proud. He did not disdain even to know scamps by sight. He went so far sometimes as to cultivate even a closer acquaintance with them; giving his hand in the open street, or saying good-day to them. He talked English with the smugglers, and jabbered Spanish with the *contrebandistas*. On this subject he had at command a number of apologetic phrases. "Good," he said, "can be abstracted out of the knowledge of evil. The gamekeeper may find advantage in knowing the poacher. The good pilot may sound the depths of a pirate, who is only a sort of hidden rock. I test the quality of a scoundrel as a doctor will test a poison." There was no answering a battery of proverbs like this. Everybody gave Clubin credit for his shrewdness. People praised him for not indulging in a ridiculous delicacy. Who, then, should dare to speak scandal of him on this point? Everything he did was evidently "for the good of the service." With him, all was straightforward. Nothing could stain his good fame. Crystal might more easily become sullied. This general confidence in him was the natural reward of a long life of integrity, the crowning advantage of a settled reputation. Whatever Clubin might do, or appear to do, was sure to be interpreted favorably. He had attained almost to a state of impeccability. Over and above this, "he is very wary," people said: and from a situation which in others would have given rise to suspicion, his integrity would extricate itself, with a still greater halo of reputation for ability. This reputation for ability mingled harmoniously with his fame for perfect simplicity of character. Great simplicity and great talents in conjunction are not uncommon. The compound constitutes one of the varieties

of the virtuous man, and one of the most valuable. Simeon Chubb was one of those men who might be found in intimate conversation with a sharper or a thief, without suffering any diminution of respect in the minds of their neighbors.



The Tamaulipas had completed her loading. She was ready for sea, and was preparing to sail very shortly.

One Tuesday evening the *Idem* arrived at St. Mateo when it was still broad daylight. Simeon Chubb, standing upon the bridge of the vessel, and superintending the arrangements necessary for getting her into port, perceived upon the sandy beach, near the *Puerto de San Mateo*, two

men, who were conversing between the rocks, in a solitary spot. He observed them with his sea-glass, and recognized one of the men. It was Captain Zuela. He seemed to recognize the other also.

This other was a person of high stature, a little grey. He wore the broad-brimmed hat and the sober clothing of the Society of Friends. He was probably a Quaker. He lowered his gaze with an air of extreme diffidence.

On arriving at the Jean Auberge, *Sieur Clubin* learned that the *Tamaulipas* was preparing to sail in about ten days.

It has since become known that he obtained information on some other points.

That night he entered the gunsmith's shop in the *St. Vincent Street*, and said to the master:

"Do you know what a revolver is?"

"Yes," replied the gunsmith. "It is an American weapon."

"It is a pistol with which a man can carry on a conversation."

"Exactly: an instrument which comprises in itself both the question and the answer."

"And the rejoinder too."

"Precisely, *Monsieur Clubin*. A rotatory cannon."

"I shall want one with five or six barrels."

The gunmaker twisted the corner of his lip, and made that peculiar noise which, when accompanied by a toss of the head, expresses admiration.

"The weapon is a good one, *Monsieur Clubin*. It will be a success."

"I want a revolver with six barrels."

"I have not one."

"What! and you a gunmaker!"

"I do not keep such articles yet. You see, it is a new thing. It is only just coming into vogue. French makers, as yet, confine themselves to the simple pistol."

"Nonsense."

"It has not yet become an article of commerce."

"Nonsense, I say."

"I have excellent pistols."

"I want a revolver."

"I agree that it is more useful. Stop, *Monsieur Clubin*!"

"What?"

"I believe I know where there is one at this moment in *St. Malo*; to be had at a bargain.

"A revolver?"

"Yes."

"For sale?"

"Yes."

"Where is that?"

"I believe I know; or I can find out."

"When can you give me an answer?"

"A bargain; but of good quality."

"When shall I return?"

"If I procure you a revolver, remember, it will be a good one."

"When will you give me an answer?"

"After your next voyage."

"Do not mention that it is for me," said Clubin.

CHAPTER III

CLUBIN CARRIES AWAY SOMETHING AND BRINGS BACK NOTHING



SEUR CLUBIN completed the loading of the *Durande*, embarked a number of cattle and some passengers, and left St. Malo for Guernsey, as usual, on the Friday morning.

On that same Friday, when the vessel had gained the open, which permits the captain to absent himself a moment from the place of command, Clubin entered his cabin, shut himself in, took a traveling-bag which he kept there, put into one of its compartments some biscuit, some boxes of preserves, a few pounds of chocolate in sticks, a chronometer, and a sea telescope, and passed through the handles a cord, ready prepared, to sling it if necessary. Then he descended into the hold, went into the compartment where the cables are kept, and was seen to come up again with one of those knotted ropes heavy with a metal hook, which are used by ship caulkers at sea and by robbers ashore. Cords of this kind are useful in climbing.

Having arrived at Guernsey, Clubin repaired to Torteval. He took with him the traveling-bag and the knotted cord, but did not bring them back again.

Let us repeat once for all, the Guernsey which we are describing is that ancient Guernsey which no longer exists, and of which it would be impossible to find a parallel now anywhere except in the country. There it is still flourishing, but in the towns it has passed away. The same remarks apply to Jersey. St. Helier's is as civilized as Dieppe, St. Peter's Port as L'Orient. Thanks to the progress of civilization, thanks to the admirably enterprising spirit of that brave island people, everything has been changed during the last forty years in the Norman Archipelago. Where there was darkness there is now light. With these premises let us proceed.

At that period, then, which is already so far removed from us as to

have become historical, smuggling was carried on very extensively in the Channel. The smuggling vessels abounded, particularly on the western coast of Guernsey. People of that peculiarly clever kind who know, even in the smallest details, what went on half a century ago, will even cite you the names of these suspicious craft, which were almost always Asturians or Guipuseoans. It is certain that a week scarcely ever passed without one or two being seen either in Saint's Bay or at Pleinmont. Their coming and going had almost the character of a regular service. A cavern in the cliffs at Sark was called then, and is still called, the "Shops" ("*Les Boutiques*") from its being the place where these smugglers made their bargains with the purchasers of their merchandise. This sort of traffic had in the Channel a dialect of its own, a vocabulary of contraband technicalities now forgotten, and which was to the Spanish what the "Levantine" is to the Italian.

On many parts of the English coast smuggling had a secret but cordial understanding with legitimate and open commerce. It had access to the house of more than one great financier, by the back-stairs it is true; and its influence extended itself mysteriously through all the commercial world, and the intricate ramifications of manufacturing industry. Merchant on one side, smuggler on the other; such was the key to the secret of many great fortunes. Séguin affirmed it of Bourgain, Bourgain of Séguin. We do not vouch for their accusations; it is possible that they were calumniating each other. However this may have been, it is certain that the contraband trade, though hunted down by the law, was flourishing enough in certain financial circles. It had relations with "the very best society." Thus the brigand Mandrin, in other days, found himself occasionally tête-à-tête with the Count of Charolais; for this underhand trade often contrived to put on a very respectable appearance; kept a house of its own with an irreproachable exterior.

All this necessitated a host of manœuvres and connivances, which required impenetrable secrecy. A contrabandist was entrusted with a good many things, and knew how to keep them secret. An inviolable confidence was the condition of his existence. The first quality, in fact, in a smuggler was strict honor in his own circle. No discreetness, no smuggling. Fraud has its secrets like the priest's confessional.

These secrets were indeed, as a rule, faithfully kept. The contrabandist swore to betray nothing, and he kept his word; nobody was more trustworthy than the genuine smuggler. The Judge Alcade of Oyarzun captured a smuggler one day, and put him to torture to compel him to disclose the name of the capitalist who secretly supported him. The smuggler refused to tell. The capitalist in question was the Judge

Alcade himself. Of these two accomplices, the judge and the smuggler, the one had been compelled, in order to appear in the eyes of the world to fulfill the law, to put the other to the torture; which the other had patiently borne for the sake of his oath.

The two most famous smugglers who haunted Pleinmont at that period were Blasco and Blasquito. They were *Tocayos*. This was a sort of Spanish or Catholic relationship which consisted in having the same patron saint in heaven; a thing, it will be admitted, not less worthy of consideration than having the same father upon earth.

When a person was initiated into the furtive ways of the contraband business, nothing was more easy, or from a certain point of view more troublesome, than to have an interview with these men. It was sufficient to have no fear of dark nights, to repair to Pleinmont, and to consult the oracle located there.

CHAPTER IV

PLEINMONT



PLEINMONT, near Portcreek, is one of the three corners of the island of Guernsey. At the extremity of the cape there rises a high turfy hill, which looks over the sea.

The height is a lonely place. All the more lonely from there being one solitary house there.

This house adds terror to solitude.

It is popularly believed to be haunted.

Haunted or not, its aspect is singular.

Built of granite, and rising only two stories high, it stands in the midst of the grassy solitude. It is in a perfectly good condition as far as exterior is concerned; the walls are thick and the roof is sound. Not a stone is wanting in the sides, not a tile upon the roof. A brick-built chimney-stack supports the angle of the roof. The building turns its back to the sea, being on that side merely a blank wall. On examining this wall, however, attentively, the visitor perceives a little window bricked up. The two gables have three dormer windows, one fronting the east, the others fronting the west, but both are bricked up in like manner. The front, which looks inland, has alone a door and windows. This door, too, is walled in, as are also the two windows of the ground-floor. On the first floor—and this is the feature which is most striking as you approach—there are two open windows; but these are even more suspicious than the blind windows. Their open squares look dark even in broad day, for they have no panes of glass, or even window-frames. They open simply upon the dusk within. They strike the imagination like empty sockets of two torn-out eyes. Inside all is deserted. Through the gaping casements you may mark the ruin within. No panelings, no woodwork; all bare stone. It is like a windowed sepulchre, giving liberty to the spectres to look out upon the

daylight world. The rains sap the foundations on the seaward side. A few nettles, shaken by the breeze, flourish in the lower part of the walls. Far around the horizon there is no other human habitation. The house is a void; the abode of silence: but if you place your ear against the wall and listen, you may distinguish a confused noise now and then, like the flutter of wings. Over the walled door, upon the stone which forms its architrave, are sculptured these letters, "ELM-PILLG," with the date "1780."

The dark shadow of night and the mournful light of the moon, find entrance there.

The sea completely surrounds the house. Its situation is magnificent; but for that reason its aspect is more sinister. The beauty of the spot becomes a puzzle. Why does not a human family take up its abode here? The place is beautiful, the house well built. Whence this neglect? To these questions, obvious to the reason, succeed others, suggested by the imagination which the place inspires. Why is this cultivatable garden uncultivated? No master for it; and the doorway bricked up. What has happened to the place? Why is it shunned by men? What business is done here? If none, why is there no one here? Is it only when all the rest of the world are asleep that some one in this spot is awake? Dark squalls, wild winds, birds of prey, strange creatures, unknown forms, present themselves to the mind, and connect themselves somehow with this deserted house. For what class of wayfarers can this be the hostelry? You imagine to yourself whirlwinds of rain and hail beating in at the open casements, and wandering through the rooms. Tempests have left their vague traces upon the interior walls. The chambers, though walled and covered in, are visited by the hurricanes. Has the house been the scene of some great crime? You may almost fancy that this spectral dwelling, given up to solitude and darkness, might be heard calling aloud for succor. Does it remain silent? Do voices indeed issue from it? What business has it on hand in this lonely place? The mystery of the dark hours rests securely here. Its aspect is disquieting at noon-day; what must it be at midnight? The dreamer asks himself—for dreams have their coherence—what this house may be between the twilight of evening and the twilight of dawn? Has the vast supernatural world some relation with this deserted height, which sometimes compels it to arrest its movements here, and to descend and to become visible? Do the scattered elements of the spirit world whirl around it? Does the impalpable take form and substance here? Insoluble riddles! A holy awe is in the very stones; that dim twilight has surely relations with the infinite Unknown. When the sun has gone down, the fisher-boats



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

will return, the song of the birds will be hushed, the goatherd behind the hills will go homeward with his goats; reptiles, taking courage from the gathering darkness, will creep through the fissures of rocks; the stars will begin to appear, night will come, but yonder two blank casements will still be there, gaping. They open to welcome spirits and apparitions; for it is by the names of apparitions, ghosts, phantom faces vaguely distinct, masks in the lurid light, mysterious movements of souls, and shadows, that the popular faith, at once ignorant and profound, translates the sombre relations of this dwelling with the world of darkness.

The house is "haunted;" the popular phrase comprises everything.

Credulous minds have their explanation; common-sense thinkers have theirs also. "Nothing is more simple," say the latter, "than the history of the house. It is an old observatory of the time of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire and the days of smuggling. It was built for such objects. The wars being ended, the house was abandoned: but it was not pulled down, as it might one day again become useful. The door and windows have been walled to prevent people entering, or doing injury to the interior. The walls of the windows, on the three sides which face the sea, have been bricked up against the winds of the south and south-west. That is all."

The ignorant and the credulous, however, are not satisfied. In the first place, the house was not built at the period of the wars of the Revolution. It bears the date "1780," which was anterior to the Revolution. In the next place, it was not built for an observatory. It bears the letters, "ELM-PHELLO," which are the double monogram of two families, and which indicate, according to usage, that the house was built for the use of a newly-married couple. Then it has certainly been inhabited: why then should it be abandoned? If the door and windows were bricked up to prevent people entering the house only, why were two windows left open? Why are there no shutters, no window-frames, no glass? Why were the walls bricked in on one side if not on the other? The wind is prevented from entering from the south; but why is it allowed to enter from the north?

The credulous are wrong, no doubt; but it is clear that the common-sense thinkers have not discovered the key to the mystery. The problem remains still unsolved.

It is certain that the house is generally believed to have been more useful than inconvenient to the smugglers.

The growth of superstitious terror tends to deprive facts of their true proportions. Without doubt, many of the nocturnal phenomena

which have, by little and little, secured to the building the reputation of being haunted, might be explained by obscure and furtive visits, by brief sojourns of sailors near the spot, and sometimes by the precaution, sometimes by the daring, of men engaged in certain suspicious occupations, concealing themselves for their dark purposes, or allowing themselves to be seen in order to inspire dread.

At this period, already a remote one, many daring deeds were possible. The police, particularly in small places, was by no means as efficient as in these days.

Add to this, that if the house was really, as was said, a resort of the smugglers, their meetings there must, up to a certain point, have been safe from interruption precisely because the house was dreaded by the superstitious people of the country. Its ghostly reputation prevented its being visited for other reasons. People do not generally apply to the police, or officers of customs, on the subject of spectres. The superstitious rely on making the sign of the cross; not on indictments. There is always a tacit connivance, involuntary it may be, but not the less real, between the objects which inspire fear and their victims. The terror-stricken feel a sort of culpability in having encountered their terrors; they imagine themselves to have unveiled a secret; and they have an inward fear, unknown even to themselves, of aggravating their guilt, and exciting the anger of the apparitions. All this makes them discreet. And over and above this reason, the very instinct of the credulous is silence; dread is akin to dumbness; the terrified speak little; horror seems always to whisper, "Hush!"

It must be remembered that this was a period when the Guernsey peasants believed that the Mystery of the Holy Manger is repeated by oxen and asses every year on a fixed day; a period when no one would have dared to enter a stable at night for fear of coming upon the animals on their knees.

If the local legends and stories of the people can be credited, the popular superstition went so far as to fasten to the walls of the house at Pleinmont, things of which the traces are still visible—rats without feet, bats without wings, and bodies of other dead animals. Here, too, were seen roads crushed between the pages of a Bible, bunches of yellow lupins, and other strange offerings, placed there by imprudent passers-by at night, who, having fancied that they had seen something, hoped by these small sacrifices to obtain pardon, and to appease the ill-humors of were-wolves, vampires, and evil spirits. In all times, believers of this kind have flourished; some even in very high places. Cæsar consulted Sagana, and Napoleon Mademoiselle Lenormand. There are a kind of consciences so tender, that they must seek indulgences even from Beel-

zebug. "*May God do, and Satan not undo,*" was one of the prayers of Charles the Fifth. Others are still more timorous. They come to persuade themselves that they may commit sins even against the Evil One; and one of their cherished objects was, to be irreproachable even in the eyes of Satan. We find here an explanation of those adorations some-



times paid to infernal spirits. It is only one more species of fanaticism. Sins against the devil certainly exist in certain morbid imaginations. The fancy that they have violated the laws of the lower regions torments certain eccentric casuists; they are haunted with scruples even about offending the demons. A belief in the efficacy of devotions to the mysteries of the Brocken or Armuyr, a notion of having committed

sins against hell, visionary penances for imaginary crimes, avowals of the truth to the spirit of falsehood, self-accusation before the origin of all evil, and confessions in an inverted sense—are all realities, or things at least which have existed. The annals of criminal procedure against witchcraft and magic prove this in every page. Human folly unhappily extends even thus far; when terror seizes upon a man he does not stop. He dreams of imaginary faults, imaginary purifications, and clears out his conscience with the ghost of the old witches' broom.

Be this as it may, if the house at Pleinmont had its secrets, it kept them to itself; except by some rare chance, no one went there to see. It was left entirely alone. Few people, indeed, like to run the risk of an encounter with the other world.

Owing to the terror which it inspired, and which kept at a distance all who could observe or bear testimony on the subject, it had always been easy to obtain an entrance there at night by means of a rope ladder, or even by the use of the first ladder coming to hand in one of the neighboring fields. A consignment of goods or provisions left there, might await in perfect safety the time and opportunity for a furtive embarkation. Tradition relates that forty years ago a fugitive—for political offenses as some affirm, for commercial as others say—remained for some time concealed in the haunted house at Pleinmont; whence he finally succeeded in embarking in a fishing-boat for England. From England a passage is easily obtained to America.

Tradition also avers that provisions deposited in this house remain there untouched, Lucifer and the smugglers having an interest in inducing whoever places them there to return.

From the summit of this house, there is a view to the south of the Hanway Rocks, at about a mile from the shore.

These rocks are famous. They have been guilty of all the evil deeds of which rocks are capable. They are the most ruthless destroyers of the sea. They lie in a treacherous ambush for vessels in the night. They have contributed to the enlargement of the cemeteries at Torteval and Rocquaine.

A light-house was erected upon these rocks in 1862.

At the present day, the Hanways light the way for the vessels which they once lured to destruction; the destroyer in ambush now bears a lighted torch in his hand; and mariners seek in the horizon, as a protector and a guide, the rock which they used to fly as a pitiless enemy. It gives confidence by night in that vast space where it was so long a terror—like a robber converted into a gendarme.

There are three Hanways: the Great Hanway, the Little Hanway,

and the Mauve. It is upon the Little Hanway that the red light is placed.

This reef of rocks forms part of a group of peaks, some beneath the sea, some rising out of it. It towers above them all; like a fortress, it has advanced works: on the side of the open sea, a chain of thirteen rocks; on the north, two breakers—the High Fourquies, the Needles, and a sandbank called the Héronée. On the south, three rocks—the Cat Rock, the Percée, and the Herpin Rock; then two banks—the South Bank and the Muet: besides which, there is, on the side opposite Pleinmont, level with the water, the Tas de Pois d'Aval.

To swim across the channel from the Hanways to Pleinmont is difficult, but not impossible. We have already said that this was one of the achievements of Clubin. The expert swimmer who knows this channel can find two resting-places, the Round Rock, and further on, a little out of the course, to the left, the Red Rock.

CHAPTER V

THE BIRDS'-NESTERS

IT was near the period of that Saturday which was passed by Sieur Clubin at Torteval that a curious incident occurred, which was little heard of at the time, and which did not generally transpire till a long time afterwards. For many things, as we have already observed, remain undivulged, simply by reason of the terror which they have caused in those who have witnessed them.

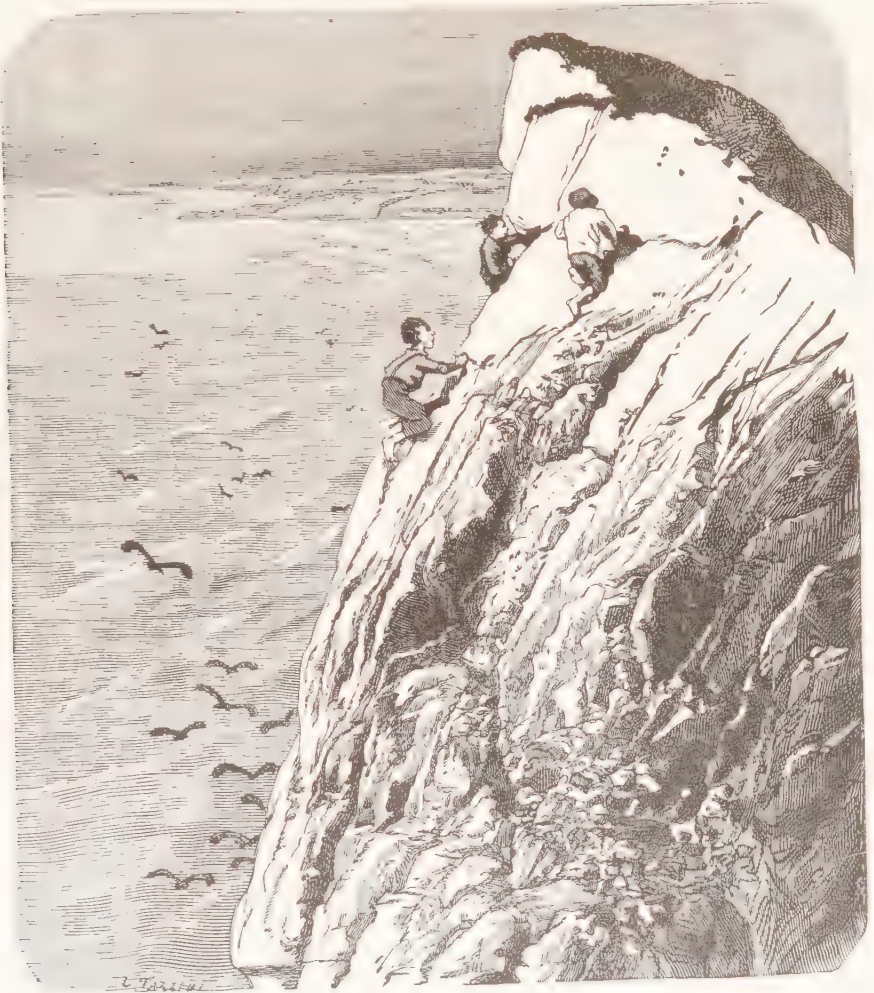
In the night-time between Saturday and Sunday—we are exact in the matter of the date, and we believe it to be correct—three boys climbed up the hill at Pleinmont. The boys returned to the village; they came from the seashore. They were what are called, in the corrupt French of that part, “*déniquoiseaux*,” or birds'-nesters. Wherever there are cliffs and cleft-rocks overhanging the sea, the young birds'-nesters abound. The reader will remember that Gilliatt interfered in this matter for the sake of the birds as well as for the sake of the children.

The “*déniquoiseaux*” are a sort of gamins of the ocean, and are not very timid.

The night was very dark. Dense masses of cloud obscured the zenith. Three o'clock had sounded in the steeple of Torteval, which is round and pointed like a magician's hat.

Why did the boys return so late? Nothing more simple. They had been searching for sea-gulls' nests in the Tas de Pois d'Aval. The season having been very mild, the pairing of the birds had begun very early. The children watching the fluttering of the male and female about their nests, and excited by the pursuit, had forgotten the time. The waters had crept up around them; they had no time to regain the little bay in which they had moored their boat, and they were com-

pelled to wait upon one of the peaks of the Tas de Pois for the ebb of the tide. Hence their late return. Mothers wait on such occasions in feverish anxiety for the return of their children, and when they find them safe, give vent to their joy in the shape of anger, and relieve their tears by dealing them a sound drubbing. The boys accordingly



hastened their steps, but in fear and trembling. Their haste was of that sort which is glad of an excuse for stopping, and which is not inconsistent with a reluctance to reach their destination: for they had before them the prospect of embraces mixed with a thrashing.

One only of the boys had nothing of this to fear. He was an orphan: a French boy, without father or mother, and perfectly content

just then with his motherless condition; for nobody taking any interest in him, his back was safe from the dreaded blows. The two others were natives of Guernsey, and belonged to the parish of Torteval.

Having climbed the high crest of rock, the three birds'-nesters reached the table-land on which was situate the haunted house.

They began by being in fear, which is the proper frame of mind of every passer-by: and particularly of every child at that hour and in that place.

They had a strong desire to take to their heels as fast as possible, and a strong desire, also, to stay and look.

They did stop.

They looked towards the solitary building.

It was all dark and terrible.

It stood in the midst of the solitary plain—an obscure block, a hideous but symmetrical excrescence; a high square mass with right-angled corners, like an immense altar to the darkness.

The first thought of the boys was to run: the second was to draw nearer. They had never seen this house before. There is such a thing as a desire to be frightened arising from curiosity. They had a little French boy with them, which emboldened them to approach.

It is well known that the French believe nothing.

Besides, it is reassuring to have company in danger; to be frightened in the company of two others is encouraging.

And then they were hunters, they were children, they were three, they were all together not thirty years old, they were used to search, to rummage, to spy out hidden things. They were in the habit of peeping into holes; why not into this hole? Hunting is exciting. Looking into birds'-nests perhaps gives an itch for looking a little into a nest of ghosts. A rummage in the infernal regions. Why not?

From prey to prey, says the proverb, we come to the devil. After the birds, the demons. The boys were on the way to learn the secret of those terrors of which their parents had told them. To be on the track of hobgoblin tales—nothing could be more attractive. To have long stories to tell like the good housewives was tempting.

All this mixture of ideas, in their state of half-confusion, half-instinct, in the minds of the Guernsey birds'-nesters, finally screwed their courage to the point. They approached the house.

The little fellow who served them as a sort of moral support in the adventure was certainly worthy of their confidence. He was a bold boy, an apprentice to a ship-caulker; one of those children who have already become men. He slept on a little straw in a shed in the ship-caulker's yard, getting his own living, having a loud voice; climbing

easily up walls and trees, not encumbered with prejudices in the matter of property in the apples within his reach; a lad who had worked in the repairing dock for vessels of war—a child of chance, a happy orphan, born in France, no one knew exactly where; ready to give a centime to a beggar; a mischievous fellow, but a good one at heart; light, almost red-haired; one who had talked to Parisians. At this time he was earning a shilling a day by caulking the fishermen's boats under repair at the Pêqueries. When he felt inclined he gave himself a holiday, and went birds'-nesting. Such was the little French boy.

The solitude of the place impressed them with a strange feeling of dread. They felt the threatening aspect of the silent house. It was wild and savage. The naked and deserted plateau terminated in a precipice at a short distance from its steep incline. The sea below was quiet. There was no wind. Not a blade of grass stirred.

The birds'-nesters advanced by slow steps, the French boy at their head, and looking towards the house.

One of them, afterwards relating the story, or as much of it as had remained in his head, added, "It did not speak."

They came nearer, holding their breath, as one might approach a savage animal.

They had climbed the cliff at the side of the house which descended to seaward towards a little isthmus of rocks almost inaccessible. Thus they had come pretty near to the building; but they saw only the southern side, which was all walled up. They did not dare to approach by the other side, where the terrible windows were.

They grew bolder, however; the caulker's apprentice whispered, "Let's go to port. That's the handsome side. Let's have a look at the black windows."

The little band accordingly "went to port," and came round to the other side of the house.

The two windows were lighted up.

The boys took to their heels.

When they had got to some distance, the French boy, however, returned.

"Hillo!" said he, "the lights have vanished."

The light at the windows had, indeed, disappeared. The outline of the building was seen as sharply defined as if stamped out with a punch against the livid sky.

Their fear was not abated, but their curiosity had increased. The birds'-nesters approached.

Suddenly the light reappeared at both windows at the same moment.

The two young urchins from Torteval took to their heels and vanished. The daring French boy did not advance, but he kept his ground.

He remained motionless, confronting the house and watching it.

The light disappeared, and appeared again once more. Nothing could be more horrible. The reflection made a vague streak of light upon the grass, wet with the night dew. All of a moment the light cast upon the walls of the house two huge dark profiles, and the shadows of enormous heads.

The house, however, being without ceilings, and having nothing left but its four walls and roof, one window could not be lighted without the other.

Perceiving that the caulker's apprentice kept his ground, the other birds'-nesters returned, step by step, and one after the other, trembling and curious. The caulker's apprentice whispered to them, "There are ghosts in the house. I have seen the nose of one." The two Torteval boys got behind their companion, standing tiptoe against his shoulder; and thus sheltered, and taking him for their shield, felt emboldened by having him between them and the vision, and watched also.

The house on its part seemed also to be watching them. There it stood in the midst of that vast darkness and silence, with its two glaring eyes. These were its upper windows. The light vanished, reappeared, and vanished again, in the fashion of these unearthly illuminations. These sinister intermissions had, probably, some connection with the opening and shutting of the infernal regions. The air-hole of a sepulchre has thus been seen to produce effects like those from a dark lantern.

Suddenly a dark form, like that of a human being, ascended to one of the windows, as if from without, and plunged into the interior of the house.

To enter by the window is the custom with thieves.

The light was for a moment more brilliant, then went out, and appeared no more. The house became dark. The noises resembled voices. This is always the case. When there was anything to be seen it is silent. When all became invisible again, noises were heard.

There is a silence peculiar to night-time at sea. The repose of darkness is deeper on the water than on the land. When there is neither wind nor wave in that moving expanse, over which, in ordinary time, even the flight of eagles makes no sound, the movement of a fly could be heard. This sepulchral quiet gave a dismal relief to the noises which issued from the house.

"Let us look," said the French boy.

And he made a step towards the house.

The others were so frightened that they resolved to follow him. They did not dare even to run away alone.

Just as they had passed a heap of fagots, which for some mysterious reason seemed to inspire them with a little courage in that



solitude, a white owl flew towards them from a bush. The owls have a suspicious sort of flight, a sidelong skim which is suggestive of mischief afloat. The bird passed near the boys, fixing upon them its round eyes, bright amidst the darkness.

A shudder ran through the group behind the French boy.

He looked up at the owl and said:

"Too late, my bird; I *will* look."

And he advanced.

The crackling sound made by his thick-nailed boots among the furze bushes, did not prevent his hearing the noise in the house, which rose and fell with the continuousness and the calm accent of a dialogue.

A moment afterwards the boy added:

"Besides, it is only fools who believe in spirits."

Insolence in the face of danger rallies the cowardly, and inspirits them to go on.

The two Torteval lads resumed their march, quickening their steps behind the caulker's apprentice.

The haunted house seemed to them to grow larger before their eyes. This optical illusion of fear is founded in reality. The house did indeed grow larger, for they were coming nearer to it.

Meanwhile the voices in the house took a tone more and more distinct. The children listened. The ear, too, has its power of exaggerating. It was different to a murmur, more than a whispering, less than an uproar. Now and then one or two words, clearly articulated, could be caught. These words, impossible to be understood, sounded strangely. The boys stopped and listened; then went forward again.

"It's the ghosts talking," said the caulker's apprentice, "but I don't believe in ghosts."

The Torteval boys were sorely tempted to shrink behind the heap of fagots, but they had already left it far behind; and their friend the caulker continued to advance towards the house. They trembled at remaining with him; but they dared not leave him.

Step by step, and perplexed, they followed.

The caulker's apprentice turned towards them and said:

"You know it isn't true. There are no such things."

The house grew taller and taller. The voices became more and more distinct.

They drew nearer.

And now they could perceive within the house something like a muffled light. It was a faint glimmer, like one of those effects produced by dark lanterns, already referred to, and which are common at the midnight meetings of witches.

When they were close to the house they halted.

One of the two Torteval boys ventured on an observation:

"It isn't spirits: it is white ladies."

"What's that hanging from the window?" asked the other.

"It looks like a rope."

"It's a snake."

"It is only a rope of a hanged man," said the French boy, authoritatively. "That's what they use. Only I don't believe in them."

And in three bounds, rather than steps, he found himself against the wall of the building.

The two others, trembling, imitated him, and came pressing against him, one on his right side, the other on his left. The boys applied their ears to the wall. The sounds continued.

The following was the conversation of the phantoms:

"Asi, entendido esta?"

"Entendido."

"Dicho?"

"Dicho."

"Aquí esperara un hombre, y podrá marcharse en Inglaterra con Blasquito."

"Pagando?"

"Pagando."

"Blasquito tomara al hombre en su barca."

"Sin buscar para conocer a su pais?"

"No nos toca."

"Ni a su nombre del hombre?"

"No se pide el nombre, pero se pesa la bolsa."

"Bien : esperara el hombre en esa casa."

"Tenga que comer."

"Tendra."

"Onde?"

"En este saco que he llevado."

"So that is understood?"

"Perfectly."

"As is arranged?"

"As is arranged."

"A man will wait here, and can accompany Blasquito to England."

"By paying?"

"By paying."

"Blasquito will take the man in his bark."

"Without seeking to know what country he belongs to?"

"That is no business of ours."

"Without asking his name?"

"We do not ask names ; we weigh the purse."

"Good : the man shall wait in this house."

"He must have provisions."

"He will be furnished with them."

"How?"

"From this bag which I have brought."

"Muy bien."

"Puedo dexar el saco aqui?"

"Los contrabandistas no son ladrones."

"Y vosotros, cuando marchais?"

"Mañana por la mañana. Si su hombre de usted parado, podria venir con nosotros."

"Parado no esta."

"Hacienda suya."

"Cuantos dias esperara alli?"

"Dos, tres, quatro dias; menos o mas."

"Es cierto que el Blasquito vendra?"

"Cierto."

"En este Plainmont?"

"En este Plainmont."

"A qual semana?"

"La que viene."

"A qual dia?"

"Viernes, o sabado, o domingo."

"No puede faltar?"

"Es mi tocayo."

"Por qualquiera tiempo viene?"

"Qualquiera. No tieme. Soy el Blasco, es el Blasquito."

"Asi, no puede faltar de venir en Guernesey?"

"Very good."

"Can I leave this bag here?"

"Smugglers are not robbers."

"And when do you go?"

"To-morrow morning. If your man was ready he could come with us."

"He is not prepared."

"That is his affair."

"How many days will he have to wait in this house?"

"Two, three, or four days; more or less."

"Is it certain that Blasquito will come?"

"Certain."

"Here to Pleimont?"

"To Pleimont."

"When?"

"Next week."

"What day?"

"Friday, Saturday, or Sunday."

"May he not fail?"

"He is my tocayo."

"Will he come in any weather?"

"At any time. He has no fear. My name is Blasco, his Blasquito."

"So he cannot fail to come to Guernsey?"

"Vengo a un mes, y viene al otro mes."

"Entiendo."

"A cuentar del otro sabado, desde hoy en ocho, no se pasaran cinco dias sin que venga el Blasquito."

"Pero un muy malo mar?"

"Egurraldia gaiztoa." *

"Si."

"No vendria el Blasquito tan pronto, pero vendria."

"Donde vendra?"

"De Vilvao."

"Onde ira?"

"En Portland."

"Bien."

"O en Tor Bay."

"Mejor."

"Su hombre de usted puede estarse quieto."

"No traidor sera, el Blasquito?"

"Los cobardes son traidores. Somos valientes. El mar es la iglesia del invierno. La traicion es la iglesia del infierno."

"No se entiende a lo que dicemos?"

"Escuchar a nosotros y mirar a nosotros es imposible. La espanta hace alli el desierto."

"I come one month—he the other."

"I understand."

"Counting from Saturday last, one week from to-day, five days cannot elapse without bringing Blasquito."

"But if there is much sea?"

"Egurraldia gaiztoa." *

"Yes."

"Blasquito will not come so quickly, but he will come."

"Whence will he come?"

"From Bilbao."

"Where will he be going?"

"To Portland."

"Good."

"Or to Torbay."

"Better still."

"Your man may rest easy."

"Blasquito will betray nothing?"

"Cowards are the only traitors. We are men of courage. The sea is the church of winter. Treason is the church of hell."

"No one hears what we say?"

"It is impossible to be seen or overheard. The people's fear of this spot makes it deserted."

* Basque, "Bad weather."

"Lo sè."

"Quien se atravesaria a escuchar?"

"Es verdad."

"Y escucharian que no entiendrian. Hablamos a una lengua fiera y nuestra que no se conoce. Despues que la sabeis, eries con nosotros."

"Soy viendo para componer las haciendas con ustedes."

"Bueno."

"Y allora me voy."

"Mucho."

"Digame usted, hombre. Si el pasagero quiere que el Blasquito le lleve en ninguna otra parte que Portland o Tor Bay?"

"Tenga onces."

"El Blasquito hara lo que querra el hombre?"

"El Blasquito hace lo que quieren las onces."

"Es menester mucho tiempo para ir en Tor Bay?"

"Como quiere el viento."

"Ocho horas."

"Menos, o mas."

"El Blasquito obedecera al pasagero?"

"Si le obedece el mar a el Blasquito."

"Bien pagado sera."

"El oro es el oro. El viento es el viento."

"I know it."

"Who is there who would dare to listen here?"

"True."

"Besides, if they listened, none would understand. We speak a wild language of our own, which nobody knows hereabouts. As you know it, you are one of us."

"I came only to make these arrangements with you."

"Very good."

"I must now take my leave."

"Be it so."

"Tell me; suppose the passenger should wish Blasquito to take him anywhere else than to Portland or Torbay?"

"Let him bring some gold ounces."

"Will Blasquito consult the stranger's convenience?"

"Blasquito will do whatever the gold coins command."

"Does it take long to go to Torbay?"

"That is at it pleases the winds."

"Eight hours?"

"More or less."

"Will Blasquito obey the passenger?"

"If the sea will obey Blasquito."

"He will be well rewarded."

"Gold is gold; and the sea is the sea."

"Mucho."

"El hombre hace lo que puede con el oro. Dios con el viento hace lo que quiere."

"Aquí sera viernes el que desea marcharse con Blasquito."

"Pues."

"A qual momento llega Blasquito."

"A la noche. A la noche se llega, a la noche se marcha. Tenemos una muger quien se llama el mar, y una hermana quien se llama la noche. La muger puede faltar, la hermana no."

"Todo dicho esta. Abour, hombres."

"Buenas tardes. Un golpe de aguardiente?"

"Gracias."

"Es mejor que xarope."

"Tengo vuestra palabra."

"Mi nombre es Pundonor."

"Sea usted con Dios."

"Ereis gentleman, y soy caballero."

It was clear that only devils could talk in this way. The children did not listen long. This time they took to flight in earnest; the French boy, convinced at last, running even quicker than the others.

On the Tuesday following this Saturday, *Sieur Clubin* returned to *St. Malo*, bringing back the *Durande*.

The *Tamaulipas* was still at anchor in the roads.

Sieur Clubin, between the whiffs of his pipe, said to the landlord of the *Auberge Jean* :

"Well; and when does the *Tamaulipas* get under way?"

"The day after to-morrow—Thursday," replied the landlord.

On that evening, *Clubin* supped at the coast-guard officers' table; and, contrary to his habit, went out after his supper. The consequence

"That is true."

"Man with his gold does what he can. Heaven with its winds does what it will."

"The man who is to accompany Blasquito will be here on Friday."

"Good."

"At what hour will Blasquito appear?"

"In the night. We arrive by night; and sail by night. We have a wife who is called the sea, and a sister called night. The wife betrays sometimes; but the sister never."

"All is settled, then. Good-night, my men."

"Good-night. A drop of brandy first?"

"Thank you."

"That is better than a syrup."

"I have your word."

"My name is *Point-of-Honor*."

"Adieu."

"You are a gentleman: I am a caballero."

of his absence was, that he could not attend to the office of the *Durande*, and thus lost a little in the matter of freights. This fact was remarked in a man ordinarily so punctual.

It appeared that he had chatted a few moments with his friend the money-changer.

He returned two hours after *Noguette* had sounded the Curfew bell. The Brazilian bell sounds at ten o'clock. It was therefore midnight.



THE OLD TOWNS OF NORMANDY.

CHAPTER VI

THE JACRESSARDE



FOURTY years ago, St. Malo possessed an alley known by the name of the "Ruelle Coutanchez." This alley no longer exists, having been removed for the improvements of the town.

It was a double row of wooden houses, leaning one towards the other, and leaving between them just room enough for a narrow rivulet, which was called the street. It was possible to walk by stretching the legs on both sides of the little stream, touching with head or elbows, as you went, the houses either on the right or the left. These old relics of mediæval Normandy have almost a human interest. Tumble-down houses and sorcerers always go together. Their leaning stories, their overhanging walls, their bowed penthouses, and their old thick-set irons, seem like lips, chin, nose, and eye-brows. The garret window is the solitary eye. The walls are the wrinkled and blotchy cheeks. The opposite houses lay their foreheads together as if they were plotting some malicious deed. All those words of ancient villainy—like cut-throat, "slit-weazand," and the like—are closely connected with architecture of this kind.

One of these houses in the alley—the largest and the most famous, or ill-famed—was known by the name of the Jacressarde.

The Jacressarde was a lodging-house for people who do not lodge. In all towns, and particularly in sea-ports, there is always found beneath the lowest stratum of society a sort of residuum: vagabonds who are more than a match for justice; rovers after adventures; chemists of the swindling order, who are always dropping their lives into the melting-pot; people in rags of every shape, and in every style of wearing them; withered fruits of roguery; bankrupt existences; consciences that have filed their schedule; men who have failed in the

house-breaking trade (for the great masters of burglary move in a higher sphere); workmen and workwomen in the trade of wickedness; rogues, male and female; men in coats, with no scruples and out at elbows; scoundrels reduced to indigence; rogues who have missed the wages of roguery; men who have been hit in the social duel; harpies who have no longer any prey; petty larceners; *gueux* in the double and unhappy meaning of that word. Such are the constituents of that living mass. Human nature is here reduced to something bestial. It is the refuse of the social state, heaped up in an obscure corner, where from time to time descends that dreaded broom which is known by the name of police. In St. Malo, the Jacressarde was the name of this corner.

It is not in dens of this sort that we find the high-class criminals—the robbers, forgers, and other great products of ignorance and poverty. If murder is represented here, it is generally in the person of some coarse drunkard; in the matter of robbery, the company rarely rise higher than the mere sharper. It is the spittle not the vomit of society. The vagrant is there; but not the highwayman. It would not, however, be safe to trust this distinction. This last stage of vagabondage may have its extremes of scoundrelism. It was on an occasion, when casting their nets into the Epi-scié—which was in Paris what the Jacressarde was in St. Malo—that the police captured the notorious Lacenaire.

These lurking-places refuse nobody. To fall in the social scale brings men to one level. Sometimes honesty in tatters found itself there. Virtue and probity have been known before now to be brought to strange passes. We must not judge always by appearances, even in the palace or at the galleys. Public respect, as well as universal reprobation, requires testing. Surprising results sometimes spring from this principle. An angel may be discovered in the stews; a pearl in the dunghill. Such sad and dazzling discoveries are not altogether unknown.

The Jacressarde was rather a court-yard than a house; and more of a well than a court-yard. It had no stories looking on the street. Its façade was simply a high wall, with a low gateway. You raised the latch, pushed the gate, and were at once in the court-yard.

In the midst of this yard might be perceived a round hole, encircled with a margin of stones, and even with the ground. The yard was small, the well large. A broken pavement surrounded it.

The court-yard was square, and built on three sides only. On the side of the street was nothing; facing the gateway stood the house to right and left.

Any one entering there after nightfall, at his own risk and peril,

would have heard a confusion of respirations; and, if there had been moonlight or starlight enough to give shape to the obscure forms before his eyes, this is what he would have seen.

The court-yard: the well. Around the court-yard, in front of the gate, a lean-to or shed, in a sort of horse-shoe form, but with square



corners; a rotten gallery, with a roof of joists supported by stone pillars at unequal distances. In the centre, the well; around the well, upon a litter of straw, a kind of circular chaplet, formed of the soles of boots and shoes; some trodden down at heel, some showing the toes of the wearers, some the naked heels. The feet of men, women, and children, all asleep.

Beyond these feet, the eye might have distinguished, in the shadow of the shed, bodies, drooping heads, forms stretched out lazily, bundles of rags of both sexes, a promiscuous assemblage on a dunghill, a strange and revolting mass of life. The accommodation of this sleeping chamber was open to all, at the rate of two sous a week. Their feet touched the well. On a stormy night the rain fell upon the feet, the whirling snow settled on the bodies of those wretched sleepers.

Who were these people? The unknown. They came there at night, and departed in the morning. Creatures of this kind form part of the social fabric. Some stole in during the darkness, and paid nothing. The greater part had scarcely eaten during the day. All kinds of vice and baseness, every sort of moral infection, every species of distress were there. The same sleep of exhaustion settled down upon all in this bed of filth. The dreams of all these companions in misery went on side by side. A dismal meeting-place, where misery and weakness, half-sobered debauchery, weariness from long walking to and fro, with evil thoughts, in quest of bread, pallor with closed eyelids, remorse, envy, lay mingled and festering in the same miasma, with faces that had the look of death, and disheveled hair mixed with the filth and sweepings of the streets. Such was the putrid heap of life fermenting in this dismal spot. An unlucky turn of the wheel of fortune, a ship arrived on the day before, a discharge from prison, a dark night, or some other chance, had cast them here, to find a miserable shelter. Every day brought some new accumulation of such misery. Let him enter who would, sleep who could, speak who dared; for it was a place of whispers. The new-comers hastened to bury themselves in the mass, or tried to seek oblivion in sleep, since there was none in the darkness of the place. They snatched what little of themselves they could from the jaws of death.

They closed their eyes in that confusion of horrors which every day renewed. They were the embodiment of misery, thrown off from society as the foam is from the sea.

It was not every one who could even get a share of the straw. More than one figure was stretched out naked upon the flags. They lay down worn out with weariness, and awoke paralyzed. The well, without lid or parapet, and thirty feet in depth, gaped open night and day. Rain fell around it; filth accumulated about, and the gutters of the yard ran down and filtered through its sides. The pail for drawing the water stood by the side. Those who were thirsty drank there; some, disgusted with life, drowned themselves in it—slipped from their slumber in the filthy shed into that profounder sleep. In the year

1819, the body of a boy, of fourteen years old, was taken up out of this well.

To be safe in this house, it was necessary to be of the "right sort." The uninitiated were regarded with suspicion.



Did these miserable wretches, then, know each other? No; yet they scented out the genuine guest.

The mistress of the house was a young and rather pretty woman, wearing a cap trimmed with ribbons. She washed herself now and then with water from the well. She had a wooden leg.

At break of day, the court-yard became empty. Its inmates dispersed.

An old cock and some hens were kept in the court-yard, where they raked among the filth of the place all day long. A long horizontal beam, supported by posts, traversed the yard—a gibbet-shaped erection, not out of keeping with the associations of the place. Sometimes on the morrow of a rainy day, a silk dress, mudded and wet, would be seen hanging out to dry upon this beam. It belonged to the woman with the wooden leg.

Over the shed, and like it, surrounding the yard, was a story, and above this story a loft. A rotten wooden ladder, passing through a hole in the roof of the shed, conducted to this story; and up this ladder the woman would climb, sometimes staggering while its crazy rounds creaked beneath her.

The occasional lodgers, whether by the week or the night, slept in the court-yard; the regular inmates lived in the house.

Windows without a pane of glass, door-frames with no door, fire-places without stoves; such were the chief features of the interior. You might pass from one room to the other, indifferently, by a long square aperture which had been the door, or by a triangular hole between the joists of the partitions. The fallen plaster of the ceiling lay about the floor. It was difficult to say how the old house still stood erect. The high winds indeed shook it. The lodgers ascended as they could by the worn and slippery steps of the ladder. Everything was open to the air. The wintry atmosphere was absorbed into the house, like water into a sponge. The multitude of spiders seemed alone to guarantee the place against falling to pieces immediately. There was no sign of furniture. Two or three paillasses were in the corner, their ticking torn in parts, and showing more dust than straw within. Here and there were a water-pot and an earthen pipkin. A close, disagreeable odor haunted the rooms.

The windows looked out upon the square yard. The scene was like the interior of a scavenger's cart. The things, not to speak of the human beings, which lay rusting, mouldering, and putrefying there, were indescribable. The fragments seemed to fraternize together. Some fell from the walls, others from the living tenants of the place. The débris were sown with their tatters.

Besides the floating population which bivouacked nightly in the square yard, the Jaecssarde had three permanent lodgers—a charcoal-man, a rag-picker, and a "gold-maker." The charcoal-man and the rag-picker occupied two of the paillasses of the first story; the "gold-maker," a chemist, lodged in the loft, which was called, no one knew why, the garret. Nobody knew where the woman slept. The "gold-maker" was a poet in a small way. He inhabited a room in the roof,

under the tiles, a chamber with a narrow window, and a large stone fire-place forming a gulf, in which the wind howled at will. The garret window having no frame, he had nailed across it a piece of iron sheathing, part of the wreck of a ship. This sheathing left little room for the entrance of light and much for the entrance of cold. The charcoal-man paid rent from time to time in the shape of a sack of



charcoal; the rag-picker paid with a bowl of grain for the fowls every week; the "gold-maker" did not pay at all. Meanwhile the latter burned up the very house. He had pulled down the little wood-work which remained; and every now and then he took from the wall or the roof a lath or some scantling, to heat his crucible. Upon the partition, above the rag-picker's mattress, might have been seen two columns of figures, marked in chalk by the rag-picker himself from

week to week, a column of threes, and a column of fives, according as the bowl of grain had cost him three liards or five centimes. The gold-pot of the "chemist" was an old fragment of a bomb-shell, promoted by him to the dignity of a crucible, in which he mixed his ingredients. The transmutation of metals absorbed all his thoughts. Sometimes he talked to the beggars in the yard who laughed at him. "These people are full of prejudices," he said. He was determined before he died to revenge himself by breaking the windows of orthodox science with the real philosopher's stone. His furnace consumed a good deal of wood. The hand-rail of the stairs had disappeared. The house was slowly burning away. The landlady said to him, "You will leave us nothing but the shell." He mollified her by addressing her in verses.

Such was the Jacressarde.

A boy of twelve, or, perhaps, sixteen—for he was like a dwarf, with a large wen upon his neck, and always carrying a broom in his hand—was the domestic of the place.

The habitués entered by the gateway of the court-yard; the public entered by the shop.

What was the shop?

In the high wall, facing the street, and to the right of the entrance to the court-yard, was a square opening, serving at once as a door and a window. This was the shop. The square opening had a shutter and a frame—the only shutter in all the house which had hinges and bolts. Behind this square aperture, which was open to the street, was a little room, a compartment obtained by curtailing the sleeping shed in the court-yard. Over the door, passers-by read the inscription in charcoal, "*Curiosities sold here.*" On three boards, forming the shop front, were several china pots without ears, a Chinese parasol made of gold-beater's skin, and ornamented with figures, torn here and there, and impossible to open or shut; fragments of iron, and shapeless pieces of old pottery, and dilapidated hats and bonnets; three or four shells, some packets of old bone and metal buttons, a tobacco-box with a portrait of Marie-Antoinette, and a dog's-eared volume of Boisbertrand's Algebra. Such was the stock of the shop; this assortment completed the "curiosities." The shop communicated by a back door with the yard in which was the well. It was furnished with a table and a stool. The woman with a wooden leg presided at the counter.

CHAPTER VII

NOCTURNAL BUYERS AND MYSTERIOUS SELLERS



LUBLIN had been absent from the Auberge Jean all the evening of Tuesday. On the Wednesday night he was absent again.

In the dusk of that evening, two strangers penetrated into the mazes of the ruelle Contanchez. They stopped in front of the Jacressarde. One of them knocked at the window; the door of the shop opened, and they entered. The woman with the wooden leg met them with the smile which she reserved for respectable citizens. There was a candle on the table.

The strangers were, in fact, respectable citizens. The one who had knocked said, "Good-day, mistress. I have come for that affair."

The woman with the wooden leg smiled again, and went out by the back door leading to the court-yard, and where the well was. A moment afterwards the back door was opened again, and a man stood in the doorway. He wore a cap and a blouse. It was easy to see the shape of something under his blouse. He had bits of old straw in his clothes, and looked as if he had just been aroused from sleep.

He advanced and exchanged glances with the strangers. The man in the blouse looked puzzled, but cunning; he said:

"You are the gunsmith?"

The one who had tapped at the window replied:

"Yes; you are the man from Paris?"

"Known as Redskin. Yes."

"Show me the thing."

The man took from under his blouse a weapon extremely rare at that period in Europe. It was a revolver.

The weapon was new and bright. The two strangers examined it. The one who seemed to know the house, and whom the man in the

blouse had called "the gunsmith," tried the mechanism. He passed the weapon to the other, who appeared less at home there, and kept his back turned to the light.

The gunsmith continued:

"How much?"

The man in the blouse replied:

"I have just brought it from America. Some people bring monkeys, parrots, and other animals, as if the French people were savages. For myself I brought this. It is a useful invention."

"How much?" inquired the gunsmith again.

"It is a pistol which turns and turns."

"How much?"

"Bang! the first fire. Bang! the second fire. Bang! the third fire. What a hailstorm of bullets! That will do some execution."

"The price?"

"There are six barrels."

"Well, well, what do you want for it?"

"Six barrels; that is six Louis."

"Will you take five?"

"Impossible. One Louis a ball. That is the price."

"Come, let us do business together. Be reasonable."

"I have named a fair price. Examine the weapon, Mr. Gunsmith."

"I have examined it."

"The barrel twists and turns like Talleyrand himself. The weapon ought to be mentioned in the 'Dictionary of Weathercocks.' It is a gem."

"I have looked at it."

"The barrels are of Spanish make."

"I see they are."

"They are twisted. This is how this twisting is done. They empty into a forge the basket of a collector of old iron. They fill it full of these old scraps, with old nails, and broken horse-shoes swept out of farriers' shops."

"And old sickle-blades."

"I was going to say so, Mr. Gunsmith. They apply to all this rubbish a good sweating heat, and this makes a magnificent material for gun-barrels."

"Yes; but it may have cracks, flaws, or crosses."

"True; but they remedy the crosses by little twists, and avoid the risk of doublings by beating hard. They bring their mass of iron under the great hammer; give it two more good sweating heats. If the iron has been heated too much, they re-temper it with dull heats, and lighter

hammers. And then they take out their stuff and roll it well; and with this iron they manufacture you a weapon like this."

"You are in the trade, I suppose?"

"I am of all trades."

"The barrels are pale-colored."

"That's the beauty of them, Mr. Gunsmith. The tint is obtained with antimony."

"It is settled, then, that we give you five Louis?"

"Allow me to observe that I had the honor of saying six."

The gunsmith lowered his voice.

"Hark you, master. Take advantage of the opportunity. Get rid



of this thing. A weapon of this kind is of no use to a man like you. It will make you remarked."

"It is very true," said the Parisian. "It is rather conspicuous. It is more suited to a gentleman."

"Will you take five Louis?"

"No, six; one for every shot."

"Come, six Napoleons."

"I will have six Louis."

"You are not a Bonapartist, then. You prefer a Louis to a Napoleon."

The Parisian nicknamed "Redskin," smiled.

"A Napoleon is greater," said he, "but a Louis is worth more."

"Six Napoleons."

"Six Louis. It makes a difference to me of four-and-twenty francs."

"The bargain is off in that case."

"Good; I keep the toy."

"Keep it."

"Beating me down! a good idea! It shall never be said that I got rid like that of a wonderful specimen of ingenuity."

"Good-night, then."

"It marks a whole stage in the progress of making pistols, which the Chesapeake Indians call Nortay-u-Hah."

"Five Louis, ready money. Why, it is a handful of gold."

"'Nortay-u-Hah,' that signifies 'short gun.' A good many people don't know that."

"Will you take five Louis, and just a bit of silver to boot?"

"I said six, master."

The man who kept his back to the candle, and who had not yet spoken, was spending his time during the dialogue in turning and testing the mechanism of the pistol. He approached the armorer's ear and whispered:

"Is it a good weapon?"

"Excellent."

"I will give the six Louis."

Five minutes afterwards, while the Parisian nicknamed "Redskin" was depositing the six Louis which he had just received in a secret slit under the breast of his blouse, the armorer and his companion carrying the revolver in his trousers pocket, stepped out into the straggling street.

CHAPTER VIII

A "CAROM" OFF THE RED BALL AND THE BLACK



ON the morrow, which was a Thursday, a tragic circumstance occurred at a short distance from St. Malo, near the peak of the "Décollé," a spot where the cliff is high and the sea deep.

A line of rocks in the form of the top of a lance, and connecting themselves with the land by a narrow isthmus, stretch out there into the water, ending abruptly with a large peak-shaped breaker. Nothing is commoner in the architecture of the sea. In attempting to reach the plateau of the peaked rock from the shore, it was necessary to follow an inclined plane, the ascent of which was here and there somewhat steep.

It was upon a plateau of this kind, towards four o'clock in the afternoon, that a man was standing, enveloped in a large military cape, and armed; a fact easy to be perceived from certain straight and angular folds in his mantle. The summit on which this man was resting was a rather extensive platform, dotted with large masses of rock, like enormous paving-stones, leaving between them narrow passages. This platform, on which a kind of thick, short grass grew here and there, came to an end on the sea side in an open space, leading to a perpendicular escarpment. The escarpment, rising about sixty feet above the level of the sea, seemed cut down by the aid of a plumb-line. Its left angle, however, was broken away, and formed one of those natural staircases common to granite cliffs worn by the sea, the steps of which are somewhat inconvenient, requiring sometimes the strides of a giant or the leaps of an acrobat. These stages of rock descended perpendicularly to the sea, where they were lost. It was a break-neck place. However, in case of absolute necessity, a man might succeed in embarking there, under the very wall of the cliff.

A breeze was sweeping the sea. The man wrapped in his cape and standing firm, with his left hand grasping his right elbow, closed one eye, and applied the other to a telescope. He seemed absorbed in anxious scrutiny. He had approached the edge of the escarpment, and stood there motionless, his gaze immovably fixed on the horizon. The tide was high; the waves were beating below against the foot of the cliffs.

The object which the stranger was observing was a vessel in the offing, and which was manœuvring in a strange manner. The vessel, which had hardly left the port of St. Malo an hour, had stopped behind the Banquetiers. It had not cast anchor, perhaps because the bottom would only have permitted it to bear to leeward on the edge of the cable, and because the ship would have strained on her anchor under the cutwater. Her captain had contented himself with lying-to.

The stranger, who was a coast-guardman, as was apparent from his uniform cape, watched all the movements of the three-master, and seemed to note them mentally. The vessel was lying-to, a little off the wind, which was indicated by the backing of the small topsail, and the bellying of the maintopsail. She had squared the mizen, and set the topmast as close as possible, and in such a manner as to work the sails against each other, and to make little way either on or off shore. Her captain evidently did not care to expose his vessel much to the wind, for he had only braced up the small mizen topsail. In this way, coming crossway on, he did not drift at the utmost more than half a league an hour.

It was still broad daylight, particularly on the open sea, and on the heights of the cliff. The shores below were becoming dark.

The coast-guardman, still engaged in his duty, and carefully scanning the offing, had not thought of observing the rocks at his side and at his feet. He turned his back towards the difficult sort of causeway which formed the communication between his resting-place and the shore. He did not, therefore, remark that something was moving in that direction. Behind a fragment of rock, among the steps of that causeway, something like the figure of a man had been concealed, according to all appearances, before the arrival of the coast-guardman. From time to time a head issued from the shadow behind the rock; looked up and watched the watcher. The head, surmounted by a wide-brimmed American hat, was that of the Quaker-looking man, who, ten days before, was talking among the stones of the Petit-Bey to Captain Zuela.

Suddenly, the curiosity of the coast-guardman seemed to be still more strongly awakened. He polished the glass of his telescope

quickly with his sleeve, and brought it to bear closely upon the three-master.

A little black spot seemed to detach itself from her side.



The black spot, looking like a small insect upon the water, was a boat.

The boat seemed to be making for the shore. It was manned by several sailors, who were pulling vigorously.

She pulled crosswise by little and little, and appeared to be approaching the *Pointe du Décollé*.

The gaze of the coast-guardman seemed to have reached its most intense point. No movement of the boat escaped it. He had approached nearer still to the verge of the rock.

At that instant a man of large stature appeared on one of the rocks behind him. It was the Quaker. The officer did not see him.

The man paused an instant, his arms at his sides, but with his fists doubled; and with the eye of a hunter, watching for his prey, he observed the back of the officer.

Four steps only separated them. He put one foot forward, then stopped; took a second step, and stopped again. He made no movement except the act of walking; all the rest of his body was motionless as a statue. His foot fell upon the tufts of grass without noise. He made a third step, and paused again. He was almost within reach of the coast-guard, who stood there still motionless with his telescope. The man slowly brought his two closed fists to a level with his collar-bone, then struck out his arms sharply, and his two fists, as if thrown by a spring, struck the coast-guardman on the two shoulders. The shock was decisive. The coast-guardman had not the time to utter a cry. He fell head first from the height of the rock into the sea. His boots appeared in the air about the time occupied by a flash of lightning. It was like the fall of a stone in the sea, which instantly closed over him.

Two or three circles widened out upon the dark water.

Nothing remained but the telescope, which had dropped from the hands of the man, and lay upon the turf.

The Quaker leaned over the edge of the escarpment a moment, watched the circles vanishing on the water, waited a few minutes, and then rose again, singing a low voice:

“ The captain of police is dead,
Through having lost his life.”

He knelt down a second time. Nothing reappeared, only at the spot where the officer had been engulfed, he observed on the surface of the water a sort of dark spot, which became diffused with the gentle lapping of the waves. It seemed probable that the coast-guardman had fractured his skull against some rock under water, and that his blood caused the spot in the foam. The Quaker, while considering the meaning of this spot, began to sing again:

“ Not very long before he died,
The man was still ”

He did not finish his song.

He heard an extremely soft voice behind him, which said :

"Is that you, Rantaine ? Good-day. You have just killed a man !"

He turned. About fifteen paces behind him, in one of the passages between the rocks, stood a little man holding a revolver in his hand.

The Quaker answered :

"As you see. Good-day, *Sieur Clubin*."

The little man started.

"You know me ?"

"You knew me very well," replied Rantaine.

Meanwhile they could hear a sound of oars on the sea. It was the approach of the boat which the officer had observed.

Sieur Clubin said in a low tone, as if speaking to himself :

"It was done quickly."

"What can I do to oblige you ?" asked Rantaine.

"Oh, a trifling matter ! It is very nearly ten years since I saw you. You must have been doing well. How are you ?"

"Well enough," answered Rantaine. "How are you ?"

"Very well," replied *Clubin*.

Rantaine advanced a step towards *Clubin*.

A little sharp click caught his ear. It was *Sieur Clubin* who was cocking his revolver.

"Rantaine, there are about fifteen paces between us. It is a nice distance. Remain where you are."

"Very well," said Rantaine. "What do you want with me ?"

"I ! Oh, I have come to have a chat with you."

Rantaine did not move. *Sieur Clubin* continued :

"You murdered a coast-guardman just now."

Rantaine lifted the flap of his hat, and replied :

"You have already done me the honor to mention it."

"Exactly ; but in terms less precise. I said a man : I say now, a coast-guardman. The man wore the number 619. He was the father of a family ; leaves a wife and five children."

"That is no doubt correct," said Rantaine.

There was a momentary pause.

"They are picked men—those coast-guard people," continued *Clubin* ; "almost all old sailors."

"I have remarked," said Rantaine, "that people generally do leave a wife and five children."

Sieur Clubin continued :

"Guess how much this revolver cost me ?"

"It is a pretty tool," said Rantaine.

"What do you guess it at ?"

"I should guess it at a good deal."

"It cost me one hundred and forty-four francs."

"You must have bought that," said Rantaine, "at the shop in the ruelle Coutanchez."

Clubin continued:

"He did not cry out. The fall stopped his voice."

"Sieur Clubin, there will be a breeze to-night."

"I am the only one in the secret."

"Do you still stay at the Auberge Jean?" asked Rantaine.

"Yes: you are not badly served there."

"I remember getting some excellent sour-kROUT there."

"You must be exceedingly strong, Rantaine. What shoulders you have! I should be sorry to get a tap from you. I, on the other hand, when I came into the world, looked so spare and sickly, that they despaired of rearing me."

"They succeeded though; which was lucky."

"Yes: I still stay at the Auberge Jean."

"Do you know, Sieur Clubin, how I recognized you? It was from your having recognized me. I said to myself, there is nobody like Sieur Clubin for that."

And he advanced a step.

"Stand back where you were, Rantaine."

Rantaine fell back, and said to himself:

"A fellow becomes like a child before one of those weapons."

Sieur Clubin continued:

"The position of affairs is this: we have on our right, in the direction of St. Enogat, at about three hundred paces from here, another coast-guardman, number 618, who is still alive; and on our left, in the direction of St. Lunaire, a customs station. That makes seven armed men who could be here, if necessary, in five minutes. The rock would be surrounded; the way hither guarded. Impossible to elude them. There is a corpse at the foot of this rock."

Rantaine took a side-way glance at the revolver.

"As you say, Rantaine, it is a pretty tool. Perhaps it is only loaded with powder; but what does that matter? A report would be enough to bring an armed force; and I have six barrels here."

The measured sound of the oars became very distinct. The boat was not far off.

The tall man regarded the little man curiously. Sieur Clubin spoke in a voice more and more soft and subdued.

"Rantaine, the men in the boat which is coming, knowing what you did here just now, would lend a hand and help to arrest you. You

are to pay Captain Zueta ten thousand francs for your passage. You would have made a better bargain, by the way, with the smugglers of Pleinmont; but they would only have taken you to England; and besides, you cannot risk going to Guernsey, where they have the pleasure of knowing you. To return, then, to the position of affairs. If I fire, you are arrested. You are to pay Zueta for your passage ten thousand francs. You have already paid him five thousand in advance. Zueta would keep the five thousand and be gone. These are the facts. Rantaine, you have managed your masquerading very well. That hat, that queer coat, and those gaiters make a wonderful change. You forgot the spectacles; but did right to let your whiskers grow."

Rantaine smiled spasmodically. Clubin continued:

"Rantaine, you have on a pair of American breeches, with a double fob. In one side you keep your watch. Keep it."

"Thank you, *Sieur Clubin*."

"In the other is a little box made of wrought iron, which opens and shuts with a spring. It is an old sailor's tobacco-box. Take it out of your pocket, and throw it over to me."

"Why, this is robbery."

"You are at liberty to call the coast-guard."

And Clubin fixed his eye on Rantaine.

"Stay, *Mess Clubin*," said Rantaine, making a slight forward movement, and holding out his open hand.

The title "*Mess*" was a delicate flattery.

"Stay where you are, Rantaine."

"*Mess Clubin*, let us come to terms. I offer you half."

Clubin crossed his arms, still showing the barrels of his revolver.

"Rantaine, what do you take me for? I am an honest man."

And he added after a pause:

"I must have the whole."

Rantaine muttered between his teeth, "*This fellow's a tough sort.*"

The eye of Clubin lighted up, his voice became clear and sharp as steel.

He cried:

"I see that you are laboring under a mistake. Robbery is your name, my name is Restitution. Hark you, Rantaine. Ten years ago you left Guernsey one night, taking with you the cash-box of a certain partnership concern, containing fifty thousand francs which belonged to you, but forgetting to leave behind you fifty thousand francs which were the property of another. Those fifty thousand francs, the money of your partner, the excellent and worthy *Mess Lethierry*, make at present, at compound interest, calculated for ten years, eighty thousand

six hundred and sixty-six francs sixty-six centimes. You went into a money-changer's yesterday. I'll give you his name—Rébuchet, in St. Vincent Street. You counted out to him seventy-six thousand francs in French bank-notes; in exchange for which he gave you three notes of the Bank of England for one thousand pounds sterling each, plus the exchange. You put these bank-notes in the iron tobacco-box, and the iron tobacco-box into your double fob on the right-hand side. On the part of Mess Lethierry, I shall be content with that. I start tomorrow for Guernsey, and intend to hand it to him. Rantaine, the three-master lying-to out yonder, is the *Tamaulipas*. You have had your luggage put aboard there with the other things belonging to the crew. You want to leave France. You have your reasons. You are going to Arequipa. The boat is coming to fetch you. You are awaiting it. It is at hand. You can hear it. It depends on me whether you go or stay. No more words. Fling me the tobacco-box."

Rantaine dipped his hand in the fob, drew out a little box, and threw it to Clubin. It was the iron tobacco-box. It fell and rolled at Clubin's feet.

Clubin knelt without lowering his gaze; felt about for the box with his left hand, keeping all the while his eyes and the six barrels of the revolver fixed upon Rantaine.

Then he cried:

"Turn your back, my friend."

Rantaine turned his back.

Sieur Clubin put the revolver under one arm, and touched the spring of the tobacco-box. The lid flew open.

It contained four bank-notes; three of a thousand pounds, and one of ten pounds.

He folded up the three bank-notes of a thousand pounds each, replaced them in the iron tobacco-box, shut the lid again, and put it in his pocket.

Then he picked up a stone, wrapped it in the ten-pound note, and said:

"You may turn round again."

Rantaine turned.

Sieur Clubin continued:

"I told you I would be contented with three thousand pounds. Here, I return you ten pounds."

And he threw to Rantaine the note enfolding the stone.

Rantaine, with a movement of his foot, sent the bank-note and the stone into the sea.

"As you please," said Clubin. "You must be rich. I am satisfied."

The noise of oars, which had been continually drawing nearer during the dialogue, ceased. They knew by this that the boat had arrived at the base of the cliff.

"Your vehicle waits below. You can go, Rantaine."

Rantaine advanced towards the steps of stones and rapidly disappeared.

Clubin moved cautiously towards the edge of the escarpment, and watched him descending.

The boat had stopped near the last stage of the rocks, at the very spot where the coast-guardman had fallen.

Still observing Rantaine stepping from stone to stone, Clubin muttered:

"A good number 619. He thought himself alone. Rantaine thought there were only two there. I alone knew that there were three."

He perceived at his feet the telescope which had dropped from the hands of the coast-guardman.

The sound of oars was heard again. Rantaine had stepped into the boat, and the rowers had pushed out to sea.

When Rantaine was safely in the boat, and the cliff was beginning to recede from his eyes, he arose again abruptly. His features were convulsed with rage; he shook his fist towards the sea and cried:

"Ha! The devil himself is a blackguard!"

A few seconds later, Clubin, from the top of the rock, while bringing his telescope to bear upon the boat, heard distinctly the following words articulated by a loud voice, and mingling with the noise of the sea:

"Sieur Clubin, you are an honest man; but you will not be offended if I write to Lethierry to acquaint him with this matter; and we have here in the boat a sailor from Guernsey, who is one of the crew of the *Tamaulipas*; his name is Ahier Tostevin, and he will return to St. Malo on Zuela's next voyage, to bear testimony to the fact of my having returned to you, on Mess Lethierry's account, the sum of three thousand pounds sterling."

It was Rantaine's voice.

Clubin rarely did things by halves. Motionless as the coast-guardman had been, and in the exact same place, his eye still at the telescope, he did not lose sight of the boat for one moment. He saw it growing less amidst the waves; watched it disappear and reappear, and approach

the vessel, which was lying-to; finally he recognized the tall figure of Rantaine on the deck of the *Tamaulipas*.

When the boat was raised, and slung again to the davits, the *Tamaulipas* was in motion once more. The land-breeze was fresh, and she spread all her sails. Clubin's glass continued fixed upon her outline growing more and more indistinct; until half an hour later, when the *Tamaulipas* had become only a dark shape upon the horizon, growing smaller and smaller against the pale twilight in the sky.

CHAPTER IX

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR PERSONS WHO EXPECT OR FEAR THE ARRIVAL OF LETTERS FROM BEYOND SEA

N that evening, Sieur Clubin returned late.

One of the causes of his delay was, that before going to his inn, he had paid a visit to the Dinan gate of the town, a place where there were several wine-shops. In one of these wine-shops, where he was not known, he had bought a bottle of brandy, which he placed in the pocket of his overcoat, as if he desired to conceal it. Then, as the Durande was to start on the following morning, he had taken a turn abroad to satisfy himself that everything was in order.

When Sieur Clubin returned to the Auberge Jean, there was no one left in the lower room except the old sea-captain, M. Gertrais-Gaboureau, who was drinking a jug of ale and smoking his pipe.

M. Gertraise-Gaboureau saluted Sieur Clubin between a whiff and a draught of ale.

"How d'ye do, Captain Clubin?"

"Good-evening, Captain Gertrais."

"Well, the *Tamaulipas* is gone."

"Ah!" said Clubin, "I did not observe."

Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau expectorated, and said:

"Zuela has decamped."

"When was that?"

"This evening."

"Where is he gone?"

"To the devil."

"No doubt; but where is that?"

"To Arequipa."

"I knew nothing of it," said Clubin.

He added:

"I am going to bed."

He lighted his candle, walked towards the door, and returned.

"Have you ever been at Arequipa, Captain?"

"Yes; some years ago."

"Where do they touch on that voyage?"

"A little everywhere; but the *Tamaulipas* will touch nowhere."

M. Gertrais-Gaboureau emptied his pipe upon the corner of a plate and continued:

"You know the lugger called the *Trojan Horse*, and that fine three-master, the *Trentemouzin*, which are gone to Cardiff? I was against their sailing on account of the weather. They have returned in a fine state. The lugger was laden with turpentine; she sprang a leak, and in working the pumps they pumped up with the water all her cargo. As to the three-master, she has suffered most above water. Her cut-water, her headrail, the stock of her larboard anchor are broken. Her standing jibboom is gone clean by the cap. As for the jibshrouds and bobstays, go and see what they look like. The mizenmast is not injured, but has had a severe shock. All the iron of the bowsprit has given way; and it is an extraordinary fact that, though the bowsprit itself is not scratched, it is completely stripped. The larboard-bow of the vessel is stove in a good three feet square. This is what comes of not taking advice."

Clubin had placed the candle on the table, and had begun to readjust a row of pins which he kept in the collar of his overcoat. He continued:

"Didn't you say, Captain, that the *Tamaulipas* would not touch anywhere?"

"Yes; she goes direct to Chili."

"In that case, she can send no news of herself on the voyage."

"I beg your pardon, Captain Clubin. In the first place, she can send any letters by vessels she may meet sailing for Europe."

"That is true."

"Then there is the ocean letter-box."

"What do you mean by the ocean letter-box?"

"Don't you know what that is, Captain Clubin?"

"No."

"When you pass the Straits of Magellan——"

"Well."

"Snow all around you; always bad weather; ugly down-easters, and bad seas."

"Well."



THE SQUALL.

"When you have doubled Cape Monmouth ——"

"Well, what next?"

"Then you double Cape Valentine."

"And then?"

"Why, then you double Cape Isidore."



"And afterwards?"

"You double Point Anne."

"Good. But what is it you call the ocean letter-box?"

"We are coming to that. Mountains on the right, mountains on the left. Penguins and stormy petrels all about. A terrible place. Ah! by Jove, what a howling and what cracks you get there! The

hurricane wants no help. That's the place for holding on to the sheer-rails; for reefing topsails. That's where you take in sail, and fly the jibsail for the mainsail; or take in the jibsail and try the stormjib. Gusts upon gusts! And then, sometimes four, five, or six days of scudding under bare poles. Often of a new suit of sails there is only a rag of canvas left. What a dance! Squalls enough to make a three-master skip like a flea. I saw once a boy hanging on to the jibboom of an English brig, *The True Blue*, knocked, jibboom and all, to ten thousand nothings. Fellows are swept into the air there like butterflies. I saw the second mate of the *Revenue*, a pretty schooner, knocked from under the forecross-tree, and killed dead. I have had my sheer-rails smashed, and come out with all my sails in ribbons. Frigates of fifty guns make water like wicker baskets. And the damnable coast! Nothing can be imagined more dangerous. Rocks all jagged-edged. You come, by and by, to Port Famine. There it's worse and worse. The worst seas I ever saw in my life. The devil's own latitudes. All of a sudden you spy the words, painted in red, '*Post Office.*'"

"What do you mean, Captain Gertrais?"

"I mean, Captain Clubin, that immediately after doubling Point Anne you see, on a rock, a hundred feet high, a great post with a barrel suspended to the top. This barrel is the letter-box. The English sailors must needs go and write up there '*Post Office.*' What had they to do with it? It is the ocean post-office. It isn't the property of that worthy gentleman, the King of England. The box is common to all. It belongs to every flag. *Post Office*; there's a crack-jaw word for you. It produces an effect on me as if the devil had suddenly offered me a cup of tea. I will tell you now how the postal arrangements are carried out. Every vessel which passes sends to the post a boat with dispatches. A vessel coming from the Atlantic, for instance, sends there its letters for Europe; and a ship coming from the Pacific, its letters for America. The officer in command of the boat puts his packet into the barrel, and takes away any packet he finds there. You take charge of these letters, and the ship which comes after you takes charge of yours. As ships are always going to and fro, the continent whence you come is that to which I am going. I carry your letters; you carry mine. The barrel is made fast to the post with a chain. And it rains, snows, and hails! A pretty sea. The imps of Satan fly about on every side. The *Tamaulipas* will pass there. The barrel has a good lid with a hinge, but no padlock. You see, a fellow can write to his friends this way. The letters come safely."

"It is very curious," muttered Clubin thoughtfully.

Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau returned to his mug of ale.

"If that vagabond Zuela should write," continued Clubin aside, "the scoundrel puts his scrawl into the barrel at Magellan, and in four months I have his letter."

"Well, Captain Clubin, do you start to-morrow?"

Clubin, absorbed in a sort of somnambulism, did not notice the question, and Captain Gertrais repeated it.

Clubin woke up.

"Of course, Captain Gertrais. It is my day. I must start to-morrow morning."

"If it was my case, I shouldn't, Captain Clubin. The hair of the dog's coat feels damp. For two nights past the sea-birds have been flying wildly round the lantern of the light-house. A bad sign. I have a storm-glass, too, which gives me a warning. The moon is at the second half of her first quarter; it is the maximum of humidity. I noticed to-day some pimpernels with their leaves shut, and a field of clover with its stalks all stiff. The worms come out of the ground to-day; the flies sting; the bees keep close to their hives; the sparrows chatter together. You can hear the sound of bells from far off. I heard to-night the Angelus at St. Lunaire. And then the sun set angry. There will be a good fog to-morrow, mark my words. I don't advise you to put to sea. I dread the fog a good deal more than a hurricane. It's a nasty neighbor, the fog."



THE HELMSMAN DRUNK AND THE CAPTAIN SOBER

BOOK VI

THE DRUNKEN STEERSMAN AND THE SOBER CAPTAIN

CHAPTER I

THE DOUVRES



ABOUT five leagues out, in the open sea, to the south of Guernsey, opposite Pleinmont Point, and between the Channel Islands and St. Malo, there is a group of rocks, called the Douvres. The spot is dangerous.

This term Douvres, applied to rocks and cliffs, is very common. There is, for example, near the *Côtes du Nord*, a Douvre, on which a light-house is now being constructed, a dangerous reef; but one which must not be confounded with the rock above referred to.

The nearest point on the French coast to the Douvres is Cape Bréhant. The Douvres are a little farther to the coast of France than from the nearest of the Channel Islands. The distance from Jersey may be pretty nearly measured by the extreme length of Jersey. If the Island of Jersey could be turned round upon Corbière, as upon a hinge, St. Catherine's Point would almost touch the Douvres, at a distance of more than four leagues.

In these civilized seas the wildest rocks are rarely desert places. Smugglers are met with at Hagot, custom-house men at Binic, Celts at

Bréhat, oyster-dredgers at Cancale, rabbit-shooters at Césambre or Caesar's Island, crab-gatherers at Brecqhou, trawlers at the Minquiers, dredgers at Ecréhou, but no one is ever seen upon the Douvres.

The sea-birds are at home there.

No spot in the ocean is more dreaded. The Casquets, where it is said the *White Ship* was lost; the Bank of Calvados; the Needles in the Isle of Wight; the Ronesse, which makes the coast of Beaulieu so dangerous; the sunken reefs at Prél, which block the entrance to Merquel, and which necessitates the red-painted beacon in twenty fathoms of water, the treacherous approaches to Étables and Plouha; the two granite Druids to the south of Guernsey, the Old Anderlo and the Little Anderlo, the Corbière, the Hanways, the Isle of Ras, associated with terror in the proverb:

*"Si jamais tu passes le Ras,
Si tu ne meurs, tu trembleras,"*

the Mortes-Femmes, the passage between La Boue and La Trouquie, the Déroute between Guernsey and Jersey, the Hardent between the Minquiers and Chausey, the Mauvais Cheval between Bouley Bay and Barneville, have not so evil a reputation. It would be preferable to have to encounter all these dangers, one after the other, than the Douvres once.

In all that perilous sea of the Channel, which is the Egean of the West, the Douvres have no equal in their terrors, except the Paternoster between Guernsey and Sark.

From the Paternoster, however, it is possible to give a signal—a ship in distress there may obtain succor. To the north rises Dicard or D'Icare Point, and to the south Grosnez. From the Douvres you can see nothing.

Storm, cloud, wild sea, desolate waste, uninhabited coast, where none pass but those who have lost their way. The blocks of granite are hideous and enormous—everywhere perpendicular wall—the severe inhospitality of the abyss.

It is in the open sea; the water about is very deep. A rock completely isolated like the Douvres attracts and shelters creatures which shun the haunts of men. It is a sort of vast submarine madrepore—a drowned labyrinth. There, at a depth to which divers would find it difficult to descend, are caverns, haunts, and dusky mazes, where monstrous creatures multiply and destroy each other. Huge crabs devour fish and are devoured in their turn. Hideous shapes of living things, not created to be seen by human eyes, wander in this obscurity. Vague forms of gaping mouths, antennæ, tentacles, fins, open jaws, scales, and



MA DESTINEE

claws, float about there, quivering, growing larger, or decomposing and perishing in the ill-omened gloom, while horrible swarms of swimming things prowl about seeking their prey. It is a hive of hydras.

The horrible is there, ideal.

Imagine, if you can, a swarm of holothurians.

To gaze into the depths of the sea is, in the imagination, like beholding the vast unknown, and from its most terrible point of view. The submarine gulf is analogous to the realm of night and dreams. There also is sleep, unconsciousness, or at least apparent unconsciousness, of creation. There, in the awful silence and darkness, the rude first forms of life, phantom-like, demoniacal, pursue their horrible instincts.

Forty years ago, two rocks of singular form signaled the Douvres from afar to passers on the ocean. They were two vertical points, sharp and curved—their summits almost touching each other. They looked like the two tusks of an elephant rising out of the sea; but they were tusks, high as tall towers, of an elephant huge as a mountain. These two natural towers, rising out of the obscure home of marine monsters, only left a narrow passage between them, where the waves rushed through. This passage, tortuous and full of angles, resembled a straggling street between high walls. The twin rocks are called the Douvres. There was the Great Douvre and the Little Douvre; one was sixty feet high, the other forty. The ebb and flow of the tide had at last worn away part of the base of the towers, and a violent equinoctial gale on the 26th of October, 1859, overthrew one of them. The smaller one, which still remains, is worn and fragmentary.

One of the most singular of the Douvres is a rock known as "The Man." This still exists. Some fishermen in the last century visiting this spot found on the height of the rock a human body. By its side were a number of empty sea-shells. A sailor had been wrecked on the rock, had found a refuge there; had lived some time upon rock limpets, and had died. Hence its name of "The Man."

The solitudes of the sea are dismal. There is tumult and silence. The things which pass there have no relation to the human race; their objects are unknown. Such is the isolation of the Douvres. All around, as far as the eye can reach, spreads the vast and restless sea.

CHAPTER II

AN UNEXPECTED FLASK OF BRANDY



ON the Friday morning, the day after the departure of the *Tamaulipas*, the *Durande* started again for Guernsey.

She left St. Malo at nine o'clock.

The weather was fine; no haze. Old Captain Gertrais-Gaboureaux was evidently in his dotage.

Sieur Clubin's numerous occupations had decidedly been unfavorable to the collection of freight for the *Durande*. He had only taken aboard some packages of Parisian articles for the fancy shops of St. Peter's Port; three cases for the Guernsey hospital, one containing yellow soap and long candles, and the other French shoe leather for soles, and choice Cordovan. He brought back from his last cargo a case of crushed sugar and three chests of congou tea, which the French custom-house would not permit to pass. He had embarked very few cattle; some bullocks only. These bullocks were in the hold loosely tethered.

There were six passengers aboard; a Guernsey man, two inhabitants of St. Malo, dealers in cattle: a "tourist," a phrase already in vogue at this period, a Parisian citizen, probably traveling on commercial affairs, and an American, engaged in distributing Bibles.

Without reckoning Clubin, the crew of the *Durande* amounted to seven men; a helmsman, a stoker, a ship's carpenter, and a cook, serving as sailor in case of need, two firemen, and a cabin-boy. One of the two fireman was also an engineer. This man, a bold and intelligent Dutch negro, who had originally escaped from the sugar plantations of Surinam, was named Imbrancam. The negro, Imbrancam, understood and managed admirably the engine. In the early days of the "Devil Boat," his black face, appearing now and then at the top of the engine-room stairs, had contributed not a little to sustain its diabolical reputation.

The helmsman, a native of Guernsey, but of a family originally from Cotentin, bore the name of Tangrouille. The Tangrouilles were an old noble family.

This was strictly true. The Channel Islands are like England, an aristocratic region. Castes exist there still. The castes have their



peculiar ideas, which are, in fact, their protection. These notions of caste are everywhere similar; in Hindostan, as in Germany, nobility is won by the sword, and lost by soiling the hands with labor; it is preserved by idleness. To do nothing, is to live nobly; whoever abstains from work is honored. A trade is fatal. In France, in old times, there was no exception to this rule, except in the case of glass

manufacturers. Emptying bottles being then one of the glories of gentlemen, making them was probably, for that reason, not considered dishonorable. In the Channel archipelago, as in Great Britain, he who would remain noble must contrive to be rich. A working man cannot possibly be a gentleman. If he has ever been one, he is so no longer. Yonder sailor, perhaps, descends from Knights Bannerets, but is nothing but a sailor. Thirty years ago, at Aurigny, a real Gorges, who would have had rights over the Seigniorship of Gorges, confiscated by Philip Augustus, gathered sea-weed, barefooted, in the sea. A Carteret is a wagoner in Sark. There are at Jersey a draper, and at Guernsey a shoemaker, named Gruchy, who claim to be Grouchys, and cousins of the Marshal of Waterloo. The old registers of the Bishopric of Coutances make mention of a Seigniorship of Tangroville, evidently a kin to Tancarville on the Lower Seine, which is identical with Montmorency. In the fifteenth century, Johan de Héroudeville, archer and squire of the Sire de Tangroville, bore behind him "his corselet and other harness." In May, 1371, at Pontorson, at the review of Bertrand du Guesclin, "Monsieur de Tangroville rendered his homage as Knight Bachelor." In the Norman islands, if a noble falls into poverty, he is soon eliminated from the order. A mere change of pronunciation is enough. Tangroville becomes Tangrouille: and the thing is done.

This had been the fate of the helmsman of the *Durande*.

At the Bordage of St. Peter's Port, there is a dealer in old iron named Ingrouille, who is probably an Ingroville. Under Lewis le Gros the Ingroilles possessed three parishes in the district of Valognes. A certain Abbé Trigan has written an "Ecclesiastical History of Normandy." This chronicler Trigan was the curé of the Seigniorship of Digoville. The Sire of Digoville, if he had sunk to a lower grade, would have been called Digouille.

Tangrouille, this probable Tancarville, and possible Montmorency, had an ancient noble quality, but a grave failing for a steersman; he got drunk occasionally.

Sieur Clubin had obstinately determined to retain him. He answered for his conduct to Mess Lethierry.

Tangrouille the helmsman never left the vessel; he slept aboard.

On the eve of their departure, when Sieur Clubin came at a late hour to inspect the vessel, the steersman was in his hammock asleep.

In the night Tangrouille awoke. It was his nightly habit. Every drunkard who is not his own master has his secret hiding-place. Tangrouille had his, which he called his store. The secret store of Tangrouille was in the hold. He had placed it there to put others off the scent. He thought it certain that his hiding-place was known only to

himself. Captain Clubin, being a sober man himself, was strict. The little rum or gin which the helmsman could conceal from the vigilant eyes of the captain, he kept in reserve in this mysterious corner of the hold, and nearly every night he had a stolen interview with the contents of this store. The surveillance was rigorous, the orgie was a poor one,



and Tangrouille's nightly excesses were generally confined to two or three furtive draughts. Sometimes it happened that the store was empty. This night Tangrouille had found there an unexpected bottle of brandy. His joy was great; but his astonishment greater. From what cloud had it fallen? He could not remember when or how he had ever brought it into the ship. He soon, however, consumed the whole

of it; partly from motives of prudence, and partly from a fear that the brandy might be discovered and seized. The bottle he threw overboard. In the morning, when he took the helm, Tangrouille exhibited a slight oscillation of the body.

He steered, however, pretty nearly as usual.

With regard to Clubin, he had gone, as the reader knows, to sleep at the Jean Tavern.

Clubin always wore, under his shirt, a leathern traveling belt, in which he kept a reserve of twenty guineas; he took this belt off only at night. Inside the belt was his name "Clubin," written by himself on the rough leather, with thick lithographer's ink, which is indelible.

On rising, just before his departure, he put into this girdle the iron box containing the seventy-five thousand francs in bank-notes; then, as he was accustomed to do, he buckled the belt round his body.

CHAPTER III

CONVERSATIONS INTERRUPTED



THE Durande started pleasantly. The passengers, as soon as their bags and portmanteaus were installed upon and under the benches, took that customary survey of the vessel which seems indispensable under the circumstances. Two of the passengers, the tourist and the Parisian, had never seen a steam-vessel before, and from the moment the paddles began to revolve, they stood admiring the foam. Then they looked with wonderment at the smoke. Then they examined one by one, and almost piece by piece upon the upper and lower deck, all those naval appliances such as rings, grapnels, hooks and bolts, which, with their nice precision and adaptation, form a kind of colossal *bijouterie*—a sort of iron jewelry, fantastically gilded with rust by the weather. They walked round the little signal gun upon the upper deck. “Chained up like a sporting dog,” observed the tourist. “And covered with a waterproof coat to prevent its taking cold,” added the Parisian. As they left the land farther behind, they indulged in the customary observations upon the view of St. Malo. One passenger laid down the axiom that the approach to a place by sea is always deceptive; and that at a league from the shore, for example, nothing could more resemble Ostend than Dunkirk. He completed his series of remarks on Dunkirk by the observation that one of its two floating lights painted red was called *Ruytingen*, and the other *Mardyeck*.

St. Malo, meanwhile, grew smaller in the distance, and finally disappeared from view.

The aspect of the sea was a vast calm. The furrow left in the water by the vessel, was a long double line edged with foam, and stretching straight behind them as far as the eye could see.

A straight line drawn from St. Malo in France to Exeter in England would touch the island of Guernsey. The straight line at sea is not

always the one chosen. Steam-vessels, however, have, to a certain extent, a power of following the direct course, denied to sailing ships.

The wind in co-operation with the sea is a combination of forces. A ship is a combination of machines. Forces are machines of infinite power. Machines are forces of limited power. That struggle which we call navigation is between these two organizations, the one inexhaustible, the other intelligent.

A Will, directing the mechanism, forms the counterbalance to the Infinite. But the Infinite, too, has its mechanism. The elements are conscious of where they go, and what they are about. No force is merely blind. It is the function of man to keep watch upon these forces, and to discover their laws.

While these laws are undiscovered, the struggle continues, and in this struggle navigation, by the help of steam, is a perpetual victory won by human skill every hour of the day, and upon every point of the sea. The admirable feature in steam navigation is, that it disciplines the very ship herself. It diminishes her obedience to the winds, and increases her obedience to man.

The *Durande* had never worked better at sea than on that day. She made her way marvelously.

Towards eleven o'clock, a fresh breeze blowing from the north-west, the *Durande* was off the Minquiers, under little steam, keeping her head to the west, on the starboard tack, and close up to the wind. The weather was still fine and clear. The trawlers, however, were making for shore.

By little and little, as if each one was anxious to get into port, the sea became clear of the boats.

It could not be said that the *Durande* was keeping quite her usual course. The crew gave no thought to such matters. The confidence in the captain was absolute; yet, perhaps through the fault of the helmsman, there was a slight deviation. The *Durande* appeared to be making rather towards Jersey than Guernsey. A little after eleven the captain rectified the vessel's course, and put her head fair for Guernsey. It was only a little time lost, but in short days time lost has its inconveniences. It was a February day, but the sun shone brightly.

Tangrouille, in his half-intoxicated state, had not a very sure arm, nor a very firm footing. The result was, that the helmsman lurched pretty often, which also retarded progress.

The wind had almost entirely fallen.

The Guernsey passenger, who had a telescope in his hand, brought it to bear from time to time upon a little cloud of grey mist, lightly

moved by the wind, in the extreme western horizon. It resembled fleecy wadding sprinkled with dust.

Captain Clubin wore his ordinary austere, Puritan-like expression of countenance. He appeared to redouble his attention.

All was peaceful and almost joyous on board the *Durande*. The passengers chatted. It is possible to judge of the state of the sea in a passage with the eyes closed, by noting the *tremolo* of the conversation about you. The full freedom of mind among the passengers answers to the perfect tranquillity of the waters.

It is impossible, for example, that a conversation like the following could take place otherwise than on a very calm sea :

“Observe that pretty green and red fly.”

“It has lost itself out at sea, and is resting on the ship.”

“Flies do not soon get tired.”

“No doubt ; they are light ; the wind carries them.”

“An ounce of flies was once weighed, and afterwards counted ; and it was found to comprise no less than six thousand two hundred and sixty-eight.”

The Guernsey passenger with the telescope had approached the St. Malo cattle dealers ; and their talk was something in this vein :

“The Aubrac ox has a round and thick buttock, short legs, and a yellowish hide. He is slow at work by reason of the shortness of his legs.”

“In that matter the Salers beats the Aubrac.”

“I have seen, sir, two beautiful oxen in my life. The first has the legs low, the breast thick, the rump full, the haunches large, a good length of neck to the croup, withers of good height, the skin loose. The second had all the signs of good fattening, a thickset back, neck and shoulders strong, legs light, coat white and brown, rump sinking.”

“That’s the Cotentin race.”

“Yes ; with a slight cross with the Angus or Suffolk bull.”

“You may believe it if you please, sir, but I assure you in the south they hold shows of donkeys.”

“Shows of donkeys ?”

“Of donkeys, on my honor. And the ugliest are the most admired.”

“Ha ! it is the same as with the mule shows. The ugly ones are considered best.”

“Exactly. Take Poitevin breed ; large belly, thick legs.”

“The best mule known is a barrel upon four posts.”

“Beauty in beasts is a different thing from beauty in men.”

“And particularly in women.”

"That is true."

"As for me, I like a woman to be pretty."

"I am more particular about her being well dressed."

"Yes; neat, clean, and well set off."

"Looking just new. A pretty girl ought always to appear as if she had just been turned out by a jeweler."

"To return to my oxen; I saw these two sold at the market at Thouars."

"The market at Thouars; I know it very well. The Bonneaus of La Rochelle, and the Babus corn merchants at Marans, I don't know whether you have heard of them attending that market."

The tourist and the Parisian were conversing with the American of the Bibles.

"Sir," said the tourist, "I will tell you the tonnage of the civilized world. France, 716,000 tons; Germany, 1,000,000; the United States, 5,000,000; England, 5,500,000; add the small vessels. Total, 12,904,000 tons, carried in 145,000 vessels scattered over the waters of the globe."

The American interrupted:

"It is the United States, sir, which has 5,500,000."

"I defer," said the tourist. "You are an American?"

"Yes, sir."

"I defer still more."

There was a pause. The American missionary was considering whether this was a case for the offer of a Bible.

"Is it true, sir," asked the tourist, "that you have a passion for nicknames in America, so complete, that you confer them upon all your celebrated men, and that you call your famous Missouri banker, Thomas Benton, '*Old Ingot*?' "

"Yes; just as we call Zachary Taylor, '*Old Zach*.' "

"And General Harrison, '*Old Tip*;' am I right? and General Jackson, '*Old Hickory*?' "

"Because Jackson is hard as hickory wood; and because Harrison beat the redskins at *Tippecanoe*."

"It is a Byzantine fashion that of yours."

"It is our custom. We call Van Buren '*The Little Wizard*;' Seward, who introduced the small bank-notes, '*Little Billy*;' and Douglas, the democrat Senator from Illinois, who is four feet high and very eloquent, '*The Little Giant*.' You may go from Texas to the State of Maine without hearing the name of Mr. Cass. They say the '*Great Michigander*.' Nor the name of Clay; they say, '*The miller's boy with the scar*.' Clay is the son of a miller."

"I should prefer to say 'Clay' or 'Cass,' said the Parisian, 'It's shorter.'"

"Then you would be out of the fashion. We call Corwin, who is the Secretary of the Treasury, '*The Wagoner-boy*;' Daniel Webster, '*Black Dan*.' As to Winfield Scott, as his first thought after beating



the English at Chippewa, was to sit down to dine, we call him '*Quick—a basin of soup.*'"

The small white mist perceived in the distance had become larger. It filled now a segment of fifteen degrees above the horizon. It was like a cloud loitering along the water for want of wind to stir it. The breeze had almost entirely died away. The sea was glassy. Although

it was not yet noon, the sun was becoming pale. It lighted, but seemed to give no warmth.

"I fancy," said the tourist, "that we shall have a change of weather."

"Probably rain," said the Parisian.

"Or fog," said the American.

"In Italy," remarked the tourist, "Molfetta is the place where there falls the least rain; and Tolmezzo, where there falls the most."

At noon, according to the usage of the Channel islands, the bell sounded for dinner. Those dined who desired. Some passengers had brought with them provisions, and were eating merrily on the after-deck. Clubin did not eat.

While this eating was going on, the conversations continued.

The Guernsey man, having probably a scent for Bibles, approached the American. The latter said to him:

"You know this sea?"

"Very well; I belong to this part."

"And I, too," said one of the St. Malo men.

The native of Guernsey followed, with a bow and continued:

"We are fortunately well out at sea now; I should not have liked a fog when we were off the Minquiers."

The American said to the St. Malo man:

"Islanders are more at home on the sea than the folks of the coast."

"True; we coast people are only half dipped in salt water."

"What are the Minquiers?" asked the American.

The St. Malo man replied:

"They are an ugly reef of rocks."

"There are also the Grelets," said the Guernsey man.

"Parbleu!" ejaculated the other.

"And the Chouas," added the Guernsey man.

The inhabitant of St. Malo laughed.

"As for that," said he, "there are the Savages also."

"And the Monks," observed the Guernsey man.

"And the Duck," cried the St. Maloite.

"Sir," remarked the inhabitant of Guernsey, "you have an answer for everything."

The tourist interposed with a question:

"Have we to pass all that legion of rocks?"

"No; we have left it to the sou'-south-east. It is behind us."

And the Guernsey passenger continued:

"Big and little rocks together, the Grilets have fifty-seven peaks."

"And the Minquiers forty-eight," said the other.

The dialogue was now confined to the St. Malo and the Guernsey passenger.

"It strikes me, Monsieur St. Malo, that there are three rocks which you have not included."

"I mentioned all."

"From the Derée to the Maitre Ile."

"And Les Maisons?"

"Yes; seven rocks in the midst of the Minquiers."

"I see you know the very stones."

"If I didn't know the stones, I should not be an inhabitant of St. Malo."

"It is amusing to hear French people's reasonings."

The St. Malo man bowed in his turn, and said:

"The Savages are three rocks."

"And the Mouks two."

"And the Duck one."

"*The Duck*; this is only one, of course."

"No: for *the Suarde* consists of four rocks."

"What do you mean by the *Suarde*?" asked the inhabitant of Guernsey.

"We call the *Suarde* what you call the Chouas."

"It is a queer passage, that between the Chouas and the Duck."

"It is impassable except for the birds."

"And the fish."

"Scarcely: in bad weather they give themselves hard knocks against the walls."

"There is sand near the Minquiers?"

"Around the Maisons."

"There are eight rocks visible from Jersey."

"Visible from the strand of Azette; that's correct: but not eight; only seven."

"At low water you can walk about the Minquiers."

"No doubt; there would be sand above water."

"And what of the Dirouilles?"

"The Dirouilles bear no resemblance to the Minquiers."

"They are very dangerous."

"They are near Granville."

"I see that you St. Malo people, like us, enjoy sailing in these seas."

"Yes," replied the St. Malo man, "with the difference that we say, 'We have the habit,' you, 'We are fond.'"

"You make good sailors."

"I am myself a cattle merchant."

"Who was that famous sailor born of St. Malo?"

"Surcouf?"

"Another?"

"Duguay-Trouin."

Here the Parisian commercial man chimed in:

"Duguay-Trouin? He was captured by the English. He was as agreeable as he was brave. A young English lady fell in love with him. It was she who procured him his liberty."

At this moment a voice like thunder was heard crying out:

"You are drunk, man!"

CHAPTER IV

CAPTAIN CLUBIN DISPLAYS ALL HIS GREAT QUALITIES

EVERYBODY turned.

It was the captain calling to the helmsman.

Sieur Clubin's tone and manner evidenced that he was extremely angry, or that he wished to appear so.

A well-timed burst of anger sometimes removes responsibility, and sometimes shifts it on to other shoulders.

The captain, standing on the bridge between the two paddle-boxes, fixed his eyes on the helmsman. He repeated, between his teeth, "Drunkard." The unlucky Tangrouille hung his head.

The fog had made progress. It filled by this time nearly one-half of the horizon. It seemed to advance from every quarter at the same time. There is something in a fog of the nature of a drop of oil upon the water. It enlarged insensibly. The light wind moved it onward slowly and silently. By little and little it took possession of the ocean. It was coming chiefly from the north-west, dead ahead; the ship had it before her prow, like a line of cliff moving vast and vague. It rose from the sea like a wall. There was an exact point where the wide waters entered the fog, and were lost to sight.

This line of the commencement of the fog was still above half-a-league distant. The interval was visibly growing less and less. The "Durande" made way; the fog made way also. It was drawing nearer to the vessel, while the vessel was drawing nearer to it.

Clubin gave the order to put on more steam, and to steer eastward.

Thus for some time they skirted the edge of the fog; but still it advanced. The vessel, meanwhile, sailed in broad sunlight.

Time was lost in these manœuvres, which had little chance of success. Nightfall comes quickly in February.

The native of Guernsey was meditating upon the subject of this fog. He said to the St. Malo men :

"It will be thick !"

"An ugly sort of weather at sea," observed one of the St. Malo men.

The other added :

"A kind of thing which spoils a good passage."

The Guernsey passenger approached Clubin, and said :

"I'm afraid, Captain, that the fog will catch us."

Clubin replied :

"I wished to stay at St. Malo, but I was advised to go."

"By whom ?"

"By some old sailors."

"You were certainly right to go," said the Guernsey man. "Who knows whether there will not be a tempest to-morrow ? At this season you may wait and find it worse."

A few moments later, the *Durande* entered the fog bank.

The effect was singular. Suddenly those who were on the after-deck could not see those forward. A soft grey medium divided the ship in two.

Then the entire vessel passed into the fog. The sun became like a dull red moon. Everybody suddenly shivered. The passengers put on their over-coats, and the sailors their tarpaulins. The sea, almost without a ripple, was the more menacing from its cold tranquillity. All was pale and wan. The black funnel and the heavy smoke struggled with the dewy mist which enshrouded the vessel.

Dropping to eastward was now useless. The captain kept the vessel's head again towards Guernsey, and gave orders to put on the steam.

The Guernsey passenger, hanging about the engine-room hatchway, heard the negro Imbrancam talking to his comrade. The passenger listened. The negro said :

"This morning, in the sun, we were going half steam on ; now, in the fog, we put on steam."

The Guernsey man returned to Clubin.

"Captain Clubin, a look-out is useless ; but have we not too much steam on ?"

"What can I do, sir ? We must make up for time lost through the fault of that drunkard of a helmsman."

"True, Captain Clubin."

And Clubin added :

"I am anxious to arrive. It is foggy enough by day: it would be rather too much at night."

The Guernsey man rejoined his St. Malo fellow-passengers, and remarked:

"We have an excellent captain."

At intervals, great waves of mist bore down heavily upon them, and blotted out the sun; which again issued out of them pale and sickly. The little that could be seen of the heavens resembled the long strips of painted sky, dirty and stained with oil, among the old scenery of a theatre.

The *Durande* passed close to a cutter which had cast anchor for safety. It was the *Shealtiel* of Guernsey. The master of the cutter remarked the high speed of the steam-vessel. It struck him also, that she was not in her exact course. She seemed to him to bear to westward too much. The apparition of this vessel under full steam in the fog surprised him.

Towards two o'clock the weather had become so thick that the captain was obliged to leave the bridge, and plant himself near the steersman. The sun had vanished, and all was fog. A sort of ashy darkness surrounded the ship. They were navigating in a pale shroud. They could see neither sky nor water.

There was not a breath of wind.

The can of turpentine suspended under the bridge, between the paddle-boxes, did not even oscillate.

The passengers had become silent.

The Parisian, however, hummed between his teeth the song of a stranger—"Un jour le bon Dieu s'éveillant."

One of the St. Malo passengers addressed him:

"You are from Paris, sir?"

"Yes, sir. *Il mit la tête à la fenêtre.*"

"What do they do in Paris?"

"*Leur planète a péri, peut-être.*—In Paris, sir, things are going on very badly."

"Then it's the same ashore as at sea."

"It is true; we have an abominable fog here."

"One which might involve us in misfortunes."

The Parisian exclaimed:

"Yes; and why all these misfortunes in the world? Misfortunes! What are they sent for, these misfortunes? What use do they serve? There was the fire at the Odéon theatre, and immediately a number of families thrown out of employment. Is that just? I don't know what is your religion, sir, but I am puzzled by all this."

"So am I," said the St. Malo man.

"Everything that happens here below," continued the Parisian, "seems to go wrong. It looks as if Providence, for some reason, no longer watched over the world."

The St. Malo man scratched the top of his head, like one making an effort to understand. The Parisian continued:

"God is non-resident. There ought to be a decree against his absenteeism. He is at his country-house, and takes no notice of us; so all gets in disorder. It is evident that he is not in the government; he is taking holiday, leaving some vicar, some seminarist angel, some wretched creature with sparrows'-wings, to look after affairs."

Captain Clubin, who had approached the speakers during this conversation, laid his hand upon the shoulder of the Parisian.

"Silence, sir," he said. "Keep a watch upon your words. We are upon the sea."

No one spoke again aloud.

After a pause of five minutes, the Guernsey man, who had heard all this, whispered in the ear of the St. Malo passenger:

"A religious man, our captain."

It did not rain, but all felt their clothing wet. The crew took no heed of the way they were making; but there was increased sense of uneasiness. They seemed to have entered into a doleful region. The fog makes a deep silence on the sea; it calms the waves, and stifles the wind. In the midst of this silence, the creaking of the *Durande* communicated a strange, indefinable feeling of melancholy and disquietude.

They passed no more vessels. If afar off, in the direction of Guernsey or in that of St. Malo, any vessels were at sea outside the fog, the *Durande*, submerged in the dense cloud, must have been invisible to them; while her long trail of smoke attached to nothing, looked to them like a black comet in the pale sky.

Suddenly Clubin roared out:

"Hang-dog! you have played us an ugly trick. You will wreck us. You deserve to be put in irons. Get you gone, drunkard!"

And he seized the helm himself.

The steersman, humbled, shrunk away to take part in the duties forward.

The Guernsey man said:

"That will save us."

The vessel was still making way rapidly.

Towards three o'clock, the lower part of the fog began to clear, and they could see the sea again.

A mist can only be dispersed by the sun or the wind. By the sun

is well; by the wind is not so well. It was too late for the sun. At three o'clock in the afternoon, in the month of February, the sun is always weak. A return of the wind at this critical point in a voyage is not desirable. It is often the forerunner of a hurricane.

If there was any breeze, however, it was scarcely perceptible.

Clubin, with his eye on the binnacle, holding the tiller and steering, muttered to himself some words like the following, which reached the ears of the passengers:

"No time to be lost; that drunken rascal has retarded us."

His visage, meanwhile, was absolutely without expression.



The sea was less calm under the mist. A few waves were distinguishable.

Little spots of light appeared on the surface of the water. These luminous patches attract the attention of the sailors. They indicate openings made by the wind in the overhanging roof of fog. The cloud rose a little, and then sunk heavier. Sometimes the density was perfect.

The ship was involved in a sort of foggy iceberg. At intervals this terrible circle opened a little, like a pair of pincers; showed a glimpse of the horizon, and then closed again.

Meanwhile the Guernsey man, armed with his spyglass, was standing like a sentinel in the fore part of the vessel.

An opening appeared for a moment, and was blotted out again.

The Guernsey man returned alarmed.

"Captain Clubin!"

"What is the matter?"

"We are steering right upon the Hanways."

"You are mistaken," said Clubin, coldly.

The Guernsey man insisted.

"I am sure of it."

"Impossible."

"I have just seen the rock in the horizon."

"Where?"

"Out yonder."

"It is the open sea there. Impossible."

And Clubin kept the vessel's head to the point indicated by the passenger.

The Guernsey man seized his spyglass again.

A moment later he came running aft again.

"Captain!"

"Well?"

"Tack about!"

"Why?"

"I am certain of having seen a very high rock just ahead. It is the Great Hanway."

"You have seen nothing but a thick bank of fog."

"It is the Great Hanway. Tack, in the name of Heaven!"

Clubin gave the helm a turn.



CHAPTER V

CLUBIN REACHES THE CROWNING-POINT OF GLORY



CRASH was heard. The ripping of a vessel's side upon a sunken reef in open sea is the most dismal sound of which man can dream. The *Durande's* course was stopped short.

Several passengers were knocked down with the shock and rolled upon the deck.

The Guernsey man raised his hands to heaven.

"We are on the Hanways. I said so!"

A long cry went up from the ship.

"We are lost."

The voice of Clubin, dry and short, was heard above all.

"No one is lost! Silence!"

The black form of Imbrancam, naked down to the waist, issued from the hatchway of the engine-room.

The negro said with self-possession:

"The water is gaining, Captain. The fires will soon be out."

The moment was terrible.

The shock was like that of a suicide. If the disaster had been willfully sought, it could not have been more terrible. The *Durande* had rushed upon her fate as if she had attacked the rock itself. A point had pierced her sides like a wedge. More than six feet square of planking had gone; the stem was broken, the prow smashed, and the gaping hull drank in the sea with a horrible gulping noise. It was an entrance for shipwreck. The rebound was so violent that it had shattered the rudder pendants; the rudder itself hung unhinged and flapping. The rock had driven in her keel. Round about the vessel nothing was visible except a thick, compact fog, now become sombre. Night was gathering fast.

The *Durande* plunged forward. It was like the effort of a horse

pierced through the entrails by the horns of a bull. All was over with her.

Tangrouille was sobered. Nobody is drunk in the moment of a shipwreck. He came down to the quarter-deck, went up again, and said :

"Captain, the water is gaining rapidly in the hold. In ten minutes it will be up to the scupper-holes."

The passengers ran about bewildered, wringing their hands, leaning over the bulwarks, looking down in the engine-room, and making every other sort of useless movement in their terror. The tourist had fainted.

Clubin made a sign with his hand, and they were silent. He questioned Imbrancam :

"How long will the engines work yet?"

"Five or six minutes, sir."

Then he interrogated the Guernsey passenger :

"I was at the helm. You saw the rock. On which bank of the Hanways are we?"

"On the Mauve. Just now, in the opening in the fog, I saw it clearly."

"If we're on the Mauve," remarked Clobin, "we have the Great Hanway on the port side, and the Little Hanway on the starboard bow; we are a mile from the shore."

The crew and passengers listened, fixing their eyes anxiously and attentively on the captain.

Lightening the ship would have been of no avail, and indeed would have been hardly possible. In order to throw the cargo overboard they would have had to open the ports and increase the chance of the water entering. To cast anchor would have been equally useless: they were stuck fast. Besides, with such a bottom for the anchor to drag, the chain would probably have fouled. The engines not being injured, and being workable while the fires were not extinguished, that is to say, for a few minutes longer, they could have made an effort, by help of steam and her paddles, to turn her astern off the rocks; but if they had succeeded, they must have settled down immediately. The rock, indeed, in some degree stopped the breach and prevented the entrance of the water. It was at least an obstacle; while the hole once freed, it would have been impossible to stop the leak or to work the pumps. To snatch a poniard from a wound in the heart is instant death to the victim. To free the vessel from the rock would have been simply to founder.

The cattle, on whom the water was gaining in the hold, were lowing piteously.

Clubin issued orders :

“Launch the long boat.”

Imbrancam and Tangrouille rushed to execute the order. The boat was eased from her fastenings. The rest of the crew looked on stupefied.



“All hands to assist,” cried Clubin.

This time all obeyed.

Clubin, self-possessed, continued to issue his orders in that old sea dialect, which French sailors of the present day would scarcely understand.

“Haul in a rope—Get a cable if the capstan does not work—Stop heaving—Keep the blocks clear—Lower away there—Bring her down

stern and bows—Now then, all together, lads—Take care she don't lower stern first—There's too much strain on there—Hold the lanyard of the stock tackle—Stand by there!”

The long boat was launched.

At that instant the *Durande's* paddles stopped, and the smoke ceased—the fires were drowned.

The passengers slipped down the ladder, or clinging to the rigging, dropped rather than descended into the long boat.

Imbrancam lifted the fainting tourist, carried him into the boat, and then boarded the vessel again.

The crew made a rush after the passengers—the cabin-boy was knocked down, and the others were trampling upon him.

Imbrancam barred their passage.

“Not a man before the lad,” he said.

He kept off the sailors with his two black arms, picked up the boy, and handed him down to the Guernsey man, who was standing upright in the boat.

The boy saved, Imbrancam made way for the others, and said :

“Pass on !”

Meanwhile Clubin had entered his cabin, and had made up a parcel containing the ship's papers and instruments. He took the compass from the binnacle, handed the papers and instruments to Imbrancam, and the compass to Tangrouille, and said to them :

“Get aboard the boat.”

They obeyed. The crew had taken their places before them. The boat was full and down to the water's edge.

“Now,” cried Clubin, “push off.”

A cry arose from the long boat :

“What about yourself, Captain ?”

“I will remain here.”

Shipwrecked people have little time to deliberate, and not much for indulging in tender feeling. Those who were in the long boat and in comparative safety, however, felt an emotion which was not altogether selfish.

All the voices shouted together :

“Come with us, Captain.”

“No : I remain here.”

The Guernsey man, who had some experience of the sea, replied :

“Listen to me, Captain. You are wrecked on the Hanways. Swimming, you would have only a mile to cross to Pleinmont. In a boat you can only land at Rocquaine, which is two miles. There are breakers, and there is the fog. Our boat will not get to Rocquaine

in less than two hours. It will be a dark night. The sea is rising—the wind getting fresh. A squall is at hand. We are now ready to return and bring you off; but if bad weather comes on, that will be out of our power. You are lost if you stay there. Come with us.”

The Parisian chimed in:

“The long boat is full—too full, it is true, and one more will certainly be too many; but we are thirteen—a bad number for the boat, and it is better to overload her with a man than to take an ominous number. Come, Captain.”

Tangrouille added:

“It was all my fault—not yours, Captain. It isn’t fair for you to be left behind.”

“I have decided to remain here,” said Clubin. “The vessel must inevitably go to pieces in the tempest to-night. I won’t leave her. When the ship is lost, the Captain is dead. People shall not say I didn’t do my duty to the end. Tangrouille, I forgive you.”

Then, folding his arms, he cried:

“Obey orders! Let go the rope, and push off.”

The long boat swayed to and fro. Imbrancam had seized the tiller. All the hands which were not rowing were raised towards the Captain—every mouth cried, “Cheers for Captain Clubin.”

“An admirable fellow!” said the American.

“Sir,” replied the Guernsey man, “he is one of the worthiest seamen afloat.”

Tangrouille shed tears.

“If I had had the courage,” he said, “I would have stayed with him.”

The long boat pushed away, and was lost in the fog.

Nothing more was visible.

The beat of the oars grew fainter, and died away.

Clubin remained alone.

CHAPTER VI

THE INTERIOR OF AN ABYSS SUDDENLY REVEALED



WHEN Clubin found himself upon this rock, in the midst of the fog and the wide waters, far from all sound of human life, left for dead, alone with the tide rising around him, and night settling down rapidly, he experienced a feeling of profound satisfaction.

He had succeeded.

His dream was realized. The acceptance which he had drawn upon destiny at so long a date had fallen due at last.

With him, to be abandoned there was, in fact, to be saved.

He was on the Hanways, one mile from the shore; he had about him seventy-five thousand francs. Never was shipwreck more scientifically accomplished. Nothing had failed. It is true, everything had been foreseen. From his early years Clubin had had an idea, to stake his reputation for honesty at life's gaming-table; to pass as a man of high honor, and starting from that to bide his time, to wait for his luck, to play his martingale, to watch his opportunity; not to grope about, blindly, but to seize boldly; to venture on one great stroke, only one; and to end by sweeping off the stakes, leaving fools behind him to gape and wonder. What stupid rogues miss in twenty times, he meant to accomplish at the first blow; and while they terminated a career on the gallows, he intended to finish with a fortune. The meeting with Rantaine had been a new light to him. He had immediately laid his plan, to compel Rantaine to disgorge; to frustrate his threatened revelations by disappearing; to make the world believe him dead, the best of all modes of concealment; and for this purpose to wreck the *Durande*. The shipwreck was necessary to his designs. Lastly, he had the satisfaction of vanishing, leaving behind him a good reputation, the crowning point of his existence. As he stood meditating on these things amid

the wreck, Clubin might have been taken for some demon in a pleasant mood.

He had lived a lifetime for the sake of this one minute.

His whole exterior was expressive of the two words, "At last." A devilish tranquillity reigned in that sallow countenance. His dull eye,



the depth of which generally seemed to be impenetrable, became clear and terrible. The inward fire of his dark spirit was reflected there.

Man's inner nature, like that external world about him, has its electric phenomena. An idea is like a meteor; at the moment of success, the confused meditations which preceded it open a way, and a spark flashes forth. To have within one's self a talon of vice, a claw of

evil, and to feel a prey therein, brings to some minds a pleasure which is like a sparkle of light. The triumph of an evil purpose brightens up their visages. The success of certain cunning combinations, the attainment of certain cherished objects, the gratification of certain ferocious instincts, will manifest themselves in sinister but luminous appearances in their eyes. It is like a threatening dawn, a gleam of joy drawn out of the heart of a storm. These flashes are generated in the conscience in its states of cloud and darkness.

Such signs were flashing in the pupils of those eyes. They were like nothing else that can be seen shining either above or here below.

All Clubin's pent-up wickedness found full vent now.

He gazed into the vast surrounding darkness, and indulged in a low, irrepressible laugh, full of sinister significance.

He was free at last! rich at last!

The unknown future of his life was at length unfolding; the problem was solved.

Clubin had plenty of time before him. The sea was rising, and consequently sustained the *Durand*, and even raised her at last a little. The vessel kept firmly in its place among the rocks; there was no danger of her foundering. Besides, he determined to give the long boat time to get clear off—to go to the bottom, perhaps. Clubin hoped it might.

Erect upon the deck of the shipwrecked vessel, he folded his arms, apparently enjoying that forlorn situation in the dark night.

Hypocrisy had weighed upon this man for thirty years. He had been evil itself, yoked with probity. He detested virtue with the feeling of one who has been trapped into a hateful match. He had always had a wicked premeditation; from the time when he attained manhood he had worn the cold and rigid armor of appearances. Underneath this was the demon of self. He had lived with the heart of a bandit in the skin of an honest citizen. He had been the soft-spoken pirate; the bond-slave of honesty. He had been confined in garments of innocence, as in oppressive mummy cloths; had worn those angel wings which the devils find so wearisome. He had been overloaded with public esteem. It is arduous passing for an honest man. To preserve a perpetual equilibrium amid these difficulties, to think evil, to speak goodness, here had been indeed a labor. He had been the phantom of uprightness while he was the spectre of crime. Such a life of contradictions had been Clubin's fate. It had been his lot, to preserve a good exterior, to be always presentable, to foam in secret, to smile while grinding his teeth. Virtue presented itself to his mind as something stifling. He had felt, sometimes, as if he could have bitten those finger-

ends which he was compelled to keep before his mouth. While longing to bite, he had to kiss.

To lie is to suffer. A hypocrite is a patient in the double acceptation of the word; he calculated a triumph and endures a punishment. To be premeditating indefinitely a diabolical act, to have to assume austerity; to brood over secret infamy seasoned with outward good fame; to have continually to put the world off the scent; to present a perpetual illusion, and never to be one's self—is a burdensome task. To be constrained to dip the brush in that dark stuff within his skull, to produce with it a portrait of candor; to long to eat those who respect you; to fawn, to restrain and suppress one's self, to be ever on the *qui vive*; watching without ceasing to mask latent crimes with a face of healthy innocence: to transform deformity into beauty; to fashion wickedness into the shape of perfection; to tickle, as it were, with the point of a dagger, to sugar poison, to bridle every gesture and keep a watch over every tone, not even to have a countenance of one's own—what can be harder, what can be more torturing? The odiousness of hypocrisy is obscurely felt by the hypocrite himself. Drinking perpetually of his own imposture is nauseating. The sweetness which cunning gives to scoundrelism is repugnant to the scoundrel compelled to have it ever in the mouth; and there are moments of disgust when villainy seems on the point of vomiting its secret. To have to swallow that bitter saliva is horrible. Add to this picture his profound pride. There are strange moments in the history of such a life, when hypocrisy worships itself. There is always an inordinate egotism in roguery. The worm has the same mode of gliding along as the serpent, and the same manner of raising its head. The treacherous villain is the despot curbed and restrained, and only able to attain his ends by resigning himself to play a secondary part. He is summed-up littleness capable of enormities. The perfect hypocrite is a Titan dwarfed.

Clubin had a genuine faith that he had been ill-used. Why had not he the right to have been born rich? He would have asked nothing better than to have 100,000 livres a year from his parents. Why did he not have them? It was from no fault of his that it was otherwise. Deprived as he had been of the higher enjoyments of life, why had he been forced to labor—in other words, to cheat, to betray, to destroy? Why had he been condemned to this torture of flattering, cringing, fawning; to be always laboring for men's respect and friendship, and to wear night and day a face which was not his own? To be compelled to dissimulate was in itself to submit to a hardship. Men hate those to whom they have to lie. But now the disguise was at an end. Clubin had taken his revenge.

On whom? On all! On everything!

Lethierry had never done him any but good services; so much the greater his spleen. He was revenged upon Lethierry.

He was revenged upon all those in whose presence he had felt constraint. It was his turn to be free now. Whoever had thought well of him was his enemy. He had felt himself their captive long enough.

Now he had broken through his prison walls. His escape was accomplished. That which would be regarded as his death, would be, in fact, the beginning of his life. He was about to begin the world again. The true Clubin had stripped off the false. In one hour the spell was broken. He had kicked Rantaine into space; overwhelmed Lethierry in ruin; human justice in night, and opinion in error. He had cast off all humanity; blotted out the whole world.

The name of God, that word of three letters, occupied his mind but little.

He had passed for a religious man. What was he now?

There are secret recesses in hypocrisy; or rather the hypocrite is himself a secret recess.

When Clubin found himself quite alone, that cavern in which his soul had so long lain hidden, was opened. He enjoyed a moment of delicious liberty. He reveled for that moment in the open air. He gave vent to himself in one long breath.

The depth of evil within him revealed itself in his visage. He expanded, as it were, with diabolical joy. The features of Rantaine by the side of his at that moment would have shown like the innocent expression of a new-born child.

What a deliverance was this plucking off of the old mask. His conscience rejoiced in the sight of its own monstrous nakedness, as it stepped forth to take its hideous bath of wickedness. The long restraint of men's respect seemed to have given him a mad relish for infamy. He experienced a certain lascivious enjoyment of wickedness. In those frightful moral abysses so rarely sounded, such natures find atrocious delights—they are the obscenities of rascality. The long-endured insipidity of the false reputation for virtue gave him a sort of appetite for shame. In this state of mind men disdain their fellows so much, that they even long for the contempt which marks the ending of their unmerited homage. They feel a satisfaction in the freedom of degradation, and cast an eye of envy at baseness, sitting at its ease, clothed in ignominy and shame. Eyes that are forced to droop modestly are familiar with these steady glances at sin. From Messalina to Marie-Alacoque the distance is not great. Remember the histories of La Cadière and the nun of Louviers. Clubin, too, had worn the veil.

Effrontery had always been the object of his secret admiration. He envied the painted courtesan, and the face of bronze of the professional ruffian. He felt a pride in surpassing her in artifices, and a disgust for the trick of passing for a saint. He had been the Tantalus of cynicism. And now, upon this rock, in the midst of this solitude, he could be frank and open. A bold plunge into wickedness--what a voluptuous sense of relief it brought with it. All the delights known to the fallen angels are summed up in this; and Clubin felt them in that moment. The long arrears of dissimulations were paid at last. Hypocrisy is an advance; the devil reimburses it. Clubin gave himself up to the intoxication of being shameless and of having no longer any eye upon him but that of Heaven. He whispered within himself, "I am a scoundrel," and felt profoundly satisfied.

Never had human conscience experienced such a full tide of emotions.

The eruption of a hypocrite is far beyond that of any crater.

He was glad to be entirely alone, and yet would not have been sorry to have had some one there. He would have been pleased to have had a witness of his fiendish joy.

He would have been gratified to have had opportunity of saying to society, "Thou fool."

The solitude, indeed, assured his triumph; but it made it less.

He himself was the sole spectator of his glory.

Even to be in the pillory has its satisfaction, for everybody can see your infamy.

To compel the crowd to stand and gape is, in fact, an exercise of power. A malefactor standing upon a platform in the market-place, with the collar of iron around his neck, is master of all the glances which he constrains the multitude to turn towards him. There is a pedestal on yonder scaffolding. To be there, the centre of universal observation, is not this, too, a triumph? To direct the pupil of the public eye, is this not another form of supremacy? For those who worship an ideal wickedness, opprobrium is glory. It is a height from whence they can look down; a superiority at least of some kind; a pre-eminence in which they can display themselves royally. A gallows standing high in the gaze of all the world is not without some analogy with a throne.

To be exposed is, at least, to be seen and studied.

Wicked reigns have all the enjoyments of the pillory. Nero burning Rome, Louis Quatorze treacherously seizing the Palatinate, the Prince Regent killing Napoleon slowly, Nicholas strangling Poland before the eyes of the civilized world, may have felt something akin to

Clubin's joy. Universal execration derives a grandeur even from its vastness.

To be unmasked is a humiliation; but to unmask one's self is a triumph. There is an intoxication in the position, an insolent satisfaction, a flaunting nakedness which affronts the decencies of life. Supreme bliss!

These ideas in a hypocrite appear to be inconsistent, but in reality are not. All infamy is logical. Honey is gall. Escobar has some affinity with the Marquis de Sade. In proof, we have Léotade. A hypocrite, being a personification of vice complete, includes in himself the two poles of perversity. Priest-like on one side, he resembles the courtesan on the other. The sex of his diabolical nature is double. The hypocrite is the hermaphrodite of evil, self-impregnating. He engenders and transforms himself. Would you see it in its pleasing shape? Look at it. Would you see it horrible? Turn it round.

All this multitude of ideas was floating confusedly in Clubin's mind. He analyzed them little, but he enjoyed them much.

A whirlwind of flakes of fires borne up from the pit of hell into the dark night, might fitly represent the wild succession of ideas in his soul.

Clubin remained thus some time pensive and motionless. He looked down upon his cast-off virtues as a serpent on its old skin.

Everybody had had faith in that virtue; even he himself a little. He laughed again.

Society would imagine him dead, while he was rich. They would believe him drowned, while he was saved. What a capital trick to have played off on the stupidity of the world.

Rantaine, too, was included in that universal stupidity. Clubin thought of Rantaine with an unmeasured disdain: the disdain of the weasel for the tiger. The trick had failed with Rantaine, it had succeeded with him; Rantaine had slunk away abashed, Clubin disappeared in triumph. He had substituted himself for Rantaine, stepped between him and his mistress, and carried off her favors.

As to the future, he had no well-settled plan. In the iron tobacco-box in his girdle he had the three bank-notes. The knowledge of that fact was enough. He would change his name. There are plenty of countries where sixty thousand francs are equal to six hundred thousand. It would be no bad solution to go to one of those corners of the world, and live there honestly on the money disgorged by that scoundrel Rantaine. To speculate, to embark in commerce, to increase his capital, to become really a millionaire, that, too, would be no bad termination to his career.

For example. The great trade in coffee from Costa Rica was just beginning to be developed. There were heaps of gold to be made. He would see.

It was of little consequence. He had plenty of time to think of it. The hardest part of the enterprise was accomplished. Stripping *Ram-taine*, and disappearing with the wreck of the *Durande*, were the grand achievements. All the rest was for him simple. No obstacle henceforth was likely to stop him. He had nothing more to fear. He could reach the shore with certainty by swimming. He would land at Pleinmont in the darkness; ascend the cliffs; go straight to the old haunted house; enter it easily by the help of the knotted cord, concealed beforehand in a crevice of the rocks; would find in the house his traveling-bag containing provisions and dry clothing. There he could await his opportunity. He had information. A week would not pass without the Spanish smugglers, Blasquito probably, touching at Pleinmont. For a few guineas he would obtain a passage, not to Torbay, as he had said to Blasco, to confound conjecture, and put him off the scent, but to Bilbao or Passages. Thence he could get to Vera Cruz or New Orleans. But the moment had come for taking to the water. The long boat was far enough by this time. An hour's swimming was nothing for Clubin. The distance of a mile only separated him from the land, as he was on the Hanways.

At this point in Clubin's meditations, a clear opening appeared in the fog bank, the formidable Douvres rocks stood before him.

CHAPTER VII

THE UNEXPECTED INTERVENES



LUBIN, haggard, stared straight ahead.

It was indeed those terrible and solitary rocks.

It was impossible to mistake their misshapen outlines. The twin Douvres reared their forms aloft, hideously revealing the passage between them, like a snare, a cut-throat in ambush in the ocean.

They were quite close to him. The fog, like an artful accomplice, had hidden them until now.

Clubin had mistaken his course in the dense mist. Notwithstanding all his pains, he had experienced the fate of two other great navigators, of Gonzalez who discovered Cape Blanco, and Fernandez, who discovered Cape Verd. The fog had bewildered him. It had seemed to him, in the confidence of his seamanship, to favor admirably the execution of his project; but it had its perils. In veering to westward he had lost his reckoning. The Guernsey man, who fancied that he recognized the Hanways, had decided his fate, and determined him to give the final turn to the tiller. Clubin had never doubted that he had steered the vessel on the Hanways.

The *Durande*, stove in by one of the sunken rocks of the group, was only separated from the two Douvres by a few cables' lengths.

At two hundred fathoms farther was a massive block of granite. Upon the steep sides of this rock were some hollows and small projections, which might help a man to climb. The square corners of those rude walls at right angles indicated the existence of a plateau on the summit.

It was the height known by the name of "The Man."

"The Man" rock rose even higher still than the Douvres. Its platform commanded a view over their two inaccessible peaks. This plat-

form, crumbling at its edges, had a kind of sculptural regularity. No place more desolate or more dangerous could be imagined. The hardly perceptible waves of the open sea lapped gently against the square sides of that dark enormous mass; a sort of resting-place for the vast spectres of the sea and darkness.

All around was calm. Scarcely a breath of air or a ripple. The mind guessed darkly the hidden life and vastness of the depths beneath that quiet surface.

Clubin had often seen the Douvres from afar. He satisfied himself that he was indeed there. He could not doubt it.

A sudden and hideous change of affairs. The Douvres instead of the Hanways. Instead of one mile, five leagues of sea! The Douvres to the solitary shipwrecked sailor is the visible and palpable presence of death, the extinction of all hope of reaching land.

Clubin shuddered. He had placed himself voluntarily in the jaws of destruction. No other refuge was left to him than "The Man" rock. It was probable that a tempest would arise in the night, and that the long boat, overloaded as she was, would sink. No news of the shipwreck then would come to land. It would not even be known that Clubin had been left upon the Douvres. No prospect was now before him but death from cold and hunger. His seventy-five thousand francs would not purchase him a mouthful of bread. All the scaffolding he had built up had brought him only to this snare. He alone was the laborious architect of this crowning catastrophe. No resource—no possible escape; his triumph transformed into a fatal precipice. Instead of deliverance, a prison; instead of the long prosperous future, agony. In the glance of an eye, in the moment which the lightning occupies in passing, all his construction had fallen into ruins. The paradise dreamed of by this demon had changed to its true form of a sepulchre.

Meanwhile there had sprung up a movement in the air. The wind was rising. The fog, shaken, driven in, and rent asunder, moved towards the horizon in vast shapeless masses. As quickly as it had disappeared before, the sea became once more visible.

The cattle, more and more invaded by the waters, continued to bellow in the hold.

Night was approaching, probably bringing with it a storm.

The Durande, filling slowly with the rising tide, swung from right to left, then from left to right, and began to turn upon the rock as upon a pivot.

The moment could be foreseen when a wave must move her from her fixed position, and probably roll her over on her beam-ends.

It was not even so dark as at the instant of her striking the rocks

Though the day was more advanced, it was possible to see more clearly. The fog had carried away with it some part of the darkness. The west was without a cloud. Twilight brings a pale sky. Its vast reflection glimmered on the sea.

The *Durande's* bows were lower than her stern. Her stern was, in fact, almost out of the water. Clubin mounted on the taffrail, and fixed his eyes on the horizon.

It is the nature of hypocrisy to be sanguine. The hypocrite is one who waits his opportunity. Hypocrisy is nothing, in fact, but a horrible hopefulness; the very foundation of its revolting falsehood is composed of that virtue transformed into a vice. Strange contradiction. There is a certain trustfulness in hypocrisy. The hypocrite confides in some power, unrevealed even to himself, which permits the course of evil.

Clubin looked far and wide over the ocean.

The position was desperate, but that evil spirit did not yet despair.

He knew that after the fog, vessels that had been lying-to or riding at anchor would resume their course; and he thought that perhaps one would pass within the horizon.

And, as he had anticipated, a sail appeared.

She was coming from the east and steering towards the west.

As it approached the cut of the vessel became visible. It had but one mast, and had a fore and aft rig. Her bowsprit was almost horizontal. It was a cutter.

Before a half-hour she must pass not very far from the *Douvres*.

Clubin said within himself, "I am saved!"

In a moment like this, a man thinks at first of nothing but his life.

The cutter was probably a strange craft. Might it not be one of the smuggling vessels on its way to *Pleinmont*? It might even be *Blasquito* himself. In that case, not only life, but fortune, would be saved; and the accident of the *Douvres*, by hastening the conclusion, by dispensing with the necessity for concealment in the haunted house, and by bringing the adventure to a *dénouement* at sea, would be turned into a happy incident.

All his original confidence of success returned fanatically to his sombre mind.

It is remarkable how easily knaves are persuaded that they deserve to succeed.

There was but one course to take.

The *Durande*, entangled among the rocks, necessarily mingled her outline with them, and confounded herself with their irregular shapes, among which she formed only one more mass of lines. Thus become

indistinct and lost, she would not suffice, in the little light which remained, to attract the attention of the crew of the vessel which was approaching.

But a human form standing up, black against the pale twilight of the sky, upon "the Man Rock," and making signs of distress, would doubtless be perceived, and the cutter would then send a boat to take the shipwrecked man aboard.

"The Man" was only two hundred fathoms off. To reach it by swimming was simple, to climb it easy.

There was not a minute to lose.

The bows of the *Durande* being low between the rocks, it was from the height of the poop where Chubin stood that he had to jump into the sea. He began by taking a sounding, and discovered that there was great depth just under the stern of the wrecked vessel. The microscopic shells of foraminifera which the tallow on the lead-line brought up were intact, indicating the presence of very hollow caves under the rocks, in which the water was tranquil, however great the agitation of the surface.

He undressed, leaving his clothing on the deck. He knew that he would be able to get clothing when aboard the cutter.

He retained nothing but his leather belt.

As soon as he was stripped he placed his hand upon this belt, buckled it more securely, felt for the iron tobacco-box, took a rapid survey in the direction which he would have to follow among the breakers and the waves to gain "the Man Rock;" then precipitating himself head first, he plunged into the sea.

As he dived from a height, he plunged heavily.

He sank deep in the water, touched the bottom, skirted for a moment the submarine rocks, then struck out to regain the surface.

At that moment he felt himself seized by the foot.



CLUBIN FEELS HIMSELF SEIZED BY THE FOOT.

BOOK VII

THE DANGER OF OPENING A BOOK AT RANDOM

CHAPTER I

THE PEARL AT THE FOOT OF A PRECIPICE



FEW moments after his short colloquy with *Sieur Landoys*, *Gilliatt* was at *St. Sampson*.

He was troubled, even anxious. What could it be that had happened?

There was a murmur in *St. Sampson* like that of a startled hive. Everybody was at his door. The women were talking loud. There were people who seemed relating some occurrence and who were gesticulating. A group had gathered around them. The words could be heard, "What a misfortune!" Some faces wore a smile.

Gilliatt interrogated no one. It was not in his nature to ask questions. He was, moreover, too much moved to speak to strangers. He had no confidence in rumors. He preferred to go direct to the *Bravées*.

His anxiety was so great that he was not even deterred from entering the house.

The door of the great lower room opening upon the Quay, moreover, stood quite open. There was a swarm of men and women on the threshold. Everybody was going in, and *Gilliatt* went with the rest.

Entering, he found *Sieur Landoys* standing near the door-posts.

"You have heard, no doubt, of this event?"

"No."

"I did not like to call it out to you on the road. It makes me like a bird of evil omen."

"What has happened?"

"The *Durande* is lost."

There was a crowd in the great room.

The various groups spoke low, like people in a sick chamber.

The assemblage, which consisted of neighbors, the first comers, curious to learn the news, huddled together near the door with a sort of timidity, leaving clear the bottom of the room, where appeared *Déruchette* sitting and in tears, and *Mess Lethierry* standing beside her.

His back was against the wall at the end of the room. His sailor's cap came down over his eyebrows. A lock of gray hair hung upon his cheek. He said nothing. His arms were motionless; he seemed scarcely to breathe. He had the look of something lifeless placed against the wall.

It was easy to see in his aspect, a man whose life had been crushed within him. The *Durande* being gone, *Lethierry* had no longer any object in his existence. He had had a being on the sea; that being had suddenly foundered. What could he do now? Rise every morning; go to sleep every night. Never more to await the coming of the *Durande*; to see her get under way, or steer again into the port. What was a remainder of existence without object? To drink, to eat, and then?—He had crowned the labors of his life by a masterpiece; won by his devotion a new step in civilization. The step was lost; the masterpiece destroyed. To live a few vacant years longer! where would be the good? Henceforth nothing was left for him to do. At his age men do not begin life anew. Besides, he was ruined. Poor old man!

Déruchette, sitting near him on a chair and weeping, held one of *Mess Lethierry's* hands in her. Her hands were joined: his hand was clenched fast. It was the sign of the shade of difference in their two sorrows. In joined hands there is still some token of hope, in the clenched fist none.

Mess Lethierry gave up his arm to her, and let her do with it what she pleased. He was passive. Struck down by a thunderbolt, he had scarcely a spark of life left within him.

There are falls into the depths of the abyss which abstract the mind entirely from its fellowship with man. The forms which come and go within your room become confused and indistinct. They pass by, even touch you, but never really come near you. You are far away; inaccessible to them, as they to you. The intensities of joy and despair

differ in this. In despair, we take cognizance of the world only as something dim and afar off: we are insensible to the things before our eyes; we lose the feeling of our own existence. It is in vain, at such times, that we are flesh and blood; our consciousness of life is none the more real: we are become, even to ourselves, nothing but a dream.



Mess Lethierry's gaze indicated that he had reached this state of absorption.

The various groups were whispering together. They exchanged information as far as they had gathered it. This was the substance of their news:

The *Durande* had been wrecked the day before in the fog on the

Douvres, about an hour before sunset. With the exception of the captain, who refused to leave his vessel, the crew and passengers had all escaped in the long boat. A squall from the south-west springing up as the fog had cleared, had almost wrecked them a second time, and had carried them out to sea beyond Guernsey. In the night they had had the good fortune to meet with the *Cashmere*, which had taken them aboard and landed them at St. Peter's Port. The disaster was entirely the fault of the steersman Tangrouille, who was in prison. Clubin had behaved nobly.

The pilots, who had mustered in great force, pronounced the words "The Douvres" with a peculiar emphasis. "A dreary half-way house, that," said one.

A compass and a bundle of registers and memorandum-books lay on the table; they were doubtless the compass of the *Durande* and the ship's papers, handed by Clubin to Imbrancam and Tangrouille at the moment of the departure of the long boat. They were the evidences of the magnificent self-abnegation of that man who had busied himself with saving these documents even in the presence of death itself—a little incident full of moral grandeur; an instance of sublime self-forgetfulness never to be forgotten.

They were unanimous in their admiration of Clubin; unanimous also in believing him to be saved after all. The *Shealtiel* cutter had arrived some hours after the *Cashmere*. It was this vessel which had brought the last items of intelligence. She had passed four-and-twenty hours in the same waters as the *Durande*. She had lain-to in the fog, and tacked about during the squall. The captain of the *Shealtiel* was present among the company.

This captain had just finished his narrative to Lethierry as Gilliatt entered. The narrative was a true one. Towards the morning, the storm having abated, and the wind becoming manageable, the captain of the *Shealtiel* had heard the lowing of oxen in the open sea. This rural sound in the midst of the waves had naturally startled him. He steered in that direction, and perceived the *Durande* among the Douvres. The sea had sufficiently subsided for him to approach. He hailed the wreck; the bellowing of the cattle was the sole reply. The captain of the *Shealtiel* was confident that there was no one aboard the *Durande*. The wreck still held together well, and notwithstanding the violence of the squall, Clubin could have passed the night there. He was not the man to leave go his hold very easily. He was not there, however; and therefore he must have been rescued. It was certain that several sloops and luggers, from Granville and St. Malo, must, after laying-to in the fog on the previous evening, have passed pretty near the rocks. It was

evident that one of these had taken Clubin aboard. It was to be remembered that the long boat of the *Durande* was full when it left the unlucky vessel; that it was certain to encounter great risks; that another man aboard would have overloaded her, and perhaps caused her to founder; and that these circumstances had no doubt weighed with Clubin in



coming to his determination to remain on the wreck. His duty, however, once fulfilled, and a vessel at hand, Clubin assuredly would not have scrupled to avail himself of its aid. A hero is not necessarily an idiot. The idea of a suicide was absurd in connection with a man of Clubin's irreproachable character. The culprit, too, was Tangrouille, not Clubin. All this was conclusive. The captain of the *Shealtiel* was

evidently right, and everybody expected to see Clubin reappear very shortly. There was a project abroad to carry him through the town in triumph.

Two things appeared certain from the narrative of the captain: Clubin was saved, the *Durande* lost.

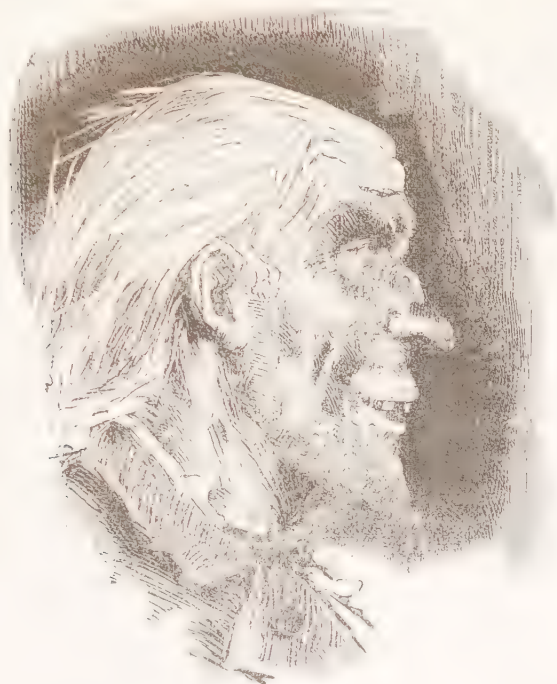
As regarded the *Durande*, there was nothing for it but to accept the fact: the catastrophe was irremediable. The captain of the *Shealtiel* had witnessed the last moments of the wreck. The sharp rock on which the vessel had been, as it were, nailed, had held her fast during the night, and resisted the shock of the tempest as if reluctant to part with its prey; but in the morning, at the moment when the captain of the *Shealtiel* had convinced himself that there was no one aboard to be saved, and was about to wear off again, one of those seas which are like the last angry blows of a tempest had struck her. The wave lifted her violently from her place, and with the swiftness and directness of an arrow from a bow had thrown her against the two Douvres Rocks. "An infernal crash was heard," said the captain. The vessel, lifted by the wave to a certain height, had plunged between the two rocks up to her midship frame. She had stuck fast again; but more firmly than on the submarine rocks. She must have remained there suspended, and exposed to every wind and sea.

The *Durande*, according to the statements of the crew of the *Shealtiel*, was already three parts broken up. She would evidently have foundered during the night, if the rocks had not kept her up. The captain of the *Shealtiel* had watched her a long time with his spy-glass. He gave, with naval precision, the details of her disaster. The star-board quarter beaten in, the masts maimed, the sails blown from the bolt-ropes, the shrouds torn away, the cabin sky-lights smashed by the falling of one of the booms, the dome of the cuddy-house beaten in, the chocks of the long boat struck away, the round-house overturned, the hinges of the rudder broken, the trusses wrenched away, the quarter-cloths demolished, the bits gone, the cross-beam destroyed, the shear-rails knocked off, the stern-post broken. As to the parts of the cargo made fast before the foremast, all destroyed, made a clean sweep of, gone to ten thousand shivers, with top ropes, iron pulleys, and chains. The *Durande* had broken her back; the sea now must break her up piecemeal. In a few days there would be nothing of her remaining.

It appeared that the engine was scarcely injured by all these ravages—a remarkable fact, and one which proved its excellence. The captain of the *Shealtiel* thought he could affirm that the crank had received no serious injury. The vessel's masts had given way, but the funnel had resisted everything. Only the iron guards of the captain's gang-

way were twisted; the paddle boxes had suffered, the frames were bruised, but the paddles had not a float missing. The machinery was intact. Such was the conviction of the captain of the *Shealtiel*. Imbrancam, the engineer, who was among the crowd, had the same conviction. The negro, more intelligent than many of his white companions, was proud of his engines. He lifted up his arms, opening the ten fingers of his black hands, and said to Lethierry, as he sat there silent, "Master, the machinery is alive still!"

The safety of Clubin seeming certain, and the hull of the *Durande*



being already sacrificed, the engines became the topic of conversation among the crowd. They took an interest in it as in a living thing. They felt a delight in praising its good qualities. "That's what I call a well-built machine," said a French sailor. "Something like a good one," cried a Guerusey fisherman. "She must have some good stuff in her," said the captain of the *Shealtiel*, "to come out of that affair with only a few scratches."

By degrees the machinery of the *Durande* became the absorbing object of their thoughts. Opinions were warm for and against. It had its enemies and its friends. More than one who possessed a good old sailing cutter, and who hoped to get a share of the business of the

Durande, was not sorry to find that the Douvres rock had disposed of the new invention. The whispering became louder. The discussion grew noisy, though the hubbub was evidently a little restrained; and now and then there was a simultaneous lowering of voices out of respect to Lethierry's death-like silence.

The result of the colloquy, so obstinately maintained on all sides, was as follows:

The engines were the vital part of the vessel. To rescue the *Durande* was impossible; but the machinery might still be saved. These engines were unique. To construct others similar, the money was wanting; but to find the artificer would have been still more difficult. It was remembered that the constructor of the machinery was dead. It had cost forty thousand francs. No one would risk again such a sum upon such a chance; particularly as it was now discovered that steam-boats could be lost like other vessels. The accident of the *Durande* destroyed the prestige of all her previous success. Still, it was deplorable to think that at that very moment this valuable mechanism was still entire and in good condition, and that in five or six days it would probably go to pieces, like the vessel herself. As long as this existed, it might almost be said that there was no shipwreck. The loss of the engines was alone irreparable. To save the machinery would be almost to repair the disaster.

Save the machinery! It was easy to talk of it; but who would undertake to do it? Was it possible, even? To scheme and to execute are two different things; as different as to dream and to do. Now if ever a dream had appeared wild and impracticable, it was that of saving the engines then embedded between the Douvres. The idea of sending a ship and a crew to work upon those rocks was absurd. It could not be thought of. It was the season of heavy seas. In the first gale the chains of the anchors would be worn away and snapped upon the submarine peaks, and the vessel must be shattered on the rocks. That would be to send a second shipwreck to the relief of the first. On the miserable narrow height where the legend of the place described the shipwrecked sailor as having perished of hunger, there was scarcely room for one person. To save the engines, therefore, it would be necessary for a man to go to the Douvres, to be alone in that sea, alone in that desert, alone at five leagues from the coast, alone in that region of terrors, alone for entire weeks, alone in the presence of dangers, foreseen and unforeseen—without supplies in the face of hunger and nakedness, without succor in the time of distress, without token of human life around him save the bleached bones of the miserable being who had perished there in his misery, without companionship save that of

death. And besides, how was it possible to extricate the machinery? It would require not only a sailor, but an engineer; and for what trials must he not prepare! The man who would attempt such a task must be more than a hero. He must be a madman; for in certain enterprises, in which superhuman power appears necessary, there is a sort of mad-



ness which is more potent than courage. And after all, would it not be a folly to immolate one's-self for a mass of rusted iron? No; it was certain that nobody would undertake to go to the Douvres on such an errand. The engine must be abandoned like the rest. The engineer for such a task would assuredly not be forthcoming. Where, indeed, should they look for such a man?

All this, or similar observations, formed the substance of the confused conversations of the crowd.

The captain of the *Shealtiel*, who had been a pilot, summed up the views of all by exclaiming aloud:

"No; it is all over. The man does not exist who could go there and rescue the machinery of the *Durand*."

"If I don't go," said Imbrancam, "it is because nobody could do it."

The captain of the *Shealtiel* shook his left hand in the air with that sudden movement which expresses a conviction that a thing is impossible.

"If he existed——" continued the captain.

Déruchette turned her head impulsively, and interrupted:

"I would marry him," she said, innocently.

There was a pause.

A man made his way out of the crowd, and standing before her, pale and anxious, said:

"You would marry him, Miss Déruchette?"

It was Gilliatt.

All eyes were turned towards him. Mess Lethierry had just before stood upright, and gazed about him. His eyes glittered with a strange light.

He took off his sailor's cap, and threw it on the ground; then looked solemnly before him, and without seeing any of the persons present, said:

"Déruchette should be his. I pledge myself to it in God's name."

CHAPTER II

MUCH ASTONISHMENT ON THE WESTERN COAST

THE full moon rose at ten o'clock on the following night; but however fine the night, however favorable the wind and sea, no fisherman thought of going out that evening either from Hogue la Perre, or Bourdeaux harbor, or Houmet



Benet, or Platon, or Port Grat, or Vazon Bay, or Perrelle Bay, or Pezeries, or the Tielles or Saints' Bay, or little Bô, or any other port or little harbor in Guernsey; and the reason was very simple. A cock had been heard to crow at noonday.

When the cock is heard to crow at an extraordinary hour, fishing is suspended.

At dusk on that evening, however, a fisherman returning to Omptholle, had a surprise. When off Houmet Paradis, beyond the Two Brayes and the Two Grunes, having to the left the landmark of the Plattes Tougères, representing a tub reversed; and to the right, the landmark of St. Sampson, representing the face of a man; the fisherman thought that he perceived for the first time a third. What could be the meaning of this landmark? When had it been erected on that point? What shoal did it indicate? The landmark responded immediately to these interrogations. It moved, it was a mast. The astonishment of the fisherman did not diminish. A landmark would have been remarkable; a mast was still more so: it could not be a fishing-boat. When everybody else was returning, some boat was going out. Who could it be? and what was he about?

Ten minutes later the vessel, moving slowly, came within a short distance of the Omptholle fisherman. He did not recognize it. He heard the sound of rowing: there were evidently only two oars. There was probably, then, only one man aboard. The wind was northerly. The man, therefore, was evidently paddling along in order to take the wind off Point Fontenelle. There he would probably take to his sails. He intended then to double the Ancresse and Mount Crevel. What could that mean?

The vessel passed, the fisherman returned home.

On that same night, at different hours, and at different points, various persons scattered and isolated on the western coast of Guernsey, observed certain facts.

As the Omptholle fisherman was mooring his bark, a carter of seaweed about half a mile off, whipping his horses along the lonely road from the Clôtures near the Cromlech, and in the neighborhood of the Martello Towers 6 and 7, saw far off at sea, in a part little frequented, because it requires much knowledge of the waters, and in the direction of North Rock and the Sablonneuse, a sail being hoisted. He paid little attention to the circumstance, not being a seaman, but a carter of seaweed.

Half an hour had perhaps elapsed since the carter had perceived this vessel, when a plasterer returning from his work in the town, and passing round Pelée Pool, found himself suddenly opposite a vessel sailing boldly among the rocks of the Quenon, the Rousse de Mer, and the Gripe de Rousse. The night was dark, but the sky was light over the sea, an effect common enough; and he could distinguish a great

distance in every direction. There was no sail visible except this vessel.

A little lower, a gatherer of cray-fish, preparing his fish wells on the beach which separates Port Soif from the Port Enfer, was puzzled to make out the movements of a vessel between the Boue Corneille and the Moulrette. The man must have been a good pilot, and in great haste to reach some destination. to risk his boat there.



Just as eight o'clock was striking at the Catel, the tavern-keeper at Cobo Bay observed with astonishment a sail out beyond the Boue du Jardin and the Grunettes, and very near the Susanne and the Western Grunes.

Not far from Cobo Bay, upon the solitary point of the Houmet of Vason Bay, two lovers were lingering, hesitating before they parted for the night. The young woman addressed the young man with the words, "I am not going because I don't care to stay with you: I've a great deal to do." Their farewell kiss was interrupted by a good-sized sailing boat which passed very near them, making for the direction of the Messellettes.

Monsieur le Peyre des Norgiots, an inhabitant of Corillon Pipet, was engaged about nine o'clock in the evening in examining a hole made by some trespassers in the hedge of his property called La Jenne

rotte, and his "*friquet* planted with trees." Even while ascertaining the amount of the damage, he could not help observing a fishing-boat audaciously making its way round the Crocq Point at that hour of night.

On the morrow of a tempest, when there is always some agitation upon the sea, that route was extremely unsafe. It was rash to choose it, at least, unless the steersman knew all the channels by heart.

At half-past nine o'clock, at L'Equerrier, a trawler carrying home his net stopped for a time to observe between Colombelle and the Souffleresse something which looked like a boat. The boat was in a dangerous position. Sudden gusts of wind of a very dangerous kind are very common in that spot. The *Souffleresse*, or Blower, is so called because it blows with sudden violence on ships.

At the moment when the moon was rising, the tide being high and the sea being quiet, in the little strait of Li-Hou, the solitary keeper of the island of Li-Hou was considerably startled. A long black object slowly passed between the moon and him.

This dark form, high and narrow, resembled a winding-sheet spread out and moving. It glided along the line of the top of the wall formed by the ridges of rock. The keeper of Li-Hou fancied that he had beheld the Black Lady.

The White Lady inhabits the Tau de Pez d'Amont; the Grey Lady, the Tau de Pez d'Aval; the Red Lady, the Silleuse, to the north of the Marquis Bank; and the Black Lady, the Grand Etaéré, to the west of Li-Houmet. At night, when the moon shines, these ladies stalk abroad, and sometimes meet.

That dark form might undoubtedly be a sail. The long groups of rocks on which she appeared to be walking, might in fact be concealing the hull of a bark navigating behind them, and allowing only her sail to be seen. But the keeper asked himself, what bark would dare, at that hour, to venture herself between Li-Hou and the Pécheresses, and the Anguillières and Lérée Point? And what object could she have? It seemed to him much more probable that it was the Black Lady.

As the moon was passing the clock-tower of St. Peter in the Wood, the serjeant at Castle Rocquaine, while in the act of raising the draw-bridge of the castle, distinguished at the end of the bay beyond the Haute Canée, but nearer than the Sambule, a sailing-vessel which seemed to be steadily dropping down from north to south.

On the southern coast of Guernsey behind Pleinmont, in the curve of a bay composed entirely of precipices and rocky walls rising peak-shaped from the sea, there is a singular landing-place, to which a French gentleman, a resident of the island since 1855, the one, perhaps, who



THE SPECTRE BOAT.

writes these lines, has given the name of "The Port on the Fourth Floor," a name now generally adopted. This port, or landing-place, which was then called the Moie, is a rocky plateau half formed by nature, half by art, raised about forty feet above the level of the waves and communicating with the water by two large beams laid parallel in



the form of an inclined plane. The fishing vessels are hoisted up there by chains and pulleys from the sea, and are let down again in the same way along these beams, which are like two rails. For the fishermen there is a ladder. The port was, at the time of our story, much frequented by the smugglers. Being difficult of access, it was well suited to their purposes.

Towards eleven o'clock, some smugglers, perhaps the same upon whose aid Clubin had counted, stood with their bales of goods on the summit of this platform of the Moie. A smuggler is necessarily a man on the look out, it is part of his business to watch. They were astonished to perceive a sail suddenly make its appearance beyond the



dusky outline of Cape Pleinmont. It was moonlight. The smugglers observed the sail narrowly, suspecting that it might be some coast-guard cutter about to lie in ambush behind the Great Hanway. But the sail left the Hanways behind, passed to the north-west of the Boue Blondel, and was lost in the pale mists of the horizon out at sea.

“Where the devil can that boat be sailing?” asked the smuggler.

That same evening, a little after sunset, some one had been heard knocking at the door of the old house of the Bû de la Rue. It was a boy wearing brown clothes and yellow stockings, a fact that indicated that he was a little parish clerk.

The Bû de la Rue was shut up, door and windows.

An old fisherwoman prowling about the shore with a lantern in her hand, had called to the boy, and this dialogue ensued between the fisherwoman and the little clerk, before the entrance to the Bû de la Rue :

“What d’ye want, lad?”

“The man of this place.”

“He’s not there.”

“Where is he?”

“I don’t know.”

“Will he be there to-morrow?”

“I don’t know.”

“Is he gone away?”

“I don’t know.”

“I’ve come, good woman, from the new rector of the parish, the Reverend Ebenezer Caudry, who desires to pay him a visit.”

“I don’t know where he is.”

“The rector sent me to ask if the man who lives at the Bû de la Rue would be at home to-morrow morning.”

“I don’t know.”

CHAPTER III

A QUOTATION FROM THE BIBLE

DURING the twenty-four hours which followed, Mess Lethierry slept not, eat nothing, drank nothing. He kissed Déruchette on the forehead, asked after Clubin, of whom there was as yet no news, signed a declaration certifying that he had no intention of preferring a charge against any one, and set Tangrouille at liberty.

All the morning of the next day he remained half supporting himself on the table of the office of the Durande, neither standing nor sitting: answering kindly when any one spoke to him. Curiosity being satisfied, the Bravées had become a solitude. There is a good deal of curiosity generally mingled with the haste of condolences. The door had closed again, and left the old man again alone with Déruchette. The strange light that had shone in Lethierry's eyes was extinguished. The mournful look which filled them after the first news of the disaster had returned.

Déruchette, anxious for his sake, had, on the advice of Grace and Douce, laid silently beside him a pair of stockings, which he had been knitting, sailor fashion, when the bad news had arrived.

He smiled bitterly, and said:

"They must think me foolish."

After a quarter of an hour's silence, he added:

"These things are well when you are happy."

Déruchette carried away the stockings, and took advantage of the opportunity to remove also the compass and the ship's papers which Lethierry had been brooding over too long.

In the afternoon, a little before tea-time, the door opened and two strangers entered, attired in black. One was old, the other young.

The young one has, perhaps, already been observed in the course of this story.

The two men had each a grave air; but their gravity appeared different. The old man possessed what might be called professional gravity; the gravity of the young man was in his nature. Habit engenders the one; thought the other.

They were, as their costume indicated, two clergymen, each belonging to the Established Church.

The first fact in the appearance of the younger man which might have first struck the observer was, that his gravity, though conspicuous in the expression of his features, and evidently springing from the mind, was not indicated by his person. Gravity is not inconsistent with passion, which it exalts by purifying it; but this young man was strikingly handsome. Being in holy orders, he must have been at least four-and-twenty, but he seemed scarcely more than eighteen. He possessed those gifts at once in harmony with, and in opposition to, each other: a soul which seemed created for exalted passion, and a body created for love. He was fair, rosy-fresh, slim, and elegant in his severe attire, and he had the cheeks of a young girl and delicate hands. His movements were natural and lively, though subdued. Everything about him was pleasing, elegant, almost voluptuous. The beauty of his expression served to correct this excess of personal attraction. His open smile, which showed his teeth, regular and white as those of a child, had something in it pensive, even devotional. He had the gracefulness of a page, mingled with the dignity of a bishop.

His fair hair, so fair and golden as to be almost effeminate, clustered over his white forehead, which was high and well formed. A slight double line between the eyebrows awakened the idea of the bird of thought, floating with expanded wings over his brow.

Those who saw him felt themselves in the presence of one of those natures, benevolent, innocent, and pure, whose progress is in inverse sense with that of vulgar minds; natures whom illusion renders wise, and whom experience makes enthusiasts.

His apparent youth did not conceal his real maturity. Compared to the grey-haired clergyman who accompanied him, he seemed at the first glance the son, and the second glance the father.

His older companion was no other than Doctor Jaquemin Hérode. Doctor Jaquemin Hérode belonged to the High Church; a party whose system is a sort of popery without a pope. The Church of England was at that epoch laboring with the tendencies which have since become strengthened and condensed in the form of Puseyism. Doctor Jaquemin Hérode belonged to that shade of Anglicanism which is almost a variety of the Church of Rome. He was haughty, precise, stiff, and commanding. His inner sight scarcely penetrated outwardly. He possessed the

letter in the place of the spirit. His manner was arrogant; his presence imposing. He had less the appearance of a "Reverend" than of a *Monsignore*. His frock-coat was cut somewhat in the fashion of a cassock. His true centre would have been Rome. He was a born Prelate of the Antechamber. He seemed to have been created expressly to fill a part in the Papal Court, to walk behind the Pontifical litter, with all the Court of Rome in *abito paonazzo*. The accident of his English birth and his theological education, directed more towards the Old than the New Testament, had deprived him of that destiny. All his splendors were comprised in his preferments as Rector of St. Peter's Port, Dean of the Island of Guernsey, and Surrogate of the Bishop of Winchester. These were, undoubtedly, not without their glories.

These glories did not prevent M. Jaquemin Hérode being, on the whole, a worthy man.

As a theologian he was esteemed by those who were able to judge of such matters; he was almost an authority in the Court of Arches—that Sorbonne of England.

He had the true air of erudition; a learned contraction of the eyes; bristling nostrils; teeth which showed themselves at all times; a thin upper lip and a thick lower one. He was the possessor of several learned degrees, a valuable prebend, titled friends, the confidence of the bishop, and a Bible which he carried always in his pocket.

Mess Lethierry was so completely absorbed that the entrance of the two priests produced no effect upon him, save a slight movement of the eyebrows.

M. Jaquemin Hérode advanced, bowed, alluded in a few sober and dignified words to his recent promotion, and mentioned that he came according to custom to introduce among the inhabitants, and to Mess Lethierry in particular, his successor in the parish, the new Rector of St. Sampson, the Rev. Joe Ebenezer Caudray, henceforth the pastor of Mess Lethierry.

Déruchette rose.

The young clergyman, who was the Rev. Ebenezer, saluted her.

Mess Lethierry regarded Monsieur Ebenezer Caudray, and muttered, "A bad sailor."

Grace placed chairs. The two visitors seated themselves near the table.

Doctor Hérode commenced a discourse. It had reached his ears that a serious misfortune had befallen his host. The Durande had been lost. He came as Lethierry's pastor to offer condolence and advice. This shipwreck was unfortunate, and yet not without compensations. Let us examine our own hearts. Are we not puffed up with prosperity?

The waters of felicity are dangerous. Troubles must be submitted to cheerfully. The ways of Providence are mysterious. Mess Lethierry was ruined, perhaps. But riches were a danger. You may have false friends; poverty will disperse them, and leave you alone. *Solus eris.* The Durande was reported to have brought a revenue of one thousand



pounds sterling per annum. It was more than enough for the wise. Let us fly from temptations; put not our faith in gold; bow the head to losses and neglect. Isolation is full of good fruits. It was in solitude that Ajah discovered the warm springs while leading the asses of his father Zibeon. Let us not rebel against the inscrutable decrees of Providence. The holy man Job, after his misery, had increased in riches.

Who can say that the loss of the *Durande* may not have its advantages even of a temporal kind. He, for instance, Doctor Jaquemin Hérode, had invested some money in an excellent enterprise, now in progress at Sheffield. If Mess Lethierry, with the wealth which might still remain to him, should choose to embark in the same affair, he might transfer his capital to that town. It was an extensive manufactory of arms for the supply of the Czar, now engaged in repressing insurrection in Poland. There was a good prospect of obtaining three hundred per cent. profit.

The word Czar appeared to awaken Lethierry. He interrupted Dr. Hérode.

"I want nothing to do with the Czar."

The Reverend Jaquemin Hérode replied:

"Mess Lethierry, princes are recognized by God. It is written, 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.' The Czar is Cæsar."

Lethierry partly relapsed into his dream and muttered:

"Cæsar? who is Cæsar? I don't know."

The Rev. Jaquemin Hérode continued his exhortations. He did not press the question of Sheffield. To condemn a Cæsar was republicanism. He could understand a man being a republican. In that case he could turn his thoughts towards a republic. Mess Lethierry might repair his fortune in the United States, even better than in England. If he desired to invest what remained to him at great profit, he had only to take shares in the great company for developing the resources of Texas, which employed more than twenty thousand negroes.

"I want nothing to do with slavery," said Lethierry.

"Slavery," replied the Reverend Hérode, "is an institution recognized by Scripture. It is written, 'If a man smite his slave, he shall not be punished, for he is his money.'"

Grace and Douce at the door of the room listened in a sort of ecstasy to the words of the Reverend Doctor.

The Doctor continued. He was, all things considered, as we have said, a worthy man; and whatever his differences, personal or connected with caste, with Mess Lethierry, he had come very sincerely to offer him that spiritual and even temporal aid which he, Doctor Jaquemin Hérode, dispensed.

If Mess Lethierry's fortune had been diminished to that point that he was unable to take a beneficial part in any speculation, Russian or American, why should he not obtain some government appointment suited to him? There were many very respectable places open to him, and the reverend gentleman was ready to recommend him. The office

of Deputy-Vicomte was just vacant in Jersey. Mess Lethierry was popular and respected, and the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode, Dean of Guernsey and Surrogate of the Bishop, would make an effort to obtain for Mess Lethierry the office of Deputy-Vicomte of Jersey. The Deputy-Vicomte is an important officer. He is present as the representative of His Majesty at the holding of the Pleas of the Crown, at the debates of the *Cohue*, and at executions of justice.

Lethierry fixed his eye upon Doctor Hérode.

"I don't like hanging," he said.

"Doctor Hérode, who, up to this point, had pronounced his words with the same intonation, had now a fit of severity; his tone became slightly changed.

"Mess Lethierry, the pain of death is of divine ordination. God has placed the sword in the hands of governors. It is written, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.'"

The Reverend Ebenezer imperceptibly drew his chair nearer to the Reverend Doctor and said, so as to be heard only by him:

"What this man says, is dictated to him."

"By whom? By what?" demanded the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode, in the same tone.

The young man replied in a whisper, "By his conscience."

The Reverend Jaquemin Hérode felt in his pocket, drew out a thick little bound volume with clasps, and said aloud:

"Conscience is here."

The book was a Bible.

Then Doctor Hérode's tone became softer. His wish was to render a service to Mess Lethierry, whom he respected much. As his pastor, it was his right and duty to offer counsel. Mess Lethierry, however, was free.

Mess Lethierry, plunged once more in his overwhelming absorption, no longer listened. Déruchette, seated near him, and thoughtful, also did not raise her eyes, and by her silent presence somewhat increased the embarrassment of a conversation not very animated. A witness who says nothing is a species of indefinable weight. Doctor Hérode, however, did not appear to feel it.

Lethierry no longer replying, Doctor Hérode expatiated freely. "Counsel is from man; inspiration is from God. In the counsels of the priest there is inspiration. It is good to accept, dangerous to refuse them. Sochoh was seized by eleven devils for disdaining the exhortations of Nathaniel. Tiburianus was struck with a leprosy for having driven from his house the Apostle Andrew. Barjesus, a magician though he was, was punished with blindness for having mocked at the

words of St. Paul. Elxai and his sisters, Martha and Martena, are in eternal torments for despising the warnings of Valentianus, who proved to them clearly that their Jesus Christ, thirty-eight leagues in height, was a demon. Aholibama, who is also called Judith, obeyed the counsels, Reuben and Peniel listened to advice from on high, as their names indeed indicate. Reuben signifies *son of the vision*; and Peniel *the face of God*.

Mess Lethierry struck the table with his fist.

"Parbleu!" he cried; "it was my fault."

"What do you mean?" asked M. Jaquemin Hérode.

"I say that it is my fault."

"Your fault? Why?"

"Because I allowed the Durande to return on Fridays."

M. Jaquemin Hérode whispered in Caudray's ear:

"This man is superstitious."

He resumed, raising his voice, and in a didactic tone:

"Mess Lethierry, it is puerile to believe in Fridays. You ought not to put faith in fables. Friday is a day just like any other. It is very often a propitious day. Melendez founded the city of Saint Augustine on a Friday; it was on a Friday that Henry the Seventh gave his commission to John Cabot; the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* landed at Providence Town on a Friday. Washington was born on Friday, the 22d of February, 1732; Christopher Columbus discovered America on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492."

Having delivered himself of these remarks, he rose.

Caudray, whom he had brought with him, rose also.

Grace and Dounce, perceiving that the two clergymen were about to take their leave, opened the folding-doors.

Mess Lethierry saw nothing; heard nothing.

M. Jaquemin Hérode said, apart to M. Caudray:

"He does not even salute us. This is not sorrow; it is vacancy. He must have lost his reason."

He took his little Bible, however, from the table, and held it between his hands outstretched, as one holds a bird in fear that it may fly away. This attitude awakened among the persons present a certain amount of attention. Grace and Dounce leaned forward eagerly.

His voice assumed all the solemnity of which it was capable.

"Mess Lethierry," he began, "let us not part without reading a page of the Holy Book. It is from books that wise men derive consolation in the troubles of life. The profane have their oracles; but believers have their ready resource in the Bible. The first book which comes to hand, opened by chance, may afford counsel; but the Bible, opened at

any page, yields a revelation. It is, above all, a boon to the afflicted. Yes, Holy Scripture is an unfailing balm for their wounds. In the presence of affliction, it is good to consult its sacred pages—to open even without choosing the place, and to read with faith the passage which we find. What man does not choose is chosen by God. He knoweth



best what suiteth us. His finger pointeth invisibly to that which we read. Whatever be the page, it will infallibly enlighten. Let us seek, then, no other light; but hold fast to His. It is the word from on high. In the text which is evoked with confidence and reverence, often do we find a mysterious significance in our present troubles. Let us hearken, then, and obey. Mess Lethierry, you are in affliction, but I hold here

the book of consolation. You are sick at heart, but I have here the book of spiritual health."

The Reverend Jaquemin Hérode touched the spring of the clasp, and let his finger slip between the leaves. Then he placed his hand a moment upon the open volume, collected his thoughts, and, raising his eyes impressively, began to read in a loud voice.

The passage which he had lighted on was as follows:

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the even-tide, and he lifted up his eyes and saw and beheld the camels were coming.

"And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she lighted off the camel.

"For she had said unto the servant, What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us?

"And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife, and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death."

Caudray and Déru-hette glanced at each other.



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